Everybody's MAGAZINE

MARCH **Wonder Number** 15 CTS

The All-round Magazine

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From the time he
served under Grant
in our Civil War

Owen Johnson

His big new serial,
"Making Money"
Pictures
by Flagg

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Just back
15 pages of sea-pictures
and war-stories

Did Leo Frank get a fair trial because of his race?

Read the facts, page 314

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Everybody's Magazine

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VOL. XXXII
NO. 3

PATSIE.

"MAKING MONEY"

by OWEN JOHNSON

AUTHOR OF "STOVER AT YALE," "THE SIXTY-FIRST SECOND," "THE SALAMANDER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Scene: NEW YORK—FIFTH AVENUE, BROADWAY, WALL STREET, ALI BABA COURT

Time: The PRESENT

Characters: The BIG YALE FOUR: TOM BEAUCHAMP CROCKER—*otherwise known as* "BOJO"
ROSCOE MARSH
FRED DELANCY
GEORGE GRANNING

DORIS DRAKE — PATSIE DRAKE, *The terror of the family* — ROMP, *A Scotch terrier* — BOJO'S FATHER

CHAPTER I—THE ARRIVAL

TOWARD the close of a pleasant September afternoon, in one of the years when the big stick of President Roosevelt was cudgeling the shoulders of malefactors of great wealth, the feverish home-bound masses which poured into upper Fifth Avenue with the awakening of the electric night were greeted by the strangest of all spectacles which can astound a metropolitan crowd harassed by the din of sounds, the fret and fury of the daily struggle which is the tyranny of New York. A very young man, of clean-cut limbs and boyish countenance,

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absolutely unhurried amidst the press, was swinging easily up the Avenue as though he were striding among green fields, head up, shoulders squared like a grenadier's, without a care in the world, so visibly delighted at the novelty of gay crowds, of towering buildings decked in electric garlands, of theatric shop-windows, that more than one perceiving this open enthusiasm smiled with a tolerant amusement.

Now when a young man appears thus on Fifth Avenue, undriven, without preoccupation, without a contraction of the brows, and particularly without that strained metropolitan gaze of trying to decide something of importance, either he is on his way to a coveted vacation ahead or he has been in the city less than twenty-four hours.

Tom Beauchamp Crocker, familiarly known as Bojo, had sent his baggage ahead, eager to enjoy the delights one enjoys at twenty-four, when the long apprenticeship of school and college is ended and the city is waiting with all the mystery of that uncharted dominion—The World. He went his way with long, swinging steps, smiling from the pure delight of being alive, amazed at everything: at the tangled stream of nations flowing past him; at the prodigious number of entrancing eyes which glanced at him from under provoking brims; at the sheer flights of blazing windows, shutting out the feeble stars; at the vigor and vitality on the sidewalks; at the rolling procession of incalculable wealth on the Avenue.

Everywhere was the stir of returning crowds, the end of the summer's hot isolation, the reopening of gilded theatres, the thronging of hotels, and the displays of radiant shop-fronts, preparing for the winter's campaign. In the crush of the Avenue was the note of home-coming, in taxicabs and coupés piled high with luggage and brown-faced children hanging at the windows, acclaiming familiar landmarks with piping cries. Tradesmen and all the world of little business, all the world that must prepare to feed, clothe, and amuse the winter metropolis, were pouring in. And in the midst of this feverish awaking of luxury and pleasure one felt at every turn a new generation of young men storming every avenue with high imaginations, eager to pierce the multitudes and emerge as masters.

In the crowd Bojo perceived a familiar figure, and hailed him with enthusiasm as though the most amazing and delightful thing in the world was to be out of college on Fifth Avenue and to meet a friend.

"Foster! Hello there!"

At this greeting the young man stopped, shot out his hand, and rattled off in business manner: "Why, Bojo, how are you? How's it going? Making lots of money?"

"Why, I've just arrived!"

"That so? You're looking fine. I'm in the devil of a rush—call me up. Good luck."

He was lost in the quick, nervous crowd before Crocker with a thwarted sense of comradeship could recover himself. A little later another acquaintance responded to his greeting, hesitated, and offered his hand.

"Hello, Bojo, how are things? You look prosperous; making lots of money, I suppose. Glad to have seen you—so long."

Again he felt a sense of disappointment. Every one was in a hurry, oppressed by the hundred details to be crowded into the too short day. He became aware of this haste in the air and in the street. In this speed-driven world even the great stone flights seemed to have risen with the hour. Dazzling electric signs flashed in and out, transforming themselves into bewildering combinations to startle a wonder-surfeited city into an instant's recognition. Electricity was in the vibrant air, in the scurrying throngs, in the craving of the crowd for excitement after drudgery, to be out, to be seen in brilliant restaurants, to go with the throng, keyed to a higher tension, avid of lights and thrumming sounds.

Insensibly his own gait adjusted itself to the rush of those who jostled past him. He began to watch for openings to dart through, weaving his way as though there were something precious ahead, an object to be gained by the first arrival. Then, perceiving how unconsciously he had yielded to the spirit of contention about him, he pulled up, laughing. An arm was slipped through his and he turned to find a classmate, Bob Crowley, at his side.

"Whither so fast?"

"Just in. I'm bound for the diggings."

"DeLancy's been asking about you for a week. Saw Marsh and old Granny yesterday. The Big Four still keeping together?"

"Yes, we stick together. How are you?"

"Oh, so-so."

"Making money?"

The salutation came like a trick to his

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BOJO FOUND HIMSELF BEWILDERINGLY INTRODUCED, IN A SORT OF ARABIAN NIGHT'S ADVENTURE, INTO AN OASIS OF QUIET AND GREEN THINGS.

lips before he noticed the adoption. Crowley looked rather pleased.

"Thankee, I've got a pretty good thing. Drop into the club a moment."

At the club, an immense hotel filled with businesslike young men rushing in and rushing out, thronging the grill-room, with hats and coats on, an eye to the clock, Bojo was acclaimed with that rapturous campus enthusiasm which greets a returned hero. The tribute pleased him, after the journey through the indifferent multitude. It was something to return as even a moderate-sized frog to the small puddle. He studied groups ensconced at round tables for a snatched moment before the call of the evening. Their vitality, the conflict of sounds in the low room, bewildered him.

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Speculation was in the air. The bonanza age of American finance was reaching its climax. Immense corporations were being formed overnight and stocks were mounting by bounds. All the talk in corners was of this tip and that, while in the jumble staccato sentences struck his ear.

"A sure thing, Joe—I'll tell you where I got it."

"The deal's bound to go through."

"At the P. and S."

"They say the Chicago crowd made fifteen millions on the rise——"

"I ran across Bozer last week."

"Hello, Bill, you old scout, they tell me you're making money so fast——"

All the talk was of business and opportunity, among these graduates of a year or two, eager and restless, all keen, all confident of arriving, all watching with vulture-like sharpness for an opportunity for a killing: a stock that was bound to shoot up or to tumble down. Every one seemed to be making money or certain to do so soon, prognosticating the trend of industry with sure mastery. Bojo was rather dazed by this academic fervor for material success; it gave him the feeling that the world was after all only a postgraduate course. He had left a group, with a beginning of critical amusement, when a hand spun him around and he heard a well-known voice cry:

"Bojo, you old sinner—come home!"

It was Roscoe Marsh, chum of chums, rather slight, negligently dressed among these young men of somewhat precise elegance, but dominating them all by the shock of an aggressive personality that stood out against their factoried types. Just as the generality of men incline to the fashions of conduct, philosophy, and politics of the day, there are other individualities constituted by nature to be instinctively of the opposition. Marsh, finding himself in a complacent society, became a terrific radical, perhaps more from the necessity of dramatic sensations which was inherent in his brilliant nature than from a profound conviction. His features were irregular, the nose powerful and aquiline, the eyebrows arched with a suggestion of eloquence and imagination, the eyes gray and domineering, the mouth wide and expressive of every changing thought, while the outstanding ears on the thin, curved head completed an accent of oddity and obstinacy which he himself had characterized good-humoredly as looking like "a poetical calf." Roscoe Marsh, his father, editor, politician, and capitalist, one of the figures of the last generation, had died, leaving him a fortune.

"Why the deuce are you wasting time in this collection of fashion-plates and messenger-boys?" said Marsh when the greetings were over. "Come out where we can talk sense. When did you come?"

"An hour ago."

"Fred and Granny have been here all summer. You're a pampered darling, Bojo. What was it—heart interest?"

"Ask me no questions, I'll tell you no lies," said Bojo with a whirl of his cane. "By George, Roscy, it's good to be here!"

"We'll get you to work."

"Who could help it? I say, is every one making money in this place? I've heard nothing else since I landed."

"On paper, yes, but you don't make money till you hear it chink," said Marsh with a laugh. "However, this is a regular mining-camp—every one's speculating I say, what are you going to do?"

"Oh, Wall Street too, I suppose. I spent a month with Dan Drake."

"—And daughter."

"And daughters," said Bojo, smiling. "I think I'll have a good opening there—after I learn the ropes, of course."

"Drake, eh," said Marsh reflectively, naming one of the boldest manipulators of the day. "Well, you ought to get plenty of excitement out of that. No use my tempting you with a newspaper job, then. But how about your Governor?"

Bojo became quiet, whistling to himself. "I've got a bad half-hour there," he said solemnly. "I've got to fight it out with the old man as soon as he arrives. No mills and drudgery for me."

"Well, if you've made up your mind, you've made it up," said Marsh.

In college the saying was that "Marsh would sputter but Crocker would stick," and this byword expressed the difference between them. One attacked and the other entrenched. Crocker had an intense admiration for Marsh, for whom he believed all things possible. As they walked side by side Bojo was the more agreeable to the eye; there was an instinctive sense of pleasing about him. He liked most men; was so genuinely interested in their problems and point of view that few could resist his good

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nature. Mentally and in the knowledge of the world he was much the younger. There was a boyishness and an unsophistication about him that was in the clear forehead and laughing brown eyes, in the spontaneous quality of his smile, the spring in his feet, the general enthusiasm for all that was new or difficult. But underneath this easy manner there was a dangerous obstinacy, ready to flare up at an instant's provocation, which showed in the lower jaw, slightly undershot, which gave the lips a look of being pugnaciously compressed. He was implacable in a hatred, blind to the faults of a friend, and stubborn in his opinions.

"What sort of quarters have we got?"

"The queerest spot in New York—the cave of Ali Baba. Wait till you see it—you'd never believe it. Hidden as safe as a needle in a haystack. A stone's throw from here, and you'd never guess it."

He stopped, for at this moment they entered Times Square, dazzled by the sudden ambuscade of lights which flamed about them. Marsh, who could never brook waiting, made a wide detour amid a jam of automobiles, dodged surface cars and a file of trucks, and arrived at the curb considerably after Crocker, who had waited for the direct route. Neither perceived how characteristic of their divergent temperaments this incident had been. Marsh, whose spirit was irreverence, exclaimed:

"The Great White Way. What a sham!" He extended his arm with an extravagant gesture, as much as to say, "I could change all that," and continued: "Look at it. There are not ten buildings on it that will last five years. Take away the electric advertisements and you'll see it as it is—a main street in a mining town. All the rest is shanty civilization, that will come tumbling like a pack of cards."

"COME UP AND SHOW YOUR HANDSOME MAP!"

"Still it gives you quite a feeling," said Bojo. "There's an exhilaration about it all. It does wake you up."

"Think of a city of five thousand millionaires that can build a hundred business cathedrals a year, that has an opera-house with the front of a warehouse and calls a row of squatty booths luxury. Well, never mind; here we are. Rub your eyes."

They had left the roar and brilliancy of the curiously blended mass behind, plunging down a squalid side street with tenements in dark distances, when Marsh came to a stop before two green pillars, above which a swaying sign announced—

WESTOVER COURT
BACHELOR APARTMENTS

Before Bojo could recover from his astonishment he found himself conducted through a long, irregular monastic hall flooded with mellow lights in sudden arches, and as bewilderingly introduced, in a sort of Arabian Nights' adventure, into an oasis of quiet and green things. They were in an inner court shut from the outer world by the rise of a towering wall at one end and at the other by the blazing glass back of a great restaurant. In the heart of the noisiest, vilest, most brutal struggle of the city lay this bit of fairyland, decked in green plots, with vine-covered fountain and a stone Cupid perched on tiptoe, and above a group of dream trees filling the lucent yellow and green enclosure with a miraculous foliage. Lights blazed in a score of windows above them, while at four medieval entrances, of curved doorways under sloping green aprons, the suffused glow of iron lanterns seemed like distant signals lost in a fog. Everything about them was so remote from the stress and fury out of which they had stepped, that Bojo exclaimed in astonishment: "Impossible!"

"Isn't it bully?" said Marsh enthusiastically. "Ali Baba Court I call it. That's what a touch of imagination can do in New York. I say, look over here. What do you think of this for a quiet pipe at night?"

He drew him under the trees, where a

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table and comfortable chairs were waiting. Above the low roofs high against the blue-black sky the giant city came peeping down upon them from the regimented globes of fire on the Astor roof. A milky flag drifted lazily across an aigrette of steam. To the right, the top of the *Times* tower, divorced from all the ugliness at its feet, rose like an historic campanile played about by timid stars. Over the roof-tops the hum of the city turned like a great wheel, with faint detached sounds pleasantly audible: a bell; a truck moving like a shrieking shell; the impertinent honk of taxis; the shattering rush of distant iron bodies tearing through the air; an extra cried on a shriller note; the ever-recurring pipe of a police whistle compelling order in the confusion; fog-horns from the river, and underneath something more elusive and confused, the churning of great human masses passing and repassing.

Marsh gave a peculiar whistle and instantly at a window on the second floor a shadowy figure appeared, the sash went up with a bang, and a cheery voice exclaimed:

"Hello, there! Is that Bojo with you? Come up and show yourself and your handsome map!"

"Coming, Freddie, coming," said Bojo with a laugh, and soon found himself in a cozy den, almost thrown off his feet by the greetings of a little fellow who dived at him with the frenzy of a faithful dog.

"Well, old fashion-plate, how are you?" he said at last, flinging him across the room. "Been into any more trouble?"

"Nope. That is, not lately," said DeLancy, picking himself up. "Haven't a chance, living with two policemen. What kept you all this time? Fallen in love?"

"None of your damned business. By George, this looks homelike," said Bojo, to turn the conversation. On the walls were a hundred mementoes of school and college, while a couple of lounges and several great chairs were indolently grouped about the fireplace, where a fire was laid. "I say, Roscy, has the infant really been behaving?"

"OH, HELLO," SHE SAID WITH A START OF

"Well, we haven't bailed him out yet," said Marsh meditatively.

Fred DeLancy had been in trouble all his life and out of it as easily. Trouble, as he himself expressed it, woke up the moment he went out. He had been suspended and threatened with expulsion for one scrape after another more times than he could remember. But there was something that instantly disarmed anger in the odd star-pointing nose, the twinkly eyes, and the

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SURPRISE, BUT NO CONFUSION. "WHO ARE YOU?"

wide mouth set at a perpetual grin. One way or another he wriggled through regions where angels fear to tread, assisted by much painful effort on the part of his friends.

"I'm getting frightfully serious," he said with mock contrition. "An old man; the cares of life and all that sort of stuff."

He broke off and flung himself at the piano, where he started an improvisation:

The cares of life,
This dreadful strife;
I'll take a wife.
No; change the rhyme—
I haven't time
For matrimony—O!
Leave that to handsome Bojo.
Bojo's in love;
Blush like a dove.

"No, doves don't blush," he said, swinging around. "Do they or don't they? Anyhow, a dove in love might— To continue:

Bojo's in love;
Blush like a dove.
Won't tell her name.
I'll guess the same——"

But at this moment, just as a pillow came hurtling through the air, the doorway was filled with a great body and George Granning came crowding into the room, hand out, a smile on his honest, open face. "Hello, Tom; it's good to see you again."

"The government can go on," said DeLancy joyfully. "We're here!"

As the four sat grouped about the room they presented one of those strange combinations of friendship which could only result from the process of American education. Four more dissimilar individualities could not have been molded together except by the curious selective processes of an academic society system.

Marsh was a New Yorker, an aristocrat by inheritance and by force of fortune; Crocker a Yankee, son of a keen, self-made father, who had fought his way up to a position of mastery in the woolen mills of New England; DeLancy from Detroit, of more modest means, son of a small business man, to whom his education had meant a genuine sacrifice; while George Granning, older by many years than the rest, was evidence of that genius for evolution that stirs in the American mass.

He had the torso of a stevedore, the neck and hands of the laborer, while the boulder-like head, though devoid of the lighter graces of imagination and wit, had certain immovable qualities of persistence and

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determination in the strongly hewn jaw and firm, high cheek-bones. He was tow-headed and blue-eyed, of unfailing good humor, like most men of great strength.

He had worked his way through Andover, by menial service at the beginning, gradually advancing by acquiring the agencies for commercial fields and doing occasional tutoring. His summers had been given over to work in foundries and in preparation for the business career he had chosen long ago. He was deeply religious in a quiet, unostentatious way. That there had been stormy days in the beginning, the friends divined; there were lines in his face, stern lines of pain and hardship, that had been softened but could never disappear.

CHAPTER II

FOUR AMBITIONS, AND THREE WAYS TO MAKE MONEY

They dined that night on the Astor roof, where in the midst of aerial gardens one forgot that another city waited toiling below. Their table was placed by an embrasure from which they could scan the dark reaches toward the west, where the tenements of the city, broken by the occasional uprising of a blatant sign, mathematically divided into squares by rows of sentinel lights, rolled somberly toward the river. To the south, vaguely defined by the converging watery darkness, the city ran down to flaming towers in the glistening haze that seemed a luminous vapor rising from dazzling avenues.

Wherever the eye could see, myriad lights were twinkling: brooding and fraught with the dark mystery of lonely, distant banks; red, green, and golden on the rivers, crossing busily on a purposeful way; intruding and bewildering in the service of industry from steel skeletons against the sky; magic and dreamlike on the fairy spread of miraculous bridges; winking and dancing with the spirit of gaiety from the theatres below and the roof-gardens above that in the summer suddenly spread a new and brilliant city of the night above the tired metropolis of the day. Looking down on these myriad points of light one seemed to have suddenly come upon the nesting of the stars, where constellations germinated and took flight toward the swarming firmament.

The incomparable drama of the spectacle affected the four young men on the threshold of life in a different way. Bojo, to whom the sensation was new, felt a sort of prophetic stimulation as though in the glittering sweep below lay the jewel which he was to carry off. Granning, who had broken into the monastic routine of his life to make an exception of this gathering of the clans, looked out in reverence, stirred to deeper questionings of the spirit. Marsh, more dramatically attuned, felt a sensation of weakness, as though, suddenly confronted with the gigantic scheme of the multitude, he felt the impotence of single effort; while DeLancy, who dined thus every night, seeing no further than the festooned gardens, the brilliant splashes of color, the faces of women flushed in the yellow glow of candle-lights, hearing only the pleasant thrumming sounds of a hidden orchestra, rattled on in his privileged way:

"Well, now that the Big Four is together again, let's divide up the city." He sent a sweeping gesture toward the stenciled stretch of blocks below and continued: "Roscy, what'll you have? Take your choice. I'll have a couple of hotels and a box at the opera. Next bidder, please!"

But Bojo, without attention to this chatter, said: "Remember the night we picked out what we intended to make at college? Came pretty close to it too, didn't we?"

Marsh looked up quickly, seized by a sudden dramatic suggestion. "Well, here we are again. Let's tell the truth—no buncombe—just what each expects to get out of life."

"But will we tell the truth?" said Bojo.

"I will."

"Of course we want to make a million first," said DeLancy, laughing. "Roscy's got his, so I suppose he wants ten. First, is it admitted each of us wants a million? Every properly brought up young American ought to believe in that, oughtn't he?"

"Freddie, behave yourself," said Bojo severely. "Be serious."

"Serious!" said DeLancy, with an offended air. "I'll be more serious than any of you and I'll tell more of the truth.

"Go on, Roscy; start first."

"Freddie's right in one respect. I intend to treble what I've got in ten years or go bankrupt," said Marsh instantly. He flung the stub of his cigar out into the night, watched it a moment in earth-bound descent, and then leaned forward over the

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table, elbows down, hands clasped, the lights laying deep shadows about the hollowed eyes, the outstanding ears accentuating the irregularity and oddity of the head. "Not sure but that would be the best thing for me. If I had to start at the bottom I'd do something. I mean something big."

"GRANNY."

A smile passed about the group, accustomed to the speaker's dramatic instincts.

"Well, I've got to start at life in a different way. The trouble is, in this American scheme I have no natural place. Here we develop millionaires as fast as we can turn them out and never think how we can employ them. What's the result? The daughters of great fortunes marry foreign titles as fast as they get the chance in order to get the opportunity to enjoy their wealth to the fullest, because here there is no class so limited and circumscribed, without national significance, as our so-called Four Hundred; the sons either become dissipated loafers, professional amateurs of sport, or are condemned to piling more dollars on dollars, which is an absurdity."

"I grieve for the millionaire," interjected DeLancy flippantly.

"And yet you want to triple what you've got," said Bojo with a smile.

"I'm coming to that—wait. Now the idea of money-grubbing is distasteful to me. What I want is opportunity. I have, I suppose, pretty close to one hundred thousand a year. Now if I want to settle down and marry, that's a lot; if I want to go in and compete with other men, the leaders, that's nothing at all. The principal interest I've got is the *Morning Post:* it's not all mine, but the controlling share is. It's a good conservative nursery rocking-horse. It can go rocking on for another twenty years, satisfied with its little rock. I want a million clear to throw into it. I don't want it to be a profitable high-class publication—I want it to be *the* paper in New York."

"Willing to go slow, to learn every rope?" said Granning with a shake of his head.

"You know I am," said Marsh impatiently. "I've plugged harder than any one this summer and last too."

"Yes, you work hard—and play hard too," Granning admitted.

"Exactly. Win or lose, play the limit! That's my motto, and there's something glorious in it. I'm going to work hard, but I'm going to play just as hard. I want to live life to its fullest, I want to get every sensation out of it. And when I'm ready I'm going to make the paper a force, I'm going to make myself feared. I want to round myself out. I want to touch everything that I can, but above all I want to be on the fighting-line. After this period of financial buccaneering there'll come a radical period, the period of young men."

"Roscy, you want to be noticed," said DeLancy.

"I admit it. If you had what I have, wouldn't you? I want the sensation of living in the big way. Granny shakes his head—I know what he's thinking."

"Roscy, you're a gambler," said Granning, but without saying all he thought.

"I am, but I'm going to gamble for power, which is different, and that's the first step to-day; that's what they all have done."

"You haven't told us your ambition," said Bojo.

"I want to make of the *Morning Post* not simply a great paper, but a great institution," said Marsh seriously. "I believe the newspaper can be made the force that the church once was. Now the church was dominant only as it entered into every side of the life of the community; when it was not simply the religious and political force, but greater still the social force. I believe the newspaper will become great as it satisfies every need of the human imagination. There are papers that print a Sunday sermon. I would have a religious page every

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day, just as you print a woman's page and a children's page. I'd run a legal bureau free or at nominal charges, and conduct aggressive campaigns against petty abuses. I'd organize the financial department so as to make it personal to every subscriber, with an investment bureau which would offer only a carefully selected list for conservative investors and would refuse to deal in seven per cent. bonds and fifteen per cent. shares. I would have a great auditorium where concerts and plays would be given at no higher price than fifty cents ——"

"Hold up! How could you get plays on such conditions?" said DeLancy, who had been held breathless by this Utopian scheme.

"Any manager in the city with a sense of publicity would jump at the chance of giving an afternoon performance, expenses paid, under such conditions, especially as the list would be guaranteed. Then above all, I'd give the public fiction, the best I could get and first-hand. What do you think gives *Le Petit Parisien* and *Le Petit Journal* a circulation of about a million each, and all over France? Serial novels."

"And what else do you want?" said Bojo.

"I want that by the time I'm thirty-five. I want ten millions, and I want to be at forty either senator or ambassador to Paris or London. I want to build a yacht that will defend the America Cup and to own a horse that will win the Derby."

"And will you marry?"

"The most beautiful woman in America."

The four burst into laughter, none more heartily than Marsh, who added:

"Remember, we're to tell the truth, and that's what I'd like to do." He concluded: "Win or lose, play the limit. Never mind, Granny, when I'm broke you'll give me a job. Up to you. Confess."

Granning began diffidently, for he was always slow at speech and the fluency of Marsh's recital intimidated him.

"I don't know that there's anything so interesting in my future," he began, turning the menu nervously in his hands and fixing a spot on the table-cloth where a wine stain broke the white monotony. "You see I'm different from you fellows. You're facing life in a different sort of way. I'm not sure but what there's more danger in it than you think, but the fact is you're all looking for the gamble. You want what you want, Roscy, by the time you're thirty-five. Bojo and Fred want a million by the time they're thirty. You're looking for the easy way—the quick way. You may get it, and then you may not. You've got friends, opportunities—perhaps you will."

"That's where you'll never learn, you old fossil," said Marsh. "If you'd get out and meet people, why, some time you'd strike a man with a nice fat contract in his pocket."

"Not for me," Granning said decisively. "There's one thing I've got strong, where I have the start over you, and a good thing it is too: I know my limitations. I'm not starting where you are. My son will; I'm not. Hold up; it's the truth, and the truth is what we're telling. You can gamble with life—you've got something to fall back on. I'm the fellow who's got to build. Yes, I'll be honest. I want to make a million, too, I suppose, as Fred said, like every American does. After all, if you're out to make money, it's a good thing to try for something high. There isn't much chance for romance in what I'm doing. I've got to go up step by step, but it means more to me to get a fifty-dollar raise than that next million can mean to you, Roscy. That's because I look back, because I remember."

He stopped, and the memories of the existence out of which he had dragged himself, of which he never spoke, threw thoughtful shadows over the broad forehead. All at once he drew a long straight line on the table, inclining upward like the slope of a hill, with a cross at the bottom and one at the top, while the others looked on puzzled.

"You see there's not much banging of drums or dancing in what I've got ahead and not much to tell until I get there. You know how a mole travels; well, that's me." He laid his finger on the cross at the bottom and then shifted it to the cross at the top. "Here's where I go in and here's where I come out. In between doesn't count."

"And what besides that?" said Bojo.

"Well," said Granning simply, "I'd like to get off for a couple of months and see Europe and what they're doing over in France and Germany in the steel line."

"But all that'll happen. What would you really like to get out of life?" said Marsh, smiling—"you old, unimaginative bear!"

"I'd like to go into politics in the right sort of way; I think every man ought. Perhaps I'll marry, have a home and all that sort of thing some day. I think what I like best would be to get a chance to run

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a factory along certain lines I've thought out—a cooperative arrangement in a way. There's so much to be worked out along the lines of organization and efficiency." He concluded with sudden diffidence as though surprised at his self-confession. "That's about all there is to it, I guess."

"One thing Granning said strikes at me—knowing your limitations," said DeLancy defiantly, as though aware that he was going to shock them. "I suppose you fellows think of me as a merry little jester, an amusing loafer, happy-go-lucky and all that sort of stuff. Well, you're mistaken. I know my limitations; I know what I can do and what I can't. I'm just as anxious to get ahead as any of you, and you can bet I don't fool myself. On a straight out-and-out proposition I wouldn't be worth twenty dollars a week to any one. But just the same I'm going to have my million and my automobile in five years. Dine with me five years from this date and you'll see."

"Well, Fred, what's the secret?" said Bojo, a little suspicious of his seriousness.

But DeLancy, as though still aware of the necessity of further explanations before his pronouncement, continued: "I said I didn't fool myself, and I don't. I haven't got ability like Granning over here, who's entirely too modest and who'll end by being an old moneybags—see if he doesn't. I haven't got a bunch of greenbacks left me or behind me like Roscy or Bojo. My old dad's a brick; he's scraped and pinched to put me through college on the basis of you fellows. Now it's up to me. I haven't got what you fellows have got, but I've got some very valuable qualities—very valuable when you keep in mind what you can do with them. I have a very fine pair of dancing legs; I play a good game of bridge and a better at poker; I can ride other men's horses and drive their automobiles in first-rate style; I wear better clothes than my host with all his wad, and you bet that impresses him. I know how to gather in friends as fast as you can drum up circulation; I can liven up any party and save any dinner from going on the rocks; I can amuse a bunch of old bores until they get to liking themselves: in a word, I know how to make myself indispensable in society, and the society that counts."

"FATHER'LL WANT ME TO CHUCK ALL THIS—SHOOT UP TO A HOLE IN THE MUD; BURY MYSELF IN A MILL TOWN FOR FOUR OR FIVE YEARS. PLEASANT PROSPECT!"

"What the deuce is he driving at?" Marsh broke in with a puzzled expression.

"Why am I sitting down in a broker's office drawing fifty dollars a week, to smoke long black cigars? Because I know a rap what's going on? No, because I know

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people; because I'm a cute little social runner who brings custom into the office; because my capital is friends, and I capitalize my friends."

"Oh, come now, Fred, that's rather hard," said Bojo, feeling the note of bitterness in this cynical self-estimate.

"Well, what's the point of all this?" said Granning.

"The point is this: there're three ways of making money and only three—to have it left you like Roscy, to earn it like Granning, and to marry it——"

"Like you?"

"Like me!"

The others looked at him with constraint.

"You won't do that, Freddie!"

"Indeed I will," said DeLancy, but with a nervous acceleration. "My career is society. Oh, I don't say I'm going to marry for money and nothing else. It's much easier than that. Besides, there's the patriotic motive, you know. I'm saving an American fortune for American uses. American heiresses for American men. Sounds like American styles for American women," he added, trying to take the edge off the declaration with a laugh. "After all, there's a lot of buncombe about it."

"It's the way you say it, Fred."

"Because I have the nerve to say it. This is all I'm worth, and this is the only way to get what we all want."

"You'll never do it," said Granning with decision; "not in the way you say it."

"Granning, you're a babe in the woods," said DeLancy, laughing boisterously. "I knew I'd shock you. Still, there it is—that's flat!" He drew back, lighting a cigar to cover his retreat, and said: "Bojo next. I dare you to be as frank."

Bojo, thus interrogated, took refuge in an evasive answer. The revelations he had listened to gave him a keen sense of change. On this very evening when they had come together for the purpose of celebrating old friendship, it seemed to him that the parting of their ways lay clearly before him.

"I don't know what I shall do," he said at last. "No, I'm not dodging; I don't know. Much depends on certain circumstances." He could not say how vividly their different announced paths represented to him the difficulties of his choice. "I'd like to do something more than just make money, and yet that seems the most natural thing, I suppose. Well, I'd like a chance to have a year or two to think things over, see all kinds of men and activities; but by next week I may be at the bottom, striking out for myself and glad of a chance."

He stopped and they did not urge him to continue. After DeLancy's flat exposition each had a feeling of the danger of disillusionment. Besides, Fred and Roscoe were impatient to be off—Fred to a roof-garden, Marsh to the newspaper. Bojo declined DeLancy's invitation; alleged the necessity of unpacking.

"Here's to us, then," said Marsh, raising his glass. "Whatever happens, the old combination sticks together."

Bojo raised his glass thoughtfully, feeling underneath that there was something irrevocably changed. The city outside was sparkling and black, but there was a new feeling in the night below, and the more he felt the multiplicity of its multifold expressions the more it came to him that what he would do he would do alone.

CHAPTER III

ON THE TAIL OF A TERRIER

When he returned with Granning into the court and upstairs to their quarters a telegram greeted him from the floor as he opened the door. It was from his father.

Arrive to-morrow. Wish to see you at three at office. Important. J. B. Crocker.

He stood by the fireplace tearing it slowly to pieces, feeling the approach of reality, a little frightened at its imminence.

"Not bad news?" said Granning, settling his bulk on the couch and reaching for a pipe from the rack. But at this instant a smiling Japanese valet ushered in the trunks. "What's the matter? You look serious."

"I'm wondering how I'll be feeling this time to-morrow," said Bojo with his arms full of shirts and neckties. "I've got a pleasant little interview with the Governor ahead." He filled a drawer of the bureau and returned into the sitting-room, and as Granning, with his usual discretion, ventured no question, he added, looking out at the court where three blazing windows of the restaurant were flinging pools of light across the dark green plots: "He'll want me to chuck all this—shoot up to a hole in the mud; bury myself in a mill town for four or five years. Pleasant prospect!"

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It did seem a bleak prospect, indeed, standing there in the commodious bay-window, seeing the flooded sky, hearing all the distant mingled songs of the city. From the near-by wall the orchestra of the theatre sent the gay beats of a musical comedy march feebly out through open windows, while from the adjoining wall of the *Times* Annex, beyond the brilliant busy windows, the linotype machines were clicking out the news of the world that came throbbing in. The theatre, the press, that world of imagination and hourly sensation, the half-opened restaurant with glimpses of gay tables, the blazing court itself filled with ardent young men at the happy period of the first great ventures, all were brought so close to his own eager curiosity that he turned back:

"By heavens, I won't do it, whatever happens! I won't be starved out for the sake of more dollars. Well, would you?"

He took a pair of shoes and flung them scudding across the floor into the room and then stood looking down at the non-committal figure of his friend. "Granning, you don't approve of us, do you? Answer or I'll dump the tray over you. Besides, I watched your face when Fred was spouting that ridiculous stuff."

"He meant it."

"Do you think so? I wonder."

"What worried you?"

"I was sort of upset," Bojo admitted. "You know when you got through and Fred got through, I thought, after all, you were right—we are gamblers. It's the excitement, the living on a high tension."

"I sort of figured out you'd want to do something different," said Granning slowly.

"So I would," he said moodily. "I wish I had Roscy's brains. I wonder what I could do if I had to shift for myself."

"So that's the idea, is it?"

He nodded.

"The old dad's stubborn as blazes. Had an up-and-down row with Jack, my older brother, and turned him out. Dad's got as much love for the Wall Street game as your pesky old self. Thinks they're a lot of loafers and confidence men."

"I didn't say it," said Granning with a short laugh.

"No, but you think it."

Granning rose as the clock struck ten and shouldered off to his bedroom according to his invariable custom. When Bojo finally turned in, it was to sleep by fits and starts. The weight of the decision which he would have to make on the morrow oppressed him. It was all very well to announce that he would start at the bottom rather than yield, but the world had opened up to him in a different light since the dinner of confidences. He saw the two ways clearly—the long, slow, plodding way of Granning, and the other way, the world of opportunities through friends, the world of quick results to those privileged to be behind the scenes. If the end were the same, why take the way of toil and deprivation? Besides, there were other reasons, sentimental reasons, that urged him to the easier choice. If he could only make his father see things rationally—but he had slight hope of making an impression upon that direct will.

"Well, if everything goes smash, I'll make Roscy give me a job on the paper," he thought as he turned restlessly in his bed.

The white gleam of a shifting electric sign, high above the roofs, played over the opposite wall. At midnight he heard dimly two sounds which were destined from now on to dispute the turning of the night with their contending notes of work and pleasure—the sound of great presses beginning to rumble under the morning edition and from the restaurant an inconstant chorus welcoming the midnight with a jingling rhythm:

You want to cry,
You want to die.
But all you do is laugh. Hi! Hi!
You've got the High Jinks! That's why!

* * * * * * *

The next morning Bojo finished unpacking, killing time until noon arrived, when, after a solicitous selection of shirts and

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neckties, he went off by appointment to meet Miss Doris Drake.

To-day, the thoughts of that other interview with his father were too present in his imagination to permit of the usual zest such a meeting usually drew forth. The attachment—for despite the insinuations of DeLancy and Marsh it was hardly more than that—had been of long standing. There had been a period toward the end of boarding-school when he had been tremendously in love and had corresponded with extraordinary faithfulness and treasured numerous tokens of feminine reciprocation with a sentimental devotion. The infatuation had cooled, but the devotion had remained as a necessary romantic outlet. She had been his guest as a matter of course at all the numerous gala occasions of college life, at the football match, the New London race, and the Prom. He was tremendously proud to have her on his arm, so proud that at times he temporarily felt a return of that bitter-sweet frenzy when at school he turned hot and cold with the expectancy of her letters. At the bottom he was, perhaps, playing at love, a little afraid of her with that spirit of cautious deliberation which, had he but known it, abides not with romance.

"SAY, YOU'RE A JUDGE OF MUSCLE, AREN'T YOU?" SHE HELD IN THIS INTIMATE POSITION

During the month on the ranch he had spent in their house-party, he had a hundred times tried to convince himself that the old ardor was there, and when somehow in his own honesty he failed, he would often wonder what was the subtle reason that prevented it. She was everything that the eye could imagine, brilliant, perhaps a little too much so for a young lady of twenty, and sought after by a score of men to whom she remained completely indifferent. He was flattered and yet he remained uneasy, forced to admit to himself that there was something lacking in her to stir his pulses as they had once been stirred. When DeLancy had so frankly announced his intention of making a favorable marriage, something had uneasily stirred his conscience. Was there, after all, some such unconscious instinct in him at the bottom of this continued intimacy?

When he reached the metropolitan castle of the Drakes on upper Fifth Avenue, he found the salons still covered up in summer trappings, long yellow linens over the furniture, the paintings on the walls still wrapped in cheese-cloth. As he was twirling his cane aimlessly before the fireplace, wondering how long it would please Miss Doris to keep him waiting, there came a breathless scamper and rush, accompanied by delighted giggles, and the next moment a Scotch terrier, growling and snarling in mock fury, slid over the polished floor, pursued by a young

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OUT A COOL, FIRM FOREARM FOR HIS INSPECTION, AND HE WAS WHEN DORIS CAME DOWN.

girl who had a firm grip on the stubby tail. The chase ended in the center of the room with a sudden tumble. The dog, liberated, stood quivering with delight at a safe distance, head on one side, tongue out, ready for the next move of his tormentor, who was camped in the middle of the floor. But at this moment she perceived Bojo.

"Oh, hello," she said with a start of surprise but no confusion. "Who are you?"

"I'm Crocker, Tom Crocker," he said, laughing back at the flushed oval face, with mischievous eyes dancing somewhere in the golden hair that tumbled in shocks.

She sprang up brightly, advancing with outstretched hand: "Oh, you're Bojo," she said in correction. "You don't know me. I'm Patsie, the terror of the family. Now don't say you thought I was a child. I'm seventeen—eighteen in January."

He shook the hand that was thrust out to him in a direct boyish grip, surprised and a little bewildered at the irresistible youth and spirits of the young lady who stood so naturally before him in short skirt and simple shirt-waist open at the tanned neck.

"Of course they've told you I'm a terror," she said defiantly. He nodded, which seemed to please her, for she rattled on: "Well, I am. They had to keep me away until Dolly hooked the Duke. Have you seen him? Well, if that's a duke, all I've got to say is I think he's a muff. Of course you're waiting for Doris, aren't you?"

The assumption of his vassalage somehow stirred a little antagonism, but before he could answer she was off again. "Well, a jolly long wait you'll have, too. Doris is splashing around among the rouge and powder like Romp in a puddle."

Her own cheeks needed no such encouragement, he thought, laughing back through the pure infection of her high spirits.

"I like you; you're all right," she said, surveying him with her head on one side like Romp, the terrier, who came sniffing up to him in the friendliest way. "You're not like a lot of these fashion-plates that come in on tiptoes. Say, that was a bully tackle you made in that Harvard game."

He was down on one knee rubbing the shaggy coat of the terrier. He looked up. "Oh, you saw that, did you?"

"Wasn't much left of *that* fellow. Dad said that was the finest tackle he ever saw."

"It shook me up all right," he said, grinning.

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"Well, if Dad likes you and Romp likes you, you must be some account," she continued, seizing triumphantly the stubby tail. "Dad's strong for you!"

Bojo, on the edge of the sofa, watched the furious encounter which took place for the possession of the strategic point.

"I suppose you're going to marry Doris," she said in a moment of calm.

Bojo felt himself flushing under the direct, child-like gaze. "I should be flattered if——"

"Oh, don't talk that way," she said with a fling of her shoulders. "That's like all the others. Are all New York men such ninnies? Lord, I'm going to have a dreary time of it!" She looked at him critically. "One thing I like about you: you don't wear spats."

"I suppose you're home for the wedding," he asked curiously, "or are you through with the boarding-school?"

"Didn't you hear about this?" she said with a touch to her shortened hair. "They wanted me to come out and I said I wouldn't come out. And when they said I should come out, I said to myself, 'I'll just fix them so I can't come out,' and I hacked off all my hair. That's why they sent me off to Coventry for the summer. I'd have hacked it off again, but Dad cut up so I let it grow, and now if the plaguy old fashion hasn't gotten around to bobbed hair! What do you think?"

"So you don't want to come out?"

"What for? To be nice to a lot of frumps, to dress up and drink tea and lean up against a wall and have a crowd of mechanical toys tell you that your eyes are like evening stars, and all that rot? I should say *not*."

"Well, what would you like to do?"

"I'd like to go riding and hunting with Dad, live in a great country house, with lots of snow in winter and tobogganing—" She broke off with a sudden suspicion. "Say, am I boring you?"

"You are not!" he said with emphasis.

"You don't like this society flub-dub either, do you?" she continued confidentially. "Lord, these dolled-up women make me tired. I'd like to jounce them over the hills. Say, aren't you a judge of muscle?"

"In a way."

"What do you think of that?" She held out a cool, firm forearm for his inspection, and he was in this intimate position when Doris came down the great stairway, with her willowy, trailing elegance. She gave a quick glance of her dark eyes at the unconventional group, with Romp in the middle an interested spectator, and said:

"Have I been keeping you hours? I hope this child's been amusing you."

The child, being at this moment perfectly screened, retorted by a roguish wink which almost upset Bojo's equanimity. The two sisters were an absolute contrast. In her two seasons Doris had been converted into a complete woman of the world; she had the grace that was the grace of art, yet undeniably effective. Her features were delicate, thinly turned, and a quality of precious fragility was about her person, even to the conscious moods of her smile, her enthusiasm, her poising for an instant of the eyes, which were deep and black and lustrous as the artfully pleasing masses of her hair. But the charm that was gone was the charm that looked up at him from the unconscious twilight eyes of the younger sister!

"Patsie, you terrible tomboy—will you ever grow up!" she said reprovingly. "Look at your dress and your hair. Now run along like a dear. Mother's waiting."

But Patsie maliciously declined to hurry. She insisted that she had promised to show off Romp and, abetted by Bojo in this deception, she kept her sister waiting while she put the dog through his tricks and, to cap the climax, went off with a bombshell.

"My, you two don't look a bit glad to see each other—you look as conventional as Dolly and the Duke."

"Heavens," said Doris with a sigh, "I shall have my hands full this winter. What will they think of her in society?"

"I don't think she's going to have as much trouble as you fear."

"Really?" said Doris, glancing up. Then she laid her hand over his with a little pressure. "I'm awfully glad to see you, Bojo."

"Awfully glad to see you."

"Just as glad as ever?"

"Of course."

"We shall have to use the limousine. Dolly's off with the new car. You don't mind?" she said, flitting past the military footman. "Where are we lunching?"

He named a fashionable restaurant.

"Oh, dear, no. You never see any one you know there." And without waiting for his answer she added: "Duncan, the Ritz."

At the restaurant all the personelle seemed to know her. The head waiter himself showed her to a favorite corner, and advised with her solicitously as to the

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selection of the menu, while Bojo, who had still to eat ten thousand such luncheons, furtively compared his elegant companion with the brilliant women who were grouped about him like rare hothouse plants in a perfumed conservatory. The hat she wore suited her admirably, concealing her forehead and half of her eyes with the same provoking mystery that the Eastern veil lends to the women of the Orient. Everything about her dress was soft and beguilingly luxurious. All at once she turned from a fluttered welcome to a distant group and assumed a serious air.

"Have you seen Dad yet? Oh, of course not—you haven't had time. You must right away. He's taken a real fancy to you, and he's promised me to see that you make a lot of money—" she looked up in his eyes and then down at the table with a shy smile, adding emphatically —"soon!"

"So you've made up your mind to that?"

"Yes, indeed; I'm going to make you!" She nodded, favoring him with a long contemplation. "You dress awfully well. Clothes seem to hang on you just right——"

"But—" he said, laughing.

"Well, there is one thing I'd like," she admitted, a little confused. "I wish you'd wear a mustache, a little one like the Duke. You'd look stunning."

He laughed in a way that disconcerted her, and an impulse came into his mind to try her, for he began to resent the assumption of possession which she had assumed.

"How do you think that would go in a mill town with overalls and a lunch-can?"

"What do you mean?"

"In a week I expect to be shipped to New England, to a little town with ten thousand inhabitants; nice, cheery place with rows on rows of factory homes for society."

"How horrible! You're not serious!"

"I may be. How would you like to keep house up there?" He caught the disconsolate look in her face and added: "Don't worry. I know better than to ask that of you. Now listen, Doris, we've been good chums too long to fool ourselves. You've changed and you're going to change a lot more. Do you really like this sort of life?"

"I adore it!"

"Dressing up, parading yourself, tearing around from one function to another." She nodded, her face suddenly clouded over. "Then why in the world do you want me? There are fifty—a hundred men you'll find will play this game better than I can."

"Why do you act this way just when you've come back?" she said, frightened at his sudden ascendency.

"Because I think we both know that nothing is going to happen," he said, "only it's hard to face the truth. Isn't that it?"

"No, that isn't it. I love to be admired; I love pretty things and society and all that. Why shouldn't I? But I do care for you, Bojo; you've always brought out—" she was going to say, "the best in me," but changed her mind and instead added: "I am very proud of you —I always would be. Don't look at me so. What have I done?"

"Nothing," he said, drawing a breath. "You can't help being what you are. Doris, you're the loveliest here; no one has your style or a smile as bewitching as yours. There *is* a fascination about you."

She was only half reassured. "Well, then, don't talk so idiotically."

"'Idiotic' is exactly the word," he said with a laugh, and the compliments he had paid her in a spirit of self-raillery awakened a little feeling of tenderness after his teasing had shown him that, according to her lights, she cared more than he had thought.

All the same when he rose to hurry downtown, he was under no illusions; if opportunity permitted him to fit into the social scheme of things, well and good; if not— His thoughts recurred to DeLancy's words:

"There are three ways of making money: have it left you, earn it, or marry it."

He broke off angrily, and for the hundredth time he found himself asking:

"Now why the deuce can't I be mad in love with a girl who cares for me, who's a beauty and has everything in the world!"

For he had once been very much in love when he was a school-boy and Doris had been just a school-girl, with open eyes and

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impulsive, direct ways, like a certain young lady, with breathless, laughing lips, who had come sliding into his life on the comical tail of a scampering terrier.

CHAPTER IV

BOJO'S FATHER

The offices of the Associated Woolen Mills were on the sixteenth floor of a modern office building in the middle city, which towered above the surrounding squalid brown-stone houses given over to pedlers and delicatessen shops like a gleaming stork, ankle-deep in a pool of murky water.

Bojo wandered through long mathematical rooms with mathematical young men perched at desks, all with the same mathematical curve of the back, past squadrons of clicking typewriters, clicking endlessly as though each human unit had been surrendered into the cogs of a universal machine. He passed a row of glassed-in rooms until he arrived at his father's private office with its faded red-leather sofas and polished brass spittoons, where he had come first as a boy in need of money. Everything was in order: chairs precisely placed, the window-shades at the same level, book-cases with filled memoranda, even to the desk, where letters to be read and letters to be signed waited in neat packages.

On the wall was extended an immense oil-painting, fifteen feet by ten, of Niagara Falls in frothy eruption, with a large and brilliant rainbow lost in the mist and several figures in the foreground representing the noble Indians gazing with feelings of awe upon the spectacle of nature. Behind the desk hung a large black-and-white engraving of Abraham Lincoln, with one hand resting on the Proclamation of Emancipation, flanked by smaller portraits of Henry Ward Beecher and the author of the McKinley tariff. Opposite was an old-time family group done in crayons, representing Mr. and Mrs. Crocker standing with Jack in long trousers and Tom in short, while on the shining desk, amid the papers, was a daguerreotype, mounted in a worn leather frame, of the wife who had been dead fifteen years.

Bojo selected a cigar from the visitors' box and strode up and down, rehearsing in his mind the arguments he would bring to bear against the expected ultimatum. From the window the lower bay expanded below him with its steam insects crawling across the blue-gray surface, its wharf-crowded shores, beyond the ledges on ledges of factories trailing cotton streamers against the brittle sky. Everywhere the empire of industry extended its stone barracks without loveliness or pomp, smoke-grimed, implacable prisons, where multitudes herded under artificial light that humanity might live in terms of millions.

As he looked, he seemed already to have surrendered his individuality, swallowed up in the army of labor, and the revolt arose in him anew. What was the use of money if it could not bring a wider horizon and greater opportunities? And a sort of dull anger moved in him against the parental ambition which limited him to unnecessary drudgery.

Of all the persons he had met, the greatest stranger to him was his father. Since his mother's death, when he was but eight years of age, his life had been spent in boarding-school and college, in summer camps or on visits to chums. Their relations had been formal. At the beginning and end of each summer he had come down the long avenue of desks, past the glass doors into the private office, to report, to receive money, and to be sped with a few appropriate words of advice. Several times during the year his father would appear on a short warning, stay a few hours, and hurry off. On such occasions Tom felt that he was being surveyed and estimated as a lumberman watches the growth of a young forest.

His father was always in a hurry, always in good health, matter-of-fact, and generous. That his business had prospered and extended Tom knew, though to what extent his father's activities had multiplied he still was ignorant. Conversation between them had always been difficult in those tours of inspection; but Bojo instinctively censored the lithographs on the wall (harmless though they were) and the choice of novels which his father would be sure to examine.

"How are you, Tom?" said a chest-voice behind him. "Turn around. You look in first-class shape. Glad to see you."

"Glad to see you, father," he said hastily, taking the stubby, powerful hand.

"Just a moment—go on with your cigar. Let me straighten out this desk."

"Now for it," thought Bojo as he gripped his hands with a determined frown.

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As they faced each other they were astonishingly alike and unlike. They had the same squaring of the brows, the obstinate rise of the head at the back, and the prominent undershot jaw. Years had thickened the frame of the father and written characteristic lines about the mouth and the eyes. He had become so integral a part of the machine he had created that in the process all the finer youthful shades of expression had faded away.

Concentration on a fixed idea, indomitable purpose, decision, self-discipline, were there in the strongly sculptured chin and maxillary muscles, under the sparse, close-cropped beard shot with gray; courage and tenacity in the deep eyes which, like Bojo's, had the disconcerting fixity of the mastiff's; but the quality of dreams which so keenly tempered the tempestuous obstinacy of the son had been discarded as so much superfluous baggage. Life to him was a succession of immediate necessities, a military progress, and his imagination went with difficulty beyond the demands of the hour. He dressed in a pepper-and-salt business suit made of his own product, wore a made-up tie and comfortable square-toed shoes, with a certain aggressive disdain for the fashions as a quality of pretentiousness.

He ran through his correspondence in five minutes, while Bojo pricked up his ears at the sums which he flung off without hesitation. Richardson faded from the room, the father shifted a package of memoranda, turned the face of his desk-clock so he could follow the time, drew back in his chair, and helped himself to a cigar, shooting a glance at the embattled figure of the son.

"You look all primed up—ready to jump in the ring," he said with a smile; and without waiting for Bojo's embarrassed answer he continued, caging his fingers:

"Well, Tom, you have now arrived at man's estate, and it is right that I should discuss with you your future course in life. But before we come to that I wish to say several things. You've finished your college course very creditably. You have engaged a good deal in different sports, it is true; but you have not allowed it to interfere with your serious work, and I believe, on the whole, your experience in athletics has been valuable. It has taught you qualities of self-restraint and discipline, and it has given you a sound body. Your record in your studies, while it has not been brilliant, has been creditable. You've kept out of bad company, chosen the right friends—I am impressed with Mr. Granning—and you've not gone in for dissipation. You've done well, and I have no complaint."

This discourse annoyed Bojo. It seemed to fling a barrier of conventionality between them, driving them further apart.

"Why the deuce doesn't he talk in a natural way?" he thought moodily. And he felt with a sudden depression the futility of arguing his case. "We're in for a row."

"Now, Tom, let's talk about the future."

"Here it comes," said Bojo to himself.

"What would you like to do?"

"What would I like?"

"Yes, what are your ideas?"

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The turn was so unexpected that he could not for the moment assemble his thoughts. He rose, making a pretext of seeking an ash-tray, and returned. "Why, to tell the truth, sir, I came expecting that you would demand that I go into this—into the mills."

"I see, and you don't want to do what your father's done. You want something else, something better."

The tone in which this was said aroused the obstinacy in the young man, but he repressed the first answer.

"Well?"

"I don't know, sir, that there's any use of my explaining myself; I don't know what good it'll do," he said slowly.

"On the contrary, I am not making demands. I am here to discuss." (Bojo repressed a smile at this.) "You've thought about this. What do you suggest?"

"I don't think you'll understand it at all, but I want time."

"Time to do what?"

"To get out and see the world, to meet men who are doing things, to get a chance to develop, to get my ideas straightened out."

"Is that all?"

"No, that's not quite honest," said Bojo suddenly. "The truth is, sir, I don't see why I should begin all over again the drudgery and the isolation and all. If you wanted me to do only that, why did you send me to college? I've made friends, and it's only right I should have the opportunity to lead as big a life as they. Money isn't everything, it's what you get out of life; and besides, I've got opportunities, unusual opportunities to get ahead here."

"Have you made up your mind, Tom?" said the father slowly.

"I'm afraid I have, sir."

"Let me talk to you. First you speak of opportunities—what opportunities?"

"Mr. Drake has been kind enough——"

"That means Wall Street."

"Yes, sir."

The father thought a moment. "What is the situation between you and Doris?"

"We are very good friends."

"Would you marry her if you didn't have a cent?"

"I would not."

"I am glad to hear you say that—very glad. So you're going into Wall Street," he said after a moment. "Are you going into the banking business?"

"Why, no."

"Into railroads or a creative industry?"

"Not exactly."

"You're going into Wall Street," said Crocker, "like a great many young men who've been having an easy, luxurious time at college and who want to go on with it. You're going there as a gambler, hoping to get the inside track through some influence and make a hundred thousand dollars of other people's money in a lucky year."

"That's rather a hard way to put it, sir."

"You don't pretend to be able to earn a hundred thousand dollars in one year or in five, do you, Tom?"

"Let me state it this way," said Bojo after a moment's indecision. "What you have made and what you have been able to give me have put me in the way of acquiring friends that others can't make, and friends are assets. The higher up you go in society the easier it is to make money; isn't it so? Opportunities are assets also. If I have the opportunity to make money in a short time in the easiest way, why take up the hardest?"

"Tom, do you young fellows ever stop to think that there is such a thing as your own country, and that if you've got advantages you've also got responsibilities?" said Crocker, senior, shaking his head. "You want money. What good do you want to do in return? What usefulness do you accomplish in the scheme of things? You talk of opportunity—you don't know what a real opportunity is. Now let me say my say."

Richardson came sliding into the room at this moment, and Crocker paused to deny the card, with a curt order against further interruptions. When he resumed it was on a quieter note, with a touch of sadness.

"The trouble is, our points of view are too far apart for us to come together at present. You want something that isn't going to satisfy you and I know isn't going to satisfy you. But I can't make you see it—there's the pity of it. You've got to get your hard knocks yourself. You've got real ambition in you. Now let me tell you something about the mills, and think it over. There's some bigger things in this world than you think, and the biggest is to create something, something useful to the community; to make a monument of it and to pass it down for your son to carry on—family pride. You think there's only drudgery

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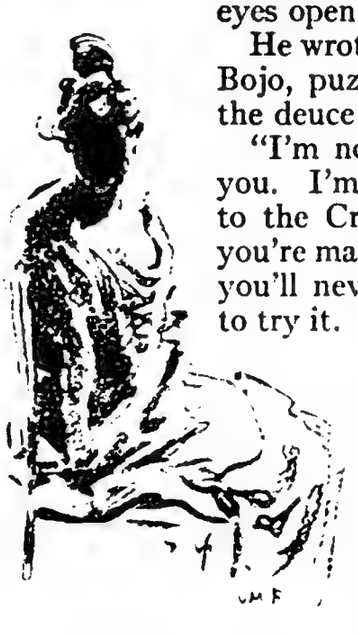
in it. Did you ever think there were thousands and thousands of people depending on how you run your business? Do you realize that every great business to-day means the protection of those thousands; that you've got to study out how to protect them at every point in order to make them efficient; that there's nothing unimportant? You've got to watch over their health and their happiness, see that they get amusement, relaxation; that they're encouraged to buy homes and taught to save money. You've got to see that they get education to keep them out of the hands of ignorant agitators. You've got to make them self-respecting and able intelligently to understand your own business, so that they'll perceive they're getting their just share. Add to that the other side: the competition, the watching of every new invention, the calculating to the last cent, the study of local and foreign conditions of supply and demand, the habits and tastes of different communities. Add also the biggest thing that you've got—a mixed population, that's got to be turned into intelligent, useful American citizens, and you've got as big a responsibility as you can place before any young fellow I know. What do you say?"

The father rose and laid his hands on his son's shoulders. "Why, Tom, don't you know it's been the dream of my life to hand you down this thing that I've built myself? Don't you know there's a sentiment about it? Why, it isn't dollars and cents: I've got ten times what I want; it's pride. I'm proud of every bit of it. There isn't a new turn, mechanical or social, has come up over the world but what I've adopted it there. I haven't had a strike in fifteen years. I've done things there would open your eyes. What are you thinking?"



"You make it very hard, sir," Tom said slowly. He had not expected this sort of appeal. "If I were older, I don't know—but it's hard now." He could not tell him all the surrender would mean, and though his deeper nature had been reached he still fought on. "I'm not starting where you started, sir; that's the trouble. You went to work when you were twelve. It would be easier if I had, and, if you'll forgive me, it's your fault, too, that I want what I want now. I suppose I do want to begin on top, but I've been on top all these years; that's all. I couldn't do it now; perhaps later—I don't know. If I went up to the mills now I should eat my heart out. I'm sorry to have to say this to you, but it's the truth."

The father left him abruptly and seated himself at his desk without speaking. "If I insisted you would refuse," he said slowly.

"I'm afraid I'd have to, sir," said Bojo with a feeling of dread.

There was another silence, at the end of which Mr. Crocker drew out his check-book and looked at it solemnly.

"Good! Figuring how much he'll give me and cut me off!" thought the son.

"Tom, I don't want to lose you too," said the father slowly. "I'm going to try a different way. You're sound and you ring true. The only trouble is you've got to learn your lesson. So you think if you had a start you'd clean up a fortune, don't you?—and you believe—" he paused—"in Wall Street friends. Very well; I'm going to give you an opportunity to get your eyes open."

He wrote a check with deliberation, while Bojo, puzzled, thought to himself, "What the deuce is he up to now?"

"I'm not going to make a bargain with you. I'm going to trust to experience and to the Crocker in you. I know the stuff you're made of. You'll never make an idler, you'll never stand that life, but you want to try it. Very well. I'm going to give you a check. It's yours. Play with it all you want. You'll get it taken away from you in two years at the most. When that happens come back to me, do you understand?—come back where you *belong*. Blood's thicker than water, my boy; there's something after all in father and son sticking together, doing something that counts! Here, take this."

He placed in his son's hand a check which read:

Pay to the order of Thomas Beachamp Crocker
Fifty thousand dollars.

JOTHAM B. CROCKER.

*The next instalment of "**Making Money**" will appear in the April number.*

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The MAN who BUILT the ZEPPELIN

Soldier · Daredevil · Inventor · Aeronaut
Hero · Admiral of the Air

By T R MacMECHEN

PRESIDENT OF THE AERONAUTICAL SOCIETY OF AMERICA

ILLUSTRATIONS BY VINCENT LYNCH

WHAT will the Zeppelins do? It is a daily question, asked with growing horror—or growing hope—as the accounts of Germany's aerial armament strengthen. Can they work such destruction as has been outlined in these pages, earlier? Will they prove themselves in actual test?

Of my own knowledge, and not by rumor, I know that the Germans are building a fleet of giant airships, already numbering forty-eight—with Count Zeppelin himself

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as commander-in-chief of all the air forces. I know that Germany means to strike with her Zeppelins—strike hard. What will they do? . . . We *may* have the answer as these lines go to press.

What *have* the Zeppelins done? We have offered that record in these pages, up to the beginning of war—a record of superb mastery of the air and its secrets, of splendid achievements in mechanics and science.

Behind this record—and this dread question—lies the wonderful history of the man whose mighty idea, embodied in silk and metal, has shot through the air on a thousand voyages. The "air count"—*der Luftgraf*—they call him—rightly enough. By inheritance Count Zeppelin is a landgraf—a title created when Theodoric the Goth conquered Rome and gave his counts rule over the conquered territory. So Count Zeppelin is "the man who rules the air."

The years that lay between conception and fulfilment of the great idea were crammed with sacrifice, heartbreak, dogged persistence, and unflagging courage. Fate seemed determined to break him. Two ships were lost before he achieved his first success. The Government refused him aid. The public laughed at him. His whole fortune went into his experiments.

Yet he fought on—leading his ragged army of science with the optimism of a Napoleon, the missionary zeal of a Luther, and the will of a Bismarck. He drove new stockholders into his companies by daring flights when not a *mark* was rattling in his till. To-day air-traffic is a commonplace, and great factories and modern dockyards, with their priceless secrets, stand as monuments to the "air count," while he is himself a national idol.

The steadfastness and obstinacy of North German blood blended in Count Zeppelin with French dash and enthusiasm. His name, ending in *in*, like Kuestrin and Berlin, belongs to the northern part of the empire. Zeppelin, a village in Mecklenburg, was founded in 1246 by Hugo de Zeppelin, and nearby are the ruins of a castle where the ancient Counts von Zeppelin held sway. His noble ancestry, by the way, has been no inconsiderable asset to Count Zeppelin. In Germany, none but a man of birth would have dared wage the fight he made against public opinion.

His natural bent for engineering probably descended from his mother, the granddaughter of a French Huguenot of rank and of scientific attainment, who came to the city of Constance from Geneva when Joseph of Austria offered crown grants to Swiss manufacturers. He received the whole "island" of the Dominican monks, a peninsula separated from the city by a canal; and he turned its disused convent into a combination home and cotton factory. It was here, on July 8, 1838, that the future "air count," Ferdinand von Zeppelin, was born.

When he was five, his mother wrote: "Ferdinand is cheerfulness itself. His scientific studies have not yet begun, but he is using his inborn gifts successfully in herding cattle, carrying wood, tilling the soil and carting stones. He knows always exactly on which field the helpers are working, and takes great interest in plows and new sowing-machines." Years later she gives a picture of the Zeppelin character in describing the Count's younger brother . . . "Eberhard, unmistakably a Zeppelin, of noble mind, magnanimous, but also wild and unyielding, of firm will, a hard fighter against stronger ones."

ZEPPELIN IN AMERICA

The Count's father acquired the beautiful little castle and park of Giersberg, near Constance; and close to the great lake—later the scene of his splendid achievements—the young Count passed a happy, healthy, and well-regulated youth. With his brother and sister he was tutored by a "broad-minded" old minister, who would not mold his pupils after the German idea, but brought out their individual gifts. He taught chiefly geography, German, and natural sciences. Schoolboy letters show how early the Count became fascinated by steamboats and factories.

In 1853 Zeppelin entered the war school at Ludwigsburg, and later the army, with a short interval at the University of Tübingen and two years as ambassador from Württemberg to Berlin. Then the restless, high-spirited young French-German decided to try for adventure in America.

Intending to investigate military conditions in the Civil War, he obtained leave to serve as a second lieutenant under several Union generals. He had General Grant's permit to move freely within the Federal lines; but that was not enough. Out of pure

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romance and venturesomeness he fought Confederates, exposing himself recklessly. Of course, he ascended in a captive balloon, with "Professor" Lowe, the army's aeronaut; and after the war, he started out, with two Russian officers and Indian guides, on an expedition to discover the source of the Mississippi. The party almost starved.

Now follows a series of exploits which the Count regards as mere foolhardiness. But the same wild daring that made him risk life needlessly was to find expression later in his airship ventures.

He swam the Niagara rapids simply to get a more idealistic view of the Falls. He had observed that the river current always drifted logs to a certain rock on the other side, and decided that it must inevitably drift him to the same refuge, which it did. He was taken off that rock by ropes.

Next he found himself on the "southern side" in the conflict between the north and south German states. While scouting near Aschaffenburg he was suddenly cut off from the southern shore of the swollen Main River. Instead of finding a ford, which he could easily have done, he swam his horse through the torrent—and was almost drowned. But he got immediate information of the enemy to his commander.

Now an incident even more characteristic: During the army maneuvers preparatory to the Franco-German war, Zeppelin was riding with a kinsman from Mecklenburg, when they were halted by a wide ditch of mire. In spite of protests, the Count, out of sheer deviltry, jumped the bog, missed the bank, and might have perished, if he had not vaulted over the horse's head, dragging the reins in his hand. Then he got a firm foothold and held up the horse by the bridle until aid arrived.

When war actually broke out, Zeppelin performed a feat that made his name famous with every German schoolboy. General von Obernitz picked the young daredevil to command a desperate scouting-ride to get vital news of the French mobilization during the slow massing of the independent German states. With a handful of officers and men young Zeppelin invaded the heart of Alsace.

Two regiments of French cavalry—a troop for every man in Zeppelin's command—went after him, and surprised his patrol in a lonely fortress at the edge of a dense forest. The Count alone escaped. His two officers and men were lost in the hopeless defense, but the Count stole out at the rear, and, snatching a French officer's horse from

AT THE SIEGE OF PARIS, AS HE LAY IN THE TRENCHES, THE COUNT'S IMAGINATION WAS QUICKENED BY THE SIGHT OF FRENCH MAIL BALLOONS PASSING SAFELY OVER THE GERMAN LINES.

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the hands of an old woman, he rode full tilt into the forest.

He concealed the animal in a thicket and, climbing a tree, hid there while the French pursuit was on. He was tracked for days through the forest. A French officer accidentally surprised him, and Zeppelin fought with him and killed him. Then, the pursuit not finding him, he made his way, enduring many hardships, back to the frontier, with invaluable information for his General.

At the siege of Paris, as he lay in the trenches, the Count's imagination was quickened by the sight of French mail balloons leaving the beleaguered city and passing safely over the German lines. Right then his mind began working on the possibilities of aerial navigation. By 1890 his inventions were well planned. But in this year, the Count—now a major-general—was abruptly dismissed by the Government.

He had paid too much attention to the closet study of aeronautics. What had airships to do with a major-general of cavalry?

Zeppelin was greatly chagrined, but he now devoted his entire time to study of the airship. And his brother Eberhard became as much part of the Count's dream and work as Wilbur Wright was of his brother Orville's.

At fifty-three years, in the face of general astonishment that a general of cavalry should take up work so apart from military humdrum, Count Zeppelin embarked on his inventive career as boldly as he had undertaken his great cavalry ride. He had seen too much of life to take a "down" as final. He had preserved a wonderful health and could forego sleep and food as

"WHAT SHALL I DO NOW?" HIS EYES LIGHTED AS HE ANSWERED HIS QUESTION DECISIVELY: "GET SHAVED."

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readily as a youngster of twenty. In addition to a strong body, he had high moral courage, a simple philosophy, an indomitable will—and faith in his idea.

Any one might have thought of his idea—it was as obvious as the famous egg of Columbus. It was the idea of making a *ship* to sail the air—as a ship sails the sea—the *airship* as over against the balloon plan of air navigation.

Zeppelin built a long, thin, light aluminum sheath, as rigid as steel, that could be driven against air-currents—instead of the unruly balloon that sags and bulges when it is driven at anything like high speed against a gusty wind.

But, nevertheless, Zeppelin used the balloon to lift and support him—he stowed many inflated balloons inside of his aerial "submarine," where they are arranged like peas in a pod. There they displace sufficient of the air to outweigh completely the ship's skin and cargo, and each bag is maintained independent of the others, like a vessel's water-tight compartments. If one compartment bursts, or if it is perforated by a war missile, the others prevent a sudden descent until ballast can be thrown overboard to restore the craft's buoyancy. Hidden away in the hull, safe from sun, cold, and wind, these bags or chambers retain gas for long periods, thus insuring the craft's endurance for great distances.

A FLYING MONSTER

All of the airship's other features followed so naturally that to-day it seems incredible that any intelligent engineer should have overlooked them. On the sides of the hull, all propellers, rudders, and fins are rigidly attached. They point the hull to go up or down, guide it to right or left. Two gondolas, each equipped with a motor, are suspended under the skeleton, so placed as to balance the weight. All these arrangements give a wonderfully steady airship.

Yet this practicable ship was, to most engineers and other sensible people, like the red flag to a bull. They might have listened if the Count had offered a small craft—a type now proven entirely impracticable. But his conception—this colossus, suggestive of the half-flying, half-swimming monsters of a prehistoric age—was so entirely outside of the conventional that engineering societies rose and called the scheme insane. The thing was certain to turn somersaults in the air! It was sure to break in pieces, not merely when it touched the ground, but while in flight!

A private commission assembled in Berlin and ridiculed the monstrous contrivance. Then for three years more Zeppelin worked without a ray of encouragement, begging various societies for aid in demonstrating his project. At last the German Government was persuaded to appoint a commission to examine Zeppelin's plans. Engineers who have since inspected these drawings and data say that they are wonderfully clear and simple. Yet the commission only partly approved, and refused to recommend aid by the state.

At this crisis, after insistent pleading, the German Society of Engineers finally endorsed the scheme. The Count was enabled to form a stock company, with resources of $225,000, he himself contributing one-half.

So the first airship was built—in a floating house on Lake Constance. The craft rested on a pontoon floor that could be towed out of the house, thus preventing collision with its walls. This first Zeppelin was crude and weak, its motors and its steering devices quite experimental. Naturally enough it was smashed. And after the makeshift rudders had been repaired, its gas-cells leaked away all the costly buoyancy, which had to be transported to the lake in steel bottles.

Yet—at the last minute—the airship had risen and been steered perfectly! Count Zeppelin's scientific principle was vindicated.

SKEPTICAL MONEY

Science noted this, but capital was impressed only with the fact that the venture had returned no money. The Society of Engineers withdrew its support and left the Count to his own devices.

Zeppelin, cast down by his failure, bought and stored the wreckage, and then traveled the length and breadth of Germany, begging assistance. So began the long struggle to obtain from engineering experts recognition of the airship's good points; to obtain money for operating the ship, and for building shelters to prevent the elements from destroying them as they lay at anchor. Violent storms often swept Lake Constance

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IN THE UNITED STATES, DURING THE CIVIL WAR, ZEPPELIN ASCENDED IN A CAPTIVE BALLOON, WITH "PROFESSOR" LOWE, THE ARMY AERONAUT.

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and tore the floating-houses from their moorings. These perfectly natural accidents long held back a just estimate of points clearly proved about the operation of airships. The fierce fights waged merely to give the airship a chance now seem as ridiculous as they were bitter then.

In 1904 the Count plunged what was left of his own fortune into a new ship with stronger motors. But his North German obstinacy stood in his way. He refused to adopt stabilizing fins, invented in 1903 by Colonel Charles Renard of the French army, and this despite the free gift Renard had made of his idea. Zeppelin protested that they were not part of his own brain-work. Luck, too, was against him. A breaking transmission disabled the airship, and, without steadying fins, it was blown to the Swiss shore, where soon after landing a sudden winter storm broke it in the middle. The Count had squandered his all. This time he was ready to surrender, despite the fact that, just before the machinery failed, the airship had displayed a great advance in speed and navigability.

THREE OF A KIND

It was the Countess Zeppelin and his daughter who urged him not to yield, realizing how vital a part this work was of the old man's very life. Though her own property in Livland, Russia's Baltic port in Germany, had been seriously affected by a revolution, this splendid woman cut down her household to the lowest ebb to permit her genius husband to go on.

Sacrificing his last funds, with all his old daring he now plunged as recklessly as at the beginning. In 1906 the third Zeppelin was ready. But it was tested only in good weather. The floating shed, now rebuilt on land, demanded greater caution, since it could not be turned in the wind. This was the Count's lucky ship. He had adopted Renard's fins, which converted the long, thin Zeppelin into a veritable arrow. The new ship flew fast and was steered perfectly. There were no more accidents over the lake.

In the midst of this triumph Eberhard Zeppelin died — the scientist whom the Count declared the only person able to carry on his great work in the event of his own death. Eberhard's last ecstatic impression was the humming of "their" airship, as, with the Count at the helm, it flew like a swan over the house of death.

The heroic fight now appealed to the popular mind, and aid was rushed to the Count's ventures. A national lottery raised the money for his 1907 experiments. The empire gave him an adequate floating shed. Factories offered to lend motors and material.

During this year the new airship created a genuine European sensation by carrying ten passengers for four hours at a speed of thirty-four miles an hour. Over Giersberg the Count dropped his visiting-card—in the shape of a sand-bag. Then, to demonstrate fully the remarkable power of his planes, he plunged bow down to the lake, where the moving craft scooped water ballast and floated on the surface.

The Count's daughter pulled alongside in a row-boat, and made her first flight. The airship, with an imperial commission on board, flew more than eight hours against a stiff twenty-mile wind, and maneuvered continuously for seven hours at a height between 1,300 and 1,500 feet, solely by the action of its planes.

Still another lottery brought resources for a new vessel, with the first of the passenger cabins. This craft, with new rudders and stronger motors, was tried out in 1908. Its decisive journey through Switzerland and up the Rhine electrified Germany. But the Count's overconfidence prompted him to continue the trip from Mainz to Munich, a distance much beyond the power of his undeveloped motors. They failed, and he was forced to land at Echterdingen, where the ship could not withstand a sudden storm, and burned at anchorage.

Echterdingen, deeply impressed with Zeppelin's personality and with the possibilities of his ship, roused the German people to appreciation, and provided the millions to carry out his mission. More to a national hero than to the inventor, all hearts and all purses were now opened.

The veteran's lucky third ship quite vindicated his stubborn confidence. It was sliced in two, and a section inserted to give it greater buoyancy. Then, late in the winter of 1909, Major Sperling and his military crew put the craft through its paces, with rigid German method. The gloomiest critics were dumb when a Zeppelin not only landed for the first time, but landed in a forty-mile gale, which it rode out at anchor

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ONE OF THE ACCIDENTS THAT HAVE TESTED COUNT ZEPPELIN'S SUPERB COURAGE. THIS SHIP WAS WRECKED IN A HURRICANE, NOT BECAUSE SHE WAS INCAPABLE OF RIDING A STORM, BUT BECAUSE SHE WAS OVERLOADED WITH GUNS AND HAD INSUFFICIENT BALLAST.

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on an open plain. In other tests it flew in a blizzard for seven hours. Again and again the airship ascended to 3,000 and 4,000 feet, and circled there for hours. Its engines, assisted by its planes, pushed the ship up 1,300 feet above the lake, thus conserving a half ton of ballast. It entered its shed under its own power, and it made the first voyage by night.

This ship was accepted by the government, *H. M. Airship Z 1.* It had started to its new station at Metz when the failure of its engines forced it to a harbor on the plains of Neubieberach. While it was waiting for repairs, a hurricane rose, and for a week the storm-bound vessel was exposed to the full violence of the elements, without damage. It reached Metz safely, and only two years ago was retired from active service.

The first thrill of these achievements was not stale when a new Zeppelin appeared before the world in a continuous flight of eight hundred and fifty miles. Count Zeppelin was following up his attack, and the story of how he accomplished this is here told for the first time.

STUCK IN A TREE

On the night of May 29, 1909, Zeppelin, accompanied by eight men, started from Friedrichshafen on a northerly flight which was to depend on his ship's endurance. All that night her engines drove at full-speed against a heavy wind. By morning, above Nuremberg, so much fuel had been burned that the lightened craft fought to rise; but she was successfully held down to a definite level by her fins. Over Saxony, her gas-lift, which had now become enormous, was overcome in the teeth of a strong wind by advancing her with bow depressed like a giant kite, assisted by her fins and the downward thrust of her propellers.

That night, when they reached Bitterfield, four hundred miles from home, Berlin was within easy distance. But to continue to the German capital would have defeated the Count's ambition—a round trip. So he turned his ship in the air and headed for home. The day's losses of gas had left space in the hull to permit the hydrogen to expand, so, without losing any of her support, the airship easily ascended to a mile height, where she rushed through the darkness, before the wind, at a speed of fifty miles an hour.

At 7 A. M. the Count found that he had fuel left to run both motors eight more hours. Overconfidence suggested a detour from the straight course. Another wind set in from the east and the ship advanced so slowly that a landing had to be made to replenish fuel. After thirty-six hours in the air, all on board were exhausted. Anchor was to be cast in a quiet valley. A hill blocked its entrance. In descending, the airship's bow was pointed low ahead and thus shut off the helmsman's lookout. As the ship skimmed over this hill a pear-tree suddenly shot up right in its course.

Then, for the first time in the air, the kind of accident happened that has so often occurred on the water: the tired helmsman blundered—blundered straight into the tree. Only a bow was crushed, but the craft was wedged firmly among the branches. The wind, in swaying the ship's stern, gradually tore asunder the forward frame.

The Zeppelin's situation closely resembled that of a ship on the rocks. It was, so to speak, "fast in the mud" for twenty-four hours. A heavy wind arose. But during this critical test, the airship stanchly floated on her "collision bulkheads"—three-quarters of the ship remained intact.

The Count's childlike assurance was charming. Sighing as his hand brushed his chin, he gazed ruefully at the wreck and murmured: "What shall I do now?" His fingers scraped on thirty-six hours' growth of beard. His eyes lighted as he answered his own question decisively: "Get shaved!"

Afterward, this shipwrecked commander ordered all damaged portions of the airship cut away. Even the forward motor, its shafts and propellers, were removed. This left the ship without its pointed bow, but the gaping wound was closed with cloth that was shaped to carry a suggestion of a point. A man was stationed in the long passageway to act as a moving weight in assisting the stern fins to maintain the ship's balance in the air.

Zeppelin started home with only part of an airship. Its speed was slow. It stopped for fuel. But it covered the ninety-odd miles in safety.

Again the people rose to Zeppelin, and every one wanted to help. The further history of an old man's courage and resourcefulness is the record of the later ships. Before long, Zeppelins crossed and

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ON THE COUNT'S 75th BIRTHDAY THERE WAS A GREAT CELEBRATION AT FRIEDRICHSHAFEN.

recrossed the empire like railroad trains. They started on the longest voyages as confidently as a steamer starts across the Atlantic, without waiting for special weather conditions. Zeppelins have lost propellers, collided with the ground, even sprung leaks, like big steamers, but still passed triumphantly through these ordeals.

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Once a Zeppelin arrived at Berlin minus one propeller, as the *Lusitania* arrived at New York on her maiden trip. But she *arrived*, creating intense enthusiasm as she circled over Berlin. On her return trip to Friedrichshafen, one of these three propellers broke in pieces, and a large fragment plowed a big hole through the hull. The airship, with one-seventeenth of her support gone, simply came down, repaired, and went on.

A NATIONAL HERO

On the Count's seventy-fifth birthday, July 8, 1913, the German press rang with his praises. The reigning princes of the empire sent their congratulations. The Emperor telegraphed: "The Emperor and the Empire are proud of the bold ruler of the air and wish increasing success each year." At a great celebration at Friedrichshafen, where Baron von der Goltz, the German authority on military tactics, made the chief address, the Count replied that "old age was the light to him." He recalled how formerly the military authorities had combatted his plans, and paid tribute to Grand Admiral von Tirpitz and Minister of War von Einem, who had adopted his ideas for army and navy, and to former Chancellor von Buelow, who had provided for the Government grant of money to build the floating shed.

The Zeppelin enterprise, in virtually six years, has grown like a gigantic tree, with its roots embedded in twenty industries, and its branches reaching out not only to the military establishment, but into everyday affairs. That is the secret of its extraordinary success. It is no longer Zeppelin alone. It is a great movement in which the rivalry of nations is developing the air-liner.

Besides his work of invention and building, he has induced civic bodies and banking interests, even cities themselves, to furnish the money for building the great chain of revolving airship docks that stretch across the whole of Germany. He organized the navigating company which operates four passenger Zeppelins, and has interested municipalities in constructing new streets and extending street railways to these docks. He got the Government weather service to supply the intimate "news" of the upper air, for the regular and safe operation of airship lines. He brought the great steamship companies of Hamburg into alliance with the operation of airships. Thus he has forced established business to bear the expense of a new development.

The Zeppelin Airship Construction Company, at Friedrichshafen and Berlin, bears none of the expense of further advertising of this movement. Once a ship is paid for and leaves the shops, it is no longer Zeppelin's concern. But with his practical eye for assisting untrained operators of his airships, the Count has also induced a hundred German cities to provide anchorages in the open all along regular airship routes. He has even convinced insurance companies that the risk on passenger airships is a good risk. Thus German financial and industrial interests are heavily involved in developing the carrier of the future.

Count Zeppelin's strategy was the strategy of long foresight. If he had not employed other inventors to evolve more powerful motors, the advantages of his first fine hull would have been lost, for the success of modern Zeppelins is in their motors. But the Count has kept poor engineering geniuses at work evolving motors, and has equipped splendid laboratories where homeless scientists spent months arriving at vital truths. He does not claim that the modern airship is his sole work. In details, his helpers have overshadowed the master's cunning.

But his is the idea—the idea that, originating back there in the trenches at the siege of Paris, is disturbing the thoughts of Germany's foes in the Great War of Europe. Count Zeppelin is the first real admiral of the air. A mighty fleet for his command is being turned out by all the airship factories in Germany—not only the Zeppelin works, but the Schuette-Lanz, the Siemens-Schukert, working at full capacity and increasing the manufacture of super-Zeppelins from six to sixteen a month. These giant aircraft are being assembled—secretly—on a barren plain northeast of Cologne—there to be tested, manned, organized; and it is Count Zeppelin himself who will direct the air attack that Germany plans against her enemy . . .

And then?

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The Dryad of Reouw Straits

by

William Ashley Anderson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES SARKA

STUART was already a great man in the contemporary sense of the word, although still young and capable of a deal of frivolity. He was particularly famous for his rigid ideas on the differentiation of races. Strangely, years of contact with Orientals of the North, South, and Middle had not seduced him from those ideas. Bradford, then vice-governor of the Malay States, had always been annoyed at this, and enjoyed getting impatient with him on the rare occasions when, coming from the far places, they encountered.

Standing side by side on a jetty of the Tanjong Pagar Docks, at Singapore, Bradford was directing his gaze quizzically at Stuart, and Stuart was peering from under the cup of a battered topee at the great German mail steamer as it drifted through opalescent waters behind the screen of jade-tinted islets which mark the Gateway to Europe. Bradford, quite characteristically, lost patience.

"Confound it all, Stuart, my invitation to wait over for the next boat wasn't a royal command! If you're in such a dashed hurry to get back to your dusty confabs and lec-

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ture-halls, you can still catch the boat at Penang."

Stuart merely grinned. Without further expressing his sentiments, the vice-governor suddenly linked his arm in Stuart's and guided him through the kaleidoscopic crowd to his *gharry*. In a few minutes they were bowling smoothly along on their way to Raffles Hotel. Stuart put the steamer out of his mind with scientific abruptness, and directed all his attention to the brilliant life of the streets. This led to an unintentional recital of his creed.

Bradford had caught him smiling unconsciously at a dimpling Burmese girl, who removed a monstrous cheroot from her crimson lips to smile back at him. The vice-governor gasped, then dropped his dignity and doubled up with laughter, whereupon Stuart endeavored to be serenely flippant.

"Sometimes," he said, "I feel that I'd like to be a native. It's no fun to be a public character, and serve forever as a model for manners and morals. It must be awfully good to trot about in this sunshine, and swim naked in that warm water out yonder, with nothing to bother about but the ripening fruits and your little loves—particularly, I should say, the little loves."

Bradford gasped again. "Gad, this is revolutionary! Have you entirely changed your views on Oriental women?"

"Oh, no! Rather the contrary! I've become fixed in my old opinions. I've always thought they were attractive in certain ways—pretty figures, dainty manners, and all that sort of thing—and that's the very reason why we have to be austere in our views. Good heavens, if we had no fundamental antipathy to interracial matches, the predominating race in the East to-day would be half-caste!"

"Rot," said the vice-governor.

"Certainly. I exaggerated, simply to make the picture clear. But no sane observer will deny that interracial marriages lower the standard of the superior race represented, whatever they may do for the weaker race. And if you venture to deny that the white race is a superior race, you're a dashed poor British administrator."

Bradford was denied the pleasure of a retort, for the *gharry* at that moment bowled under the porte-cochère of the hotel.

It was Bradford's intention that Stuart should be his guest until they took home passage together a week later; and Stuart, fresh from the heart of Asia, had been looking forward with pleasure to a taste of Singapore's strangely flavored society. But before any entertainments had been planned Stuart suddenly changed his mind. He had spent two years in bleak and rugged places, and the sudden transition to the tropics was like the coming of a flowerful spring after a barren winter. He conceived the idea of going down and sitting on the equator.

Singapore lies north of the line a few minutes more than a degree; and Stuart wished to see something of the Malay villages in the Reouw Straits, where he would find the first outposts of that vast, rich, and glorious empire which the Dutch placidly maintain on the lazy southern seas.

Bradford knew the futility of protest, and since his guest wished to make the trip alone, for the novelty of it, he could do no more than give him the address of a thrifty Dutchman who kept open house (at reasonable rates) for the few traders and unattached officials who drifted through the post at Reouw. Introductions were unnecessary.

On the following morning Bradford drove Stuart to Johnston's Pier, and put him on a sampan which a leather-limbed coolie sculled out to the *Frida*, the corroded launch that bi-weekly plies across the Graveyard of the Sea—that inverted sky of water, flecked with a hundred wrecks, which lies to the southeast of Singapore. Before driving away, the vice-governor could not forbear a taunting shout:

"As to that argument of yours, you're the coldest proposition I ever met—you always were, as I remember; but I know other chaps that talked the same way, and some time you're going to be smitten—hit so dashed hard and sudden you'll think Khinchinjinga has fallen on you! *Jalan, sais!*"

And the *sais* whipped up the ponies before Stuart could retort.

Stuart's was a difficult character to understand. He might have become a courtier, but he preferred scientific exploration; and instead of spending his youthful years lapped in European luxury and wrapped in diplomatic conventions, he made for the open places and studied things in the large. All the warm impulses of youth struggled within him, but they were held in rigid suppression by the stern and analytical mind of a savant. Deeply interested in

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paleontology, he had concentrated his attention on Oriental races—hence the scientific conclusion which he had broached so unscientifically to Bradford, on the indissoluble antipathy of races. Hence also the nickname which they gave him in Eastern clubs—the Scoffer—for he reviled Oriental romance. But this cynicism was merely the cynicism of a scholar; for in his ambitious march he had found no time to dally by the wayside.

SHE HESITATED FOR A MOMENT IN THE DOORWAY, AND WAS ABOUT TO COME IN, WHEN HER GLANCE SUDDENLY FELL UPON THE STRANGER.

On the way to Reouw, which is on the road to Java, Stuart, lulled by the spicy zephyrs which are breathed from the sea-washed sun, sank into a heavy slumber, from which he did not waken until the sun had dropped behind Sumatra.

Suddenly he found himself in a world that seemed built of dreams. In the darkness of the jungled island he discerned the mouth of a lazy river which wrestled sluggishly with the gentle ocean tides, while from the vague cluster of cottages on the shore torches and colored lanterns gleamed. The light of a million fireflies flickered against the jungle screen, and a great golden moon heaved itself up over the frond-crested island. Every fiber in his rugged nature melted beneath the soft radiance of the tropic night. Stuart sighed involuntarily.

"Well, this is the journey's end." Then a quaint idea came into his head: "'Journeys end in lovers' meeting.'" He broke in on the babel rising from the canoes about the launch with a burst of mellow laughter. "Moon-mad; abso-bally-lutely moon-mad!"

So the pilot took him ashore, through the market-place, and into a smooth, curbed lane on either side of which, among groves of palm and bread-fruit trees, the bungalows of a handful of Dutch officials were planted. Passing the governor's bungalow, whose subdued pretentiousness was screened from the street by a living wall of young bamboo. his guide led him across a soft lawn to the portico of a typical Dutch tropical cottage, where he gave him over to the gentle-voiced old Javanese "house-boy." Stuart felt that he was in good company, for the cottage grounds were separated from the governor's only by a small stream which wound through

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a grove of palm-trees and emptied into the river a hundred yards or so away. A tiny wooden foot-bridge made communication between the two cottages easy; and Stuart smiled at the frank democracy of Dutch neighborliness.

At nine o'clock the old servant rang a bell outside the door, which awakened voices among the trees. Stuart rose and went into the dining-room, pausing for a moment at the window to look up at the sky. The moon was barred with flying clouds; heavy, impenetrable black masses hung over the jungle; the cicadas ceased to fill the air with their racket; and the island had suddenly become strangely still, save for the merry voices of those who answered the summons to dinner.

As Stuart entered the room, bowing politely to the little gathering of Dutch and Javanese men and women—arrayed in a startling variety of costumes, from an officer's faded olive-drab uniform to a simple night-slip on a fat Javanese lady—he felt a sense of oppression in strange contrast to the elation of a few hours before. It was an actual physical oppression, though he did not realize it; for high altitudes and rare atmospheres had sensitized his nerves to a barometric acuteness.

His companions received him joyfully, saying merry things which he could not understand, and laughing genially at his Malay and his fruitless attempts to find another language that might suit their ears. At last they resorted to pantomime, grunts, and giggles; and Stuart joined in the laughter like a happy boy. The sense of oppression had suddenly ceased, and he seemed now to be trying to expand in a vast vacuum. He wanted to shout, without knowing why.

Just as he felt he could no longer contain himself, the fat old lady in the night-slip at the head of the table clapped her hands briskly and shouted to some one in the doorway. Immediately there was a chorus of calls, and a loud banging of knives and forks on the chinaware. Stuart glanced toward the door in astonishment.

Framed in the doorway against a background of waving palm-fronds set off by the glow of heat lightning, was so entrancing a vision of loveliness that the toughened heart of the Scoffer set up a wild tattoo. Her beauty was so simple! Just a blooming Javanese maiden, the glow of the pomegranate lighting the tender brown of her cheeks; her lips, a riper red than blossoms of the Flame of the Forest, drawn back in a smile from a set of teeth as perfect as fresh pearls. Her hair, which seemed bleached by the sun to a soft shade far from the dead blackness of the Javanese, fell down over her shoulders to her waist. Her feet were bare. The perfect charm and vigor of the girl who wore it were nature's last argument in favor of the gown—a costume peculiar to the South Seas: a soft slip of classic style, falling sheer from the shoulders, but leaving the graceful arms bare.

She hesitated for a moment in the doorway and was about to come in, when her glance suddenly fell upon the stranger. Stuart saw that she had eyes like the shadows in a jungle pool. A startled, embarrassed expression came into them as she looked at him, and her hands involuntarily flew to her bare throat. Then she stepped quickly backward through the doorway and disappeared in the darkness.

All the rigid principles of Stuart's training snapped. A power almost stronger than his will seized him and urged him to rush after the vision and capture it. His life had been such that he was in the habit of taking, or fighting for, the things that counted. But could this vision possibly be real? He had no idea that native women could look like that. If a single glance from the eyes of a Eurasian, a semi-civilized, half-caste girl, could shatter his self-control like this—if he was going to play the fool—if all his experience and study were going to count for nothing!

He slid into his chair and dropped his chin on his chest, closing his eyes tight. He began to feel suffocated. Suddenly he remembered the others, and threw his head up.

Several of the women had their hands before their eyes. Those who were standing were staring at one another with startled expressions. In her swift departure, the girl had slammed the door behind her, and now the room was stifling. The kerosene lamps burned lower and lower without flickering. A terrible tension filled the air.

Suddenly a window-pane cracked like an electric spark; some tiles snapped from the roof and slid with a clatter to the ground. A great humming filled the air. Then, without a moment's further warning, the

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concrete bungalow shook and quivered beneath a tempest of wind and rain.

The blinding flashes of lightning, the stupefying thunder, the crash of falling trees and out-houses, blended by the roaring of the wind, stunned the occupants of the cottage. After the first shock Stuart's thoughts flew to the girl, and he sprang toward the door; but the Dutch officer was after him in a second, and laid a restraining hand on his shoulder. Speech was useless, but by vigorous gesture he assured him that the girl must have stopped at the governor's before the storm broke; and Stuart remembered how near the house was, across the little bridge.

So he went back to his chair and sat there with his hands clapped to his ears, trying vainly to hush the howling of the *fêng-shui*. He remembered the *fêng-shui*—the elemental gods of China—with a grim smile, recalling his Szechuenese carriers falling on their faces and lying prostrate for hours in the darkness, while the magnetic mountains blazed with polaric electricity. No matter what refinement civilization may give, he thought, the elemental emotions are the same. How similar the scene about him was to that he had witnessed in Tibet; the Javanese and Dutch sat with bowed heads, eyes pressed tight with trembling hands, the lips of several moving in prayer. Then there was his own primitive emotion at the sight of that strange girl.

The lamps had guttered out; but the lightning, magnified by the sheets of rain, as lights are magnified in a fountain, filled the room fitfully with a glowing whiteness. Stuart felt quite calm now; the breaking tempest had relieved the tension on his nerves; and he soon found himself subconsciously identifying the sounds without—the swirl of heavy surf on the beach, the splintering crash of falling trees, the rattle of a collapsing shed, and then a new and terrible sound—the howling of frightened beasts driven from the jungle into the streets of the village. This last was extraordinary, and proved the fury of the storm; for jungle beasts are driven into the open spaces of civilization only by fire or flood—by the last extremity of terror.

It seemed to Stuart that he sat there for hours listening to the tumult; and he began to enjoy his sense of security. Suddenly the storm abated. It was as if Nature had given a great gasp and ceased to breathe.

Stuart's trembling companions lifted their faces from their hands and looked at one another questioningly. There were no sounds save the dripping of water from roofs and foliage, the elastic swish of palm-trees leaping upright, the hoarse grumble of the surf. Then, as the calm settled and the jungle began to breathe, the jungle life could be heard in the streets: the whimper of a gray monkey, the scamper across the lawn of a frightened buck trying to make its way back into the forests; the croaking of bedraggled birds; the soft patter of strange beasts.

Some one laughed nervously, and Stuart stood up and stretched his stiffened muscles. Then there was a quick intaking of breath, and every one sprang to his feet. From the direction of the river came a clear, sharp scream. Followed a second's silence; then, with a swift, involuntary movement, Stuart seized the officer's sword, lying bare upon a side table, and rushed headlong out of the bungalow.

The officer gave a startled jump, glanced at one of his companions, grinned wanly, and waggled his forefinger suggestively about his temple.

"Mad Englishman!" said he with a shrug.

"That's a leopard!" replied the other.

"Of a certainty."

Stuart would probably have thought so too, had he paused to consider. But the cry had come as he was thinking of the girl in the doorway, and it seemed to him the call of a woman in distress. Blindly he had gone to her assistance.

Stumbling through the torn and rain-soaked brush, he reached the bank of the river. He stopped and looked about. For a moment he could see nothing in the darkness; then the moon slipped from behind a ragged veil of flying clouds and brought his search to an end.

The girl had not reached the cottage, for the first rush of the tempest had whipped away the foot-bridge. She had tried to struggle back along the path; but blow after blow of suffocating wind and rain had driven her relentlessly toward the beach. There she had found a meager shelter under the bank, until the storm had passed. She had started to return to the bungalow, when she suddenly found her path blocked. It was then that she had screamed.

Stuart came upon her in an open space close to the bank, violently waving a branch,

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like a dryad beckoning to her friends the sea-nymphs; but in front of her, scarcely ten paces away, was crouching a black panther, snarling and whipping its tail. The girl swept the branch wildly back and forth in the frantic hope that it might distract the great cat. Stuart had no time to prepare; the beast was ready to spring.

With a shout he rushed forward, thrusting the girl violently behind him, and whirling about to present the point of the blade. He had seen natives in Brazil impale panthers on spears—he thought it was his only chance.

But a balked cat will not attack again unless it is sure of its victim. The panther, already unnerved by the storm and startled by Stuart's bold rush, hesitated. At that instant a buck crashed through the brush behind the cat. This was too much—a wary and bold enemy in front and an unseen danger behind! With a loose spring it leaped sideways, and disappeared in the shadows.

Stuart flung his hand up and wiped his forehead. His whole

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body was trembling. "Good Lord, what a chance!"

Then he turned to the girl. She lay crumpled in a heap, like a crushed orchid, unconscious. The tension had been too great. Appalled at the sight, he did not for the moment know what to do. Even then the incongruity of the scene struck him forcibly. That he, Stuart, should fight in a tropical jungle with bare blade for the life of an uncivilized dryad, seemed hardly possible. He could picture her standing on the bank calling for help—and he—he, of all the world, had gone to her rescue, blindly, ready to throw away his very life for her safety.

The soft light of the moon fell on the sweet, pure face. He picked her up tenderly in his arms, then involuntarily bent his head and kissed her gently on the forehead.

He strode with her toward the bungalow, ready to fight the world for her; and she, slightly recovering consciousness, but not realizing in whose arms she lay, snuggled close to him like a frightened child.

There was great agitation in the bungalow when it was learned what had happened. Stuart threw the sword on the table and, pausing only to make sure that the girl was safe in the hands of the women, went into his bedroom, where he flung himself on the sheets, heedless of any venomous thing that might have crawled thereon, and almost forgetting to tuck in the netting. All night he lay awake, his heart and mind engaged in fierce combat, leaving him weary and savage in the morning.

At dawn he rose and walked out along the coral beach. The tropics, with swift hypocrisy, had already dispelled the gloom of the night before. The jungle was a fresher green, the sea a purer blue, the air brighter and sweeter; and, had it not been for a few canoes and sampans cast upon the beach, some branches strewn in the open spaces, and the cool, wet smell of the earth, there would have been no indications of the storm that had passed.

Stuart was surprised to find that the little *Frida*, with three anchors out, had safely ridden the storm; and the pilot, seated on the bridge nonchalantly smoking cigarettes, was already waiting for noon, when he could return to Singapore. Stuart continued his ramble for several hours, returning late for breakfast.

They made much of him at the bungalow, the men slapping him on the back, and the women shaking both his hands, while the fat old Javanese flung her arms around his neck and wept; all of which made his heart ache, for it proved that the charm of this maiden was not superficial—that all these good folk idolized her. He was in despair.

After breakfast he strolled among the cocoanut-trees arguing with himself. His training, his experience, his logic urged him to return at once to Singapore; his heart pleaded to remain. "Old Stuart is certainly dead," he thought, "and some young, love-mad fool has stolen his reason."

Then the girl came to him. She wore a slip of silk crêpe, and over her feet were silk stockings and low black slippers.

They stood and looked at each other in embarrassed silence for a moment; then the girl walked directly up to him and laid both her hands in his, and thanked him. He did not understand her words, but he read the

THE BEAST WAS READY TO SPRING. WITH A SHOUT STUART RUSHED FORWARD.

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meaning in her eyes—eyes still like the jungle pools, but reflecting the golden morning sun—and impulsively he inclined his body with all the grace of a Russian courtier and kissed her hands.

Now the average Javanese or half-caste would have opened her eyes wide at this, and giggled. Instead, a blush deepened the color in the girl's cheeks, and she looked calmly up at him. But in a second her calmness was troubled; her eyelids fluttered; and she looked down at her hands, still clasped firmly in his. She seemed to him the incarnation of all womanly perfections.

He was rapidly losing control of himself; he felt that in a moment he would clasp her in his arms, defying every convention that fatherless tradition and drab custom ever begat. What cared he now for courts and the acclaim of withered scientists? Here he was in a natural paradise, and before him, almost in his arms, an angel of heaven. Were all the fruits of his life to be a Dead Sea harvest? Why not take happiness when it was offered to him?

His breath came fast, and he leaned toward her; but suddenly she snatched away her hands and ran toward the bungalow. Some one was calling.

A short, stolid Dutchman with red face and fierce, sandy beard approached with the quick, precise steps of a Continental military officer. The girl flung herself into his arms and kissed him; and he, losing his fierceness and stolidity, showed every sign of deepest affection. It was evident that he was greatly agitated by the girl's narrow escape, and he talked to her and petted her in a manner betraying great emotion.

Then the girl turned and beckoned to Stuart.

But for Stuart all things had come to a sudden end. When the girl ran away from him, he had first a hazy notion that it was due to timidity. But when he saw her fling herself into the Dutchman's arms, all the softness in his heart was seared with a flame of rage. He felt an impulse to throttle the man; but then his mind cleared, and he realized with a shock the significance of the scene.

"I might have suspected," he groaned. "I ought to have guessed. She's his, of course—his, an island official. Interracial matches—damn them!"

He glared for a moment uncertainly at the couple, with half a mind to fight for the girl again; but he realized the utter futility of it, and turned and walked blindly down to the wharf, the natives slipping away before him. Behind him he heard the girl call twice:

"*Pulang, sahabat!—Pulang, sahabat kaseh!*"

She spoke some words in Dutch, too; and the red-faced officer called after him in Dutch; but he did not heed them. He tried to shut them out of his mind. He would give them no chance to intrude again. He walked on sullenly to the dock, not knowing exactly where he was going, and not particularly caring, but trusting to some vague chance of getting out of the village. He thought that perhaps he could get a boat to take him farther down the Straits—lose him for a while among the islands. Then his eye fell upon the little *Frida* already stirring herself for her trip to Singapore, coughing her expostulation. That suddenly determined him; he would get back to civilization!

He stepped into a canoe and pointed to the *Frida*, turning his back squarely on the village and all it contained.

But as the canoe neared the launch he glanced back involuntarily toward the shore. The girl was standing on the river-bank, near the spot where he had found her the night before. When she saw that he had discovered her, she waved and called again to him:

"*Pulang, sahabat.*" Then, faintly, "*Pulang, sahabat kaseh!*"

All of a sudden Stuart turned and waved his hat to her and shouted "Good-by." Then he climbed aboard the launch, and a few minutes later was steaming back to Singapore.

That night he slept under a gently breathing punkah in Raffles Hotel.

The next day he fell prey to Bradford, who jested without moderation and with a total lack of sympathy, but could extract no plausible reason for Stuart's early return. Finally he gave up trying and devoted his leisure, instead, to entertaining him. The usual round of diversions ensued—teas, tennis, dinners, cricket, dances, and polo—which occupied the week, but did little to lighten Stuart's gloom.

It was not until a week later that Bradford solved the riddle of Stuart's silence.

Early in the afternoon the ship had

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slipped away from the shelter of the Galle Face of Colombo and plunged headlong into the first squalls of the monsoon. Lounging in his chair, pulling meditatively at his pipe, Bradford looked back at the mists that hung over Ceylon. He felt almost sorry at leaving the tropics and all the warmth and color and unpretentious bustle of the East. The cooling showers that sported about them recalled the cold mists of England. England offered a fearful contrast to these southern isles—these isles in turn reminded him of the islets south of Singapore—and hence Reouw Straits.

"Stuart," he said banteringly, "you haven't yet told me of your trip in the Straits. Have a good time?"

"Yeh," grunted Stuart, who didn't hear the question, though his thoughts were on the subject. "Yeh. By the way, Bradford, what does '*pulang, sahabat—pulang, sahabat kaseh*!' mean?"

Bradford's eyes twinkled. "Why, they're two phrases with precisely the same meaning; literally, 'Come back, friend.' The second phrase is a little more forceful, that's all. '*Kaseh*' is a bit ambiguous—it means anything between 'dear' and 'beloved.' It depends a bit on the circumstances. Where did you hear it?"

"Oh," said Stuart gloomily. "Thanks."

After a pause, Bradford made a second attempt. "Who'd you meet down there?—the governor?"

"No."

"You didn't meet the governor? That's strange. The old boy usually makes a point of meeting every new arrival. What did you think of his daughter, then?"

"Didn't meet the lady."

"Oh, I say," protested Bradford, "that's stretching it too far. The governor's daughter is the only thing in the island worth seeing—the people down there idolize her. I suppose you'd think her a bit freakish—copies the natives pretty much in her manners, and her doting dad permits it. But she's only been out two years from The Hague. Confound it all, Stewy, I think you're trying to stuff me."

Stuart's answer was a grunt and a few vigorous puffs of smoke.

Bradford rattled on: "I'll wager a moldy *pice* you made fun of the old man's red beard——"

Stuart sat up with a start, and his pipe dropped from his hand. "Whose red beard?"

"Why, the governor's." Then Bradford doubled up with laughter. "That's exactly what you did—insulted the old man about his red beard, and spurned the little brown-eyed dryad of Reouw——"

Stuart sprang lightly to his feet, looking very much like a boy, and stepped quickly over to the rail. His hands clutched it tensely, but his eyes were merry and a smile was on his lips as he looked back into the mists that shut down over Ceylon—drawing the veil over the East and all its romance. Turning his face back toward the vice-governor, he said: "Which is 'beloved'?"

"*Kaseh*," said Bradford hazily.

Then Stuart spoke to a white nymph dancing in the mists: "*Kaseh*, O *kaseh*, I'm going to *pulang* as soon as I can. Yes, by gad, I'll change at Aden!"

And the vice-governor, profoundly amazed and mystified, shook his head slowly and sadly.

"Mad! Abso-bally-lutely mad!" he murmured.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

Author of "THE INSIDE OF THE CUP"

HAS INTERPRETED, IN AN INTERVIEW, THE POINTS OF VIEW EXPRESSED IN THE 5203 LETTERS SUBMITTED IN OUR CONTEST ON

WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN?

WE WILL PUBLISH IT WITH THE PRIZE-WINNING LETTERS IN THE

APRIL EVERYBODY'S

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Did LEO FRANK get "JUSTICE"?

by ARTHUR TRAIN

Photograph by Brown Bros.

LEO FRANK

Editor's Note: **—Mr. Train has been identified for many years with the administration of criminal justice. His articles and stories about crime and its detection and punishment have derived their authority and influence from his personal observation of the subject. He is now an assistant district attorney in New York City.**

LEO FRANK, of Brooklyn, New York, a Jew, married, thirty years old, a Cornell graduate, and a factory superintendent in Atlanta, Georgia, was convicted August 25, 1914, of murdering Mary Phagan, a fourteen-year-old girl, on April 26, 1913. The case has aroused intense interest throughout the country because the circumstances surrounding his indictment and trial were unusual, and because as between two suspects, one a white, previously respected Jew, and the other a dissolute negro, the police, the prosecutor, and the public of a Southern community apparently sought from the first to prove the guilt of the Jew.

It is charged on the one hand that politics and prejudice were the reasons for this, and that if Frank is hanged it will be a blot upon the honor of Georgia, and a blow to respect for American institutions; on the other it is vehemently maintained that the verdict of the jury was fully justified, and that the refusal of the higher courts of the state and of the United States to interfere demonstrates this to be so.

In any event, the extraordinary bitterness aroused makes the case worthy the study of those interested in the administration of justice.

The population of Atlanta had increased from 87,000 in 1900 to 200,000 in 1913. There had been a number of unpunished murders thereabouts in a comparatively brief period. The police and prosecutor were on their mettle. Hearst had recently bought the *Atlanta Georgian*, and a fierce competition for circulation was in progress between it and the old *Atlanta Constitution* and the *Atlanta Journal*. There was a strong feeling among the working classes and in the labor-unions in Atlanta against "foreigners," due to the influx of Hungarians, Poles, and others. This had a political significance. There was no particular prejudice against Jews. But this was a crime of the sort that makes the Southerner "see red." In 1906 there had been a riot due to assaults upon and murders of white women, in which fifty negroes had been shot or beaten to death on the streets of Atlanta.

Apart from this, Mary Phagan was undoubtedly an innocent and beautiful little girl. Frank was an employer of cheap female labor. He was not a native Georgian Gentile. Many of his supporters admit

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that he is shrewd, cold, egotistical, and that his personality is repellent. He is even suspected of rather enjoying the lime-light in which he finds himself.

Frank had remained on the second floor of the factory on Saturday, April 26, "Confederate Day," to make up his books. Mary Phagan had gone there about noon to get her week's pay, before going to see the soldiers' parade. Frank gave her her pay envelope, containing $1.20, by number, and he says she went down-stairs. On his own statement he is the last person known to have seen her alive. Her body was found by the colored watchman, Newt Lee, early Sunday morning, soiled with cinders, for she had been dragged along the cellar floor. There was a deep cut on her head, and she had been strangled by a cord. By her side lay two notes in pencil, on sheets torn from an old scratch pad. One read:

Man that negro hire down here did this I went to—and he push me down that hole a long tall negro black that hoo it wase, long sleam tall negro. i wright while play with me.

The other read:

he said he wood love me, laid down, play like the night witch did it, but that long tall black negro did buy his self.

These notes at first seem to have received little attention.

Frank and Newt Lee were arrested. The former was very nervous. He had called up Lee on the telephone on Saturday evening, which he had never done before, and he became an object of sharp suspicion. Then the *Atlanta Constitution* scored a "scoop." It published an affidavit from a woman dive-keeper named Formsby that on the evening of the murder Frank had telephoned her frantically that he wanted a room, that he had a young girl, and that "it was a matter of life and death." Frank proved that he was at home entertaining a party of friends at cards all the evening, and that his telephone was on a different system from the woman's; and later she repudiated her affidavit and made another in which she accused the police of getting her drunk and inducing her to sign the first.

But the harm had been done. The story swept over Atlanta that Frank was a degenerate. That settled it. All kinds of rumors flew about. Irresponsible people made affidavits and retracted them. The wildest stories were published and then denied. "Extra" followed "extra." The public became convinced that Frank was the murderer and so did the police. There was not a scintilla of credible evidence submitted at the trial that Frank was a degenerate, but the *suspicion* of being a pervert sealed his fate. The newspapers had irrevocably convicted him before he was indicted.

Access to the cellar could be had either by means of an elevator or through a trap-door near the foot of the factory stairs. A club was afterward discovered near the trap. The girl's purse and money were never found. There was evidence of a struggle in the cellar. Obviously the notes lying by her body were the key to the mystery. First an "expert" bank-teller said Newt Lee wrote them, then another "expert" said they were in the disguised handwriting of Frank, and another that they were written by the murderer, "a shrewd man, with intent to reflect guilt upon an illiterate negro"—Frank again.

CONLEY'S "STATEMENTS"

The fact was that both these notes were confessedly written by the factory sweeper, Jim Conley, a chain-gang negro roustabout, twenty-seven years old, short and "ginger-colored" (not a "long sleam black negro"), who is described by one who has studied him carefully as the most obscene and cold-blooded brute he has ever known. It is unfortunate that lack of space necessitates these bare assertions and does not permit a statement of the evidence upon which they are based. The fact that Conley had written one of the notes was not known to the police until May 24, over three weeks after the murder, and the Grand Jury was ignorant of it when it indicted Frank.

Conley had been seen lurking around the factory stairs the morning of the murder, and on Monday was caught surreptitiously washing his shirt and acting in a generally suspicious fashion. ***He was arrested, but it was not discovered that he could write until May 18.*** He had up to that time asserted that he was not at the factory at all the day of the murder. But on May 24 he made a statement in which he said that on Friday, April 25, at "four minutes to one," Frank had asked him to write *one* of the notes, and said, "Why should I hang?" That was all he knew about it.

On May 28 he made another statement

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in which he said that the first one was a mistake, and that on *Saturday, April 26*, he had gone to the factory "to watch the door" while Frank had a woman up-stairs; that after a while Frank had whistled and he had then gone up and found Frank highly excited; that Frank had hidden him in a wardrobe on the approach of two women, and that the letter-writing episode had occurred after the women had gone.

On May 29 he made a further statement in which he added to the last by saying that when he went up-stairs Frank told him that he had killed a girl and asked him to take the body down to the cellar; that he did it up in a piece of cloth and started to carry it, but the cloth slipped off and fell on the floor near the dressing-room; that he and Frank then took the body down to the cellar in the elevator, and, after they had gone up-stairs, what he had before stated had occurred.

WAS IT A LEGAL CONVICTION?

Frank was convicted of the murder of Mary Phagan on Conley's testimony, which at the trial was changed to include writing both notes, and to permit of a circumstantial account of Frank's alleged degenerate practises on Saturday afternoons, at which Conley claimed to have served as "watcher."

The prosecution contended that Conley's story was true and that it was corroborated by the fact that Frank was the last person to see the girl alive, by his extreme nervousness, by alleged contradictions in his statements, by the language of the "murder notes," which it was argued a negro of Conley's lack of education could not or would not have used, and by the failure of the defense to cross-examine a dozen or so witnesses who testified that Frank's character for lasciviousness was bad.

The defense claimed that it was incredible that Frank should have committed the crime, that Conley's story was an absurd fabrication, that it was impossible for Frank to have committed the murder and have disposed of the body within the time at his command as alleged by the negro, that the language of the notes could not conceivably have been dictated by Frank, and that he spent the afternoon at the factory making up a complicated financial sheet, which required from three to four hours and negatived the idea that he had been engaged in murder. It was further testified that Conley had said that on "Confederate Day" he "was so drunk he didn't know where he was, or what he did."

As to the procuring of the Conley affidavits, Harry Scott, called for the state, testified:

> "We talked very strongly to him and tried to make him give a confession. We used a little profanity and cussed him. . . . We saw him again on May 27th in Chief Lanford's office. Talked to him about five or six hours. We tried to impress him with the fact that Frank would not have written those notes on Friday. That that was not a reasonable story. That showed premeditation, and that would not do. We pointed out to him why the first statement would not fit. We told him we wanted another statement. He declined to make it. He said he had told the truth. On May 28th Chief Lanford and I grilled him for five or six hours again, endeavoring to make clear several points which were far-fetched in his statement. We pointed out to him that his statement would not do and would not fit. He then made us another long statement. . . .
>
> "On May 29th we had another talk with him. Talked with him almost all day. Yes, we pointed out things in his story that were improbable, and told him he must do better than that. Anything in his story that looked to be out of place we told him wouldn't do. After he had made his last statement we didn't wish to make any further suggestion to him at that time."

The police had every interest to make Conley's story "fit." So had he.

The trial lasted thirty days. Frank made a convincing statement in his own defense. Conley, the negro, testified convincingly against him, although his story seems almost incredible. The mass of conflicting evidence, as to details and as to time, gave opportunity for all sorts of confusion as to the relative value of facts. The prosecutor's address was adroitly framed to avail itself of every possible suspicion against Frank's morality; it was able, perhaps brilliant, hardly an unbiased presentation of the facts, and consisted largely of a violent attack on Frank's character and the motives and conduct of the defense. It is probable that in the fury of excitement and prejudice in which the case was prepared for trial, both sides were guilty of errors of judgment, of undue influence, and perhaps of misconduct.

The writer doubts whether at the time of Frank's arrest the fact that he was a Jew was an inducing cause of the hysteria that followed. But there is no doubt that once suspicion had been directed against him there was a universal effort to prove him guilty, and every conceivable argument that tended to support that theory was

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evoked, including the fact that he was an employer of young girls, and that he was a Jew. The sentiment against foreigners in general was vicariously directed against him.

It was charged that Jews all over the country had come to Frank's defense with a corruption or "slush" fund. Doubtless a great deal of money, in individually small sums, has been contributed for the defense, by Jews—because they believe Frank to be an innocent Jew. By the time the verdict was rendered Frank's race had undoubtedly been made the basis of additional prejudice against him. "The damned Jew" was his common appellation. But had he been an Italian he would have been the "damned Guinney."

Now Frank may have murdered Mary Phagan; the jury may have been justified in its verdict. The evidence, if accepted, is of technical legal sufficiency. But newspaper sensationalism, the unscrupulous use of rumor and falsehood, the inflamed condition of the public mind, the beauty of the dead child, the fact that it was a crime of violence upon a woman, must have made it difficult for the police to deal—if they can ever be expected to deal—judicially with the evidence at their command. Let us go to the extent of agreeing that the police were justified in suspecting Frank. Is it too much to suggest that had Conley been arrested in the first instance and his conflicting affidavits been made public, his guilt would never have been questioned?

A dispassionate reading of the case on appeal leads the writer to the conclusion that as a matter of cold logic and probability, the evidence, divorced entirely from the personality of the witnesses, points indubitably to Conley rather than to Frank. Why should Frank seek assistance from an unreliable and perhaps treacherous negro, merely to take the body down in the elevator? Why should he wish to leave a clue to his confederate's identity by having him write two notes? Or why, if the notes were written up-stairs, and the body taken down in the elevator, did Frank tell the negro to write that "he push me down that hole"? Why "the hole" at all? And what became of the cloth in which the body was wrapped, the purse and money?

But who shall say? The judge who tried the case declared: "I want to say right here that, although I heard the evidence and arguments during those thirty days, I do not know this morning whether Leo Frank is innocent or guilty."

William Green, Conley's attorney, has abandoned him, declaring himself convinced of the negro's guilt.

The sentiment against Frank continued to grow. Up to the time of the trial, and when it took place, the streets were thronged with people demanding his conviction. In the court-room the jam was so great that the spectators and jurymen were closely juxtaposed. This crowd, some of them armed (it is alleged), applauded, jeered, and laughed throughout the trial. The windows were open and the heads of the people in the street were practically on a level with the sills. An audience of men sat on the roof of a shed ten feet behind the judge and looked directly into the court-room. Officials were the recipients of threatening letters and messages: "Hang the Jew or we'll hang *you*." On the last days of the trial the voices of the mob outside could be clearly heard in the court-room. "It was known," says the *Atlanta Journal*, "that a verdict of acquittal would cause a riot such as would shock the country and cause Atlanta's streets to run with innocent blood." One juror said that he wasn't sure of anything except that unless they convicted Frank they would never get home alive.

The judge sent for the chief of police and the colonel of the Fifth Georgia Regiment, and consulted with them in the presence of the jury as to the best way to protect Frank if acquitted. As a result the Fifth was kept under arms during the night. The judge also advised Frank's lawyers not to have him present or to be present themselves when the jury returned their verdict, lest they all be lynched. But he is reputed to have said: "If Christ and His angels came down here and showed this jury that Frank was innocent, it would bring him in guilty." The lawyers stayed away. When the verdict was rendered the judge, polling the jury, could hardly hear their answers for the cheers from the crowd outside.

On March 10, 1914, the *Atlanta Journal* said editorially: "Leo Frank has not had a fair trial. He has not been fairly convicted, and his death without a fair trial and legal conviction will amount to judicial murder."

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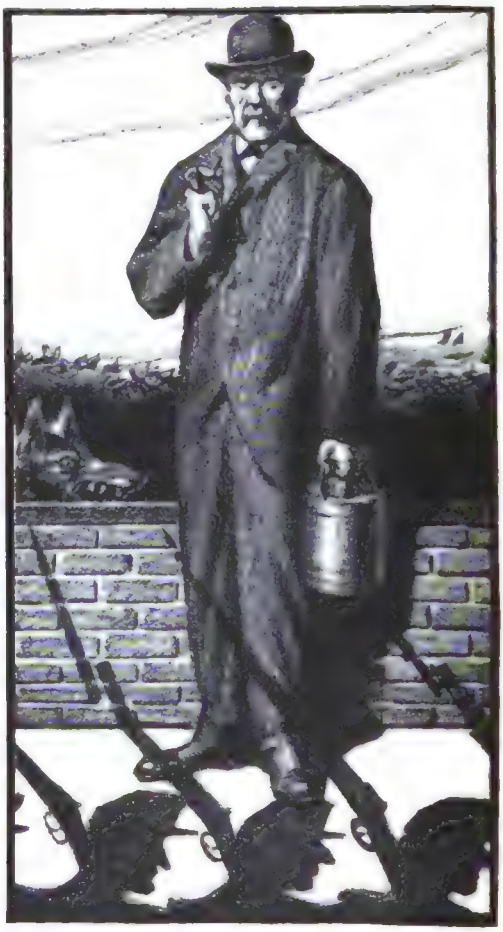
GUILTY of UNEMPLOYMENT

WHO? This Nation

By WILLIAM HARD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALBERT LEVERING



IF GOD is a just God, how shall He forgive us for those things we have left undone this winter?

We knew twelve months ago that several million men this winter would ask the owners of the earth for a chance to labor upon it and would be refused.

The European war? Last winter there was no war. And last winter, in February, the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor reported that there were "at least 325,000 men unemployed" in New York City alone.

We knew twelve months ago that during this winter, as during all previous winters, the owners of the earth, the employers, the leaders, would be obliged, in the annual collapse of their leadership, to discard several million of their employees, their followers—would be obliged to desert them—would be obliged to leave them leaderless and workless. And we knew that in the ears of countless harassed, hunger-hunted men the whisper of irresponsible recklessness would sound, and the suggestion of crime which brings food and of vice which brings forgetfulness would make its entrance, and at the end of the winter we should have one more new reeling regiment of shattered characters—one more new horde of those who were once among the Unemployed but who are now forever among the Unemployables.

For the woman who has sat in her room, with her baby wrapped close to the sluggish flow of the retreating warmth of her breast, and has waited for her man to return to her and has known from his silence when he came that his place for work on the earth had not been found, and has sat with him in his silence, staring—for her, for the look in her eyes, whom shall God judge?

Let it be those of height and of power who have had the means to know that the spectacle of leaders abdicating and of followers starving was a sure incident in the recurrent routine of industry and—more—*who have had the means to know that the devices for blotting that spectacle out from among the miseries of the world are ascertained, established, standing rusting for use.*

There are just four such devices—just four of them in the main for unemployment

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as a mass. We knew them last winter. We knew them the winter before that. The committees of distinguished gentlemen who are now investigating the unemployed, lodging them, souping them, soaping them, and asking them their grandmothers' maiden names will discover nothing, literally and totally nothing, but what was already lying recorded in Leiserson's historic New York report on Unemployment, in Andrews's historic collection of documents in the American Section of the International Association on Unemployment, and in Beveridge's historic English book on "Unemployment: A Problem of Industry."

What had we done with our four devices when the winter broke?

"Regularization." There's the first.

We knew about the "spread" that lies between the top number of wage-earners employed at the best time of the year and the bottom number employed at the worst. The Census of Manufactures, back in 1905, gave us a glimpse of that. At the best time of the year, 7,000,000 wage-earners in American factories; at the worst time, 4,500,000—the year being an ordinary year! A "spread" of 2,500,000 men ejected annually from industry, the human slack of an ordinary year's slack season!

We knew, too, that this way of doing business is as wasteful of capital as it is of human happiness. We knew, as Magnus W. Alexander of the General Electric Company has proved, that the cost of discharging one employee and of then (later on) training another to take his place is anywhere from $30 to $150.

So we saw a few firms begin to try to "regularize" themselves. We saw them induce their customers to place their orders in June, say, instead of in October, before the slack season instead of after it. We saw them take these orders and then plan the outputs of their factories on schedules which called for virtually regular work almost every day for a year ahead. We saw them refuse to enlarge their factories or their working-staffs for chance orders from customers belated or casual. And we saw them reduce their slack season—and therefore the human slack among their wage-earning followers—to one-half, to one-third, sometimes to one-quarter of what it had been before.

How many imitators have they had? Few businesses can be regularized completely. Almost all businesses can be regularized more than they are to-day. Regularization is a working principle. How many employers in the United States have made a beginning at it?

Public Employment Bureaus. Device number two. Easy? Difficult in the extreme.

Here's your employment bureau in an industrial town. Smith & Jones are about to lay off a squad of men. What must the manager of your bureau know? Of course he must know what jobs are vacant in other factories. But, beyond that, he must know the precise technical nature of each one of these vacant jobs; and he must know the precise personal type of man needed to fill each job well; and, finally, when he sees the men from Smith & Jones he must be able to discover and to understand the technical and personal traits of every one of them. Only so can he serve his community competently. He must be a prodigious expert, an industrial engineer and an industrial psychologist.

There aren't a hundred such men in the whole United States, yet. In the service of the existing public employment bureaus there aren't ten. We haven't produced them. We haven't demanded them.

And we must operate a National Federal Public Employment Bureau at Washington. Is that easy?

You are appointed manager of it. You learn, from the local public employment bureaus, that subway construction in New York is over, that oranges must be picked in California, that there are splendid opportunities for men who wish to become small landowners in the Yazoo Valley in Mississippi, and that the flour-mills in Minneapolis are advertising for help. What would you do?

It will take us five years to produce the staff of men to handle the labor market of the United States, locally and nationally. And we knew that fact five years ago.

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Further, though it is only in the winter time that we have soup for the unemployed and soup-to-nuts for the committees dining on their behalf, still we knew perfectly well that unemployment was stealing income from the individual and productivity from the nation every day of the whole year. There is *casual a-week-here-and-a-week-there* unemployment, as well as *slack-season* unemployment. How many people suffer from both kinds put together and how much time do they lose? The Census, on the last occasion when it spoke about it, said that the number of wage-earners losing *four months or more* in the year was 3,300,000! We knew *that* fact more than *ten* years ago.

HARD TIMES—AGAIN

But casual unemployment and seasonal unemployment merge their cries now into the full chorus of the stupidly written and stupidly acted but playing-to-capacity tragedy of Hard Times. Is there anybody in Congress who did not know that Hard Times would come again, whether there was a war or not? And suppose:

Our third device: **Public Works.** Suppose:

Immediately after the Hard Times of 1907 Congress had adopted a complete plan for the Mississippi River. No more floods. At the head-waters of all tributaries, reservoirs. Beneath them, electric-power plants. From those plants, wires to near-by industries and cities and to distant ones. Farther down, levees. And, wherever commerce demanded, docks. And more docks.

From the mouth of the mighty river back to each one of the smallest tails of its smallest tributaries, a river-system permanently safe and, to the last screw-turn of efficiency, commercially and industrially useful.

A bond issue of three hundred million dollars. Sold. The money banked. Hard Times come. The work begins. It absorbs four hundred thousand men. Every city in the United States, for its own local Public Works, is similarly prepared. Three million men are at work. They buy sweaters and overalls and bacon and potatoes; and their wives buy hats and stockings; and their children go to the grocery stores and buy breakfast food and pay for it. And the factories that make those things start up. And the engine of industry is being cranked back into turning over.

And the man who said "We can't afford to spend three hundred million dollars of the nation's money on the unemployed" is taken out into an empty lot and beaten innocently on the head with a crowbar while the neighbors yell: "We know it can't hurt you, but say 'nuff. Don't you see that in rescuing the unemployed we have rescued Industry Itself?"

These three devices—Regularization, Public Employment Bureaus, Public Works—we must set to spinning before we come to the fourth: **Unemployment Insurance.**

Two and a half million British workmen, under compulsion of law, contribute each week to an Unemployment Insurance fund. So do their employers. So does the Government. Out of that fund, when a man has lost his job and can not find another, he gets a weekly "benefit." Small. But the principle is there. And I know very few good students of unemployment who do not believe that we must come to it some time.

So there lie our four devices. When the soup-tureen appears on the banquet-table we know them, and when the nut-crackers are served we know them still; and we know no others. And the speaker looks at the Government. And the employer looks at the speaker. And the workman looks at the employer. And the woman looks at the workman. And the baby looks at the woman. And the fire in the stove is ashes. And the great statesman who said "The way to resume specie payments is to resume" would say:

"The way to attack unemployment is to attack it. And perhaps if we begin to-day to try to regularize our own businesses; perhaps if we overwhelm Congress into taking a man who could run the United States Steel Corporation and putting him to opening and operating a National Employment Bureau; perhaps if we prepare now for the Hard Times of 1923 and a mastered Mississippi; perhaps if locally as well as nationally we make employment bureaus and public works instead of investigations and banquets our earnest policy and program, perhaps—a faint perhaps—our repentance and our amendment may cleanse us before God of the deadly folly and cruelty of this February."

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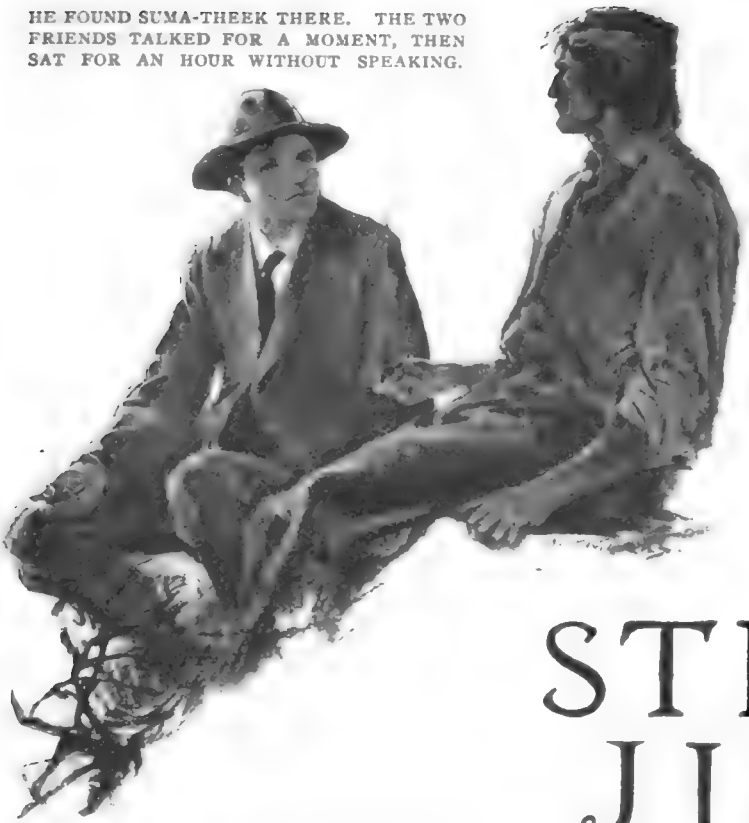
HE FOUND SUMA-THEEK THERE. THE TWO FRIENDS TALKED FOR A MOMENT, THEN SAT FOR AN HOUR WITHOUT SPEAKING.



STILL JIM

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

by HONORÉ WILLSIE

EARLIER INSTALMENTS: James Manning is an engineer in the Far West, building a great dam for the Reclamation Service. He has the instincts of a pioneer and trail-maker, and a conviction, handed down to him by his father, of the responsibilities resting on the Anglo-Saxon remnant in America. It is in this spirit that he is working. Back in New York, Penelope—the girl he loved—has married a young Greek, Saradokis, who had once been Jim's chum; on their wedding-day an accident has crippled him for life. Jim does not see either of them for years; then, upon his return from Washington, where he has been summoned with other engineers to answer charges of graft and inefficiency, he finds Saradokis and Penelope out at the dam, on some business of the Greek's. Saradokis has become ugly and embittered; Pen wonderful in her enriched womanliness.

Gradually the farmers on the Project are becoming Jim's enemies: he is building the dam for all time, not administering it, never consulting the farmers nor explaining to them, and they do not understand his fine spirit and ideals. Pen begins to grasp the trouble—to realize that Jim is blind to the human factor in his problem. She begins to realize, too, that her husband means Jim harm. She threatens Sara and tries to help Jim. One day, out on the mountain, Jim starts to tell her he still loves her; he is interrupted by a messenger announcing the arrival of an important letter.

CHAPTER XV—"TOO LATE FOR LOVE"

The lone hunter finds the best hunting, but he must fight and die alone. *Musings of the Elephant.*

"DON'T let me keep you here, Jim," exclaimed Pen, so hastily that Jim could not help smiling. She scuttled hastily up the trail ahead of him, her heavy little hunting boots doing wonders on the rough path.

The Secretary's letter disturbed Jim very much. It was not the result he had expected from the hearing at all. Nor was the letter itself easy for Jim to understand.

MY DEAR MR. MANNING:

There are several facts connected with your work that I would like to call to your attention. The Reclamation Service is an experiment, a magnificent

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one. It is not a test of engineering efficiency, except indirectly. Engineers as a class are efficient. It is an experiment to discover whether or not the American people are capable of understanding and handling such an idea as the Service idea. It is a problem of human adjustment. Is an engineer capable of handling so gigantic a human as well as technical problem? I shall be interested in getting your ideas along this line. —, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

Jim ate his supper, puzzled and brooding; then he climbed the Elephant's back. He found Suma-theek there. The two friends talked for a moment, then sat for an hour without speaking. A sense of failure was heavy upon Jim. Wherein, he asked himself, had he failed? How could he find himself? Was his life to be like his father's, after all? Had he put off too long the mission he had set himself so long ago—that of seeking the secret of his father's inadequacy? For a few wild moments Jim planned to answer the Secretary's letter with his resignation; to give up the thankless fight and return—to what!

Jim could not picture for himself any work but that which he was doing; could not by the utmost effort of imagination separate himself from his job. His mind went back to Charlie Tuck. He wondered what Charlie would have said to the Secretary's letter. It seemed to Jim that Charlie had had more imagination than he. Perhaps Charlie would have been able to help him now. Then he thought of Iron Skull and of that last interrupted talk with him. What had Iron Skull planned to say? What had he foreseen that Jim had been unable to see? It seemed to Jim that he would have given a year of his life to know what advice had been in his old friend's mind.

A useless death! A life too soon withdrawn! Suddenly Jim's whole heart rose in longing for his friend and in loyalty to him. His death must not be useless! The simple sweetness of the sacrifice should not go unrewarded! His life would not be ended!

Jim looked far over the glistening, glowing night and registered a vow. So help him God, he would not die childless and forlorn as Iron Skull had done. Some day, some way, he would marry Penelope. And somehow he would make the dam a success so that in it Iron Skull's last record of achievement might live forever.

Strangely comforted, Jim followed silently by Suma-theek, went home.

The Secretary's letter remained unanswered for several days. The next morning Henderson reported that a section of the abutments showed signs of decomposition. At the first suggestion of a technical problem with which to wrestle, Jim thrust the Secretary's elusive one aside.

The work at the abutments absorbed him until late afternoon; absorbed him and cheered him. About five o'clock he started off to call on Pen, and tell her about the Secretary's letter. He found her plodding up the road toward the tent-house with a pile of groceries in her arms.

"I missed the regular delivery," she replied to his protests as he took the packages from her, "and I love to go down to the store, shopping. It's like a glorified cross-roads emporium—all the hombres and their wives and the 'roughnecks' and their wives and the Indians."

Jim laughed. "Pen, you're a good mixer. You ought to have my job. You'd make more of it than I do."

"That reminds me," said Pen. "Jim, that lawyer Fleckenstein, who has been with Sara and Oscar so much, is going to run for United States senator. He's going to promise the ranchers that he'll get the Government to remit the building charges on the dam. Will that hurt you?"

"Where did you hear this?" asked Jim.

"Fleckenstein and Oscar came up this morning, and they talked it over with Sara. Sara was guarded in what he said before me, but I believe he's going to get campaign money back East. Why should he, Jim?"

She eyed Jim anxiously. There was hardly a moment of the day when the thought of the responsibility that Iron Skull had placed on her shoulders was not with her. But she was resolved to say nothing to Jim until she had a vital suggestion to make to him.

Jim looked at the shimmering lavenders and grays of the desert. It had come. A frank step toward repudiation! A blow at the fundamental idea of the Service. That was to be the next move of the Big Enemy. And what had Sara to do with it? All thought of the Secretary's letter left Jim. He must see Sara. But Penelope must not be unduly worried. He turned to her with his flashing smile.

"Some sort of peanut politics, Pen. I'll come round and see Sara after I've thought this over."

He wanted time to think. It was very

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evident that Sara meant mischief, but just how great was his capacity for doing him harm, Jim could only guess. The idea of his extremely friendly relations with Arthur Freet bothered Jim now. If Freet were really trying to influence the sale of the water-power through Sara, the wise thing to do would be to send Sara back to New York. And yet, if Sara went, Pen would go, too! Jim's heart sank. He could not bear to think of the dam now without Pen. He squared his shoulders suddenly. He would not send Sara away until he had some real proof that his threats were more than idle. At any rate, it was not his business to worry over the sale of the water-power. If he produced the power, he was doing his share. And when he had fallen back on his old excuse, Jim gave a sigh of relief and went home to supper.

The next morning Jim received a letter from the Director of the Service. The Director said he was sorry that there had been so much loss of time and property in the flood. He realized, of course, that Jim had done his best, but people who did not know him so well would not have the same confidence. The Congressional Committee on Investigation of the Projects, on receipt of numerous complaints regarding the flood, had decided to proceed at once to Jim's project and there begin its work. Jim sighed and went out to the dam.

He spent a heavy day on the dam, climbing about, testing and calculating. Already the forms were back in place ready to restore the concrete swept away by the flood. Excavation for the next section of the foundation was proceeding rapidly.

Later in the afternoon he went up to the tent-house.

"Hallo, Sara!" said Jim coolly. "Pen, I've got a free hour. Will you come up back of the camp with me and let me show you the view from Wind Ridge? It's finer than that you get from the Elephant."

Sara's face was inscrutable. Pen laid aside her book and picked up her hat. "I knew there was something the matter with me," she said gaily. "It was Wind Ridge I was missing, though I never heard of it before. I won't be long, Sara."

"Don't hurry on my account," said Sara, with a sardonic glance at Jim.

The trail led up the mountain slope with a steady twist toward a ridge at the top that showed a saw-tooth edge. Almost to the top the mountain was dotted with little green cedars, dwarfed and wind-tortured. Up at the saw edge they stopped. Here the wind caught them—wind flooding across desert and mountain, clean, sweet, with a marvelous tang to it despite the desert heat.

Pen looked up into Jim's face. "Why so serious, Still Jim?" she asked.

"Penelope," asked Jim, "do you remember that twice I held you in my arms and kissed you on the lips and told you that you belonged to me?"

Pen whitened. If he only could dream how the pain and sweetness of those embraces never had left her! "I remember! But let's not talk of that. We settled it all on the day you got back from Washington. We must forget it all, Jim."

"We can never forget it, Pen. We're not that kind." Jim stood struggling for words with which to express his emotion. It always had been this way, he told himself. The great moments of his life always found him dumb. He summoned all his resources. "Pen, it never occurred to me you wouldn't wait. There has never been any other woman in my life, and I suppose I just couldn't picture any other man having a hold on you. It just all goes in with my general incompetence to grasp opportunity. But, Penelope, I am not going to give you up! One gets a new view of life out here. You are wrong in staying with Saradokis. Why should three lives be ruined by his tragedy? Pen! Pen! If I could make you understand the torture of knowing you are married to Sara! You are mine! From the first day I came upon you in the old library, we belonged to each other. Pen, I've tramped the desert night after night on the Makon and here, sweating it out with the stars, and I have determined that you shall belong to me."

Pen, white and wide-eyed, did not move her gaze from Jim's face. All her tired, yearning youth stood in her eyes.

Jim spoke very slowly and clearly. "Penelope, I love you. Will you leave Saradokis and marry me?"

Pen did not answer for a long moment.

The Elephant lay motionless. The flag rippled and fluttered, a faint red spot far below on the mountainside. Pen's youth was fighting with her bitterly won philosophy. Then she summoned all her fortitude.

"Jim, dear, it would be a cowardly thing for me to leave Sara."

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"It would be greater cowardice to stay. Pen, shall you and I die as Iron Skull did? I can marry no other woman feeling as I do about you. Sara's life is useless. Let the world say what it will. Marry me, Penelope."

"Jim, I can't."

"Why not, Penelope?"

"I love you very dearly, but I've had enough of marriage. I've done my duty. I don't see how I could keep on loving a man after I married him, even if he weren't a cripple. The process of adjustment is simply frightful. Marriage is just a contract binding one to do the impossible."

Jim scowled. More and more he was realizing how Sara had hurt Pen. "You don't care a rap about me, Pen. Why don't you admit it?"

Pen gave a sudden tearful smile. "You know better, Jim. But just to prove to you what a silly goose I am, I'll show you something. Girls in real life do this even more than they do in novels!" Pen opened a flat locket she always wore. A folded bit of paper and a tiny photograph fluttered into her lap. She gave both to Jim. The picture was a snapshot of Jim in his football togs. The bit of paper, unfolded, showed in Pen's handwriting a verse from Christina Rossetti:

> Too late for love, too late for joy,
> Too late, too late!
> You loitered on the road too long,
> You trifled at the gate.
> The enchanted dove upon her branch
> Died without a mate;
> The enchanted princess in her tower
> Slept, died, behind the grate;
> Her heart was starving all this while
> You made it wait.

Jim put the bit of paper into his pocket and gave Pen the picture. His eyes were full of tears.

"Pen! Pen!" he cried. "Let me make it up to you! We care so much! Suppose we aren't always happy! Oh, my love, a month of life with you would make me willing to bear all the spiritual drudgery of marriage!"

White to the lips, Pen answered once more: "Jim, I will never leave Sara. There is such a thing as honor. It's the last foundation that the whole social fabric rests on. I promised to stay with Sara in the marriage service. He's kept his word. It's my business to keep mine until he breaks his."

Jim stood with set face. "Is this final, Penelope?"

"It's final, Still."

"Do you mind if I go on alone, Pen?"

Pen shook her head and Jim turned down the mountainside. And Pen, being a woman, put her head down on her knees and cried her heart out. Then she went back to Sara.

That night Jim answered the Secretary's letter:

> My work has always been technical. I know that the Projects are not the success their sponsors in Congress hoped they would be, but I feel that you ask too much of your engineers when you ask them not only to make the dam but to administer it. I have about concluded that an engineer is a futile beast of triangles and *n*th powers, unfitted by his very talents for associating with other human beings. I suppose that this letter must be interpreted as my admission of my inefficiency.

It was late when Jim had finished this letter. He was, he thought, alone in the house. He laid down his pen. A sudden overpowering desire came upon him for Exham, for the old haunts of his childhood. There it seemed to him that some of his old confidence in life might return to him. He dropped his arm along the back of his chair and with his forehead on his wrist he gave a groan of utter desolation.

Mrs. Flynn, coming in at the open door, heard the groan and saw the beautiful brown head bowed as if in despair. She stopped aghast.

"Oh, my Lord!" she gasped under her breath. "Him, too! Mrs. Penelope ain't the only one that's broken up, then! Ain't it fierce! I wonder what happened to the poor young ones!—I'd like to go to Mr. Sara's wake. I would that. Oh, my Lord! Let's see. He's had two baths to-day. I can't get him into another. I'll make him some tea. You have to cheer up either to eat or take a bath."

She slipped into the kitchen and there began to bang the range and rattle teacups. When she came back Jim was sitting erect and stern-faced, sorting papers. Mrs. Flynn set the tray down on the desk with a thud. She was going to take no refusal.

"Drink that tea, Boss Still Jim, and eat them toasted crackers. You didn't eat any supper to speak of, and you're as pindlin' as a knitting-needle. Don't slop on your clean suit. That khaki is hard to iron." She stood beside him and made an imaginary thread an excuse for laying her hand caressingly on Jim's shoulder. "You're a

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"PENELOPE," ASKED JIM, "DO YOU REMEMBER THAT TWICE I HELD YOU IN MY ARMS AND KISSED YOU ON THE LIPS AND TOLD YOU THAT YOU BELONGED TO ME?"

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fine lad," she said uncertainly. "I wish I'd been your mother."

The touch was too much for Jim. He dropped the teacup and, turning, laid his face against Mrs. Flynn's shoulder. "I could pretend you were, to-night, very easily," he said brokenly, "if you'd smooth my hair for me."

Mrs. Flynn hugged the broad shoulders to her and smoothed back Jim's hair. "I've been wanting to get my hands on it ever since I first saw it, lad. God knows it's as soft as silk and just the color of oak leaves in winter. There now, hold tight a bit, my boy. We can weather any storm if we have a friend to lean on, and I'm that, God knows. It's a fearful cold I've caught, God knows. You'll have to excuse my snuffling. There now! There! In my waist I've got a letter for you from Mrs. Penelope. She seemed used up to-night. Her jewel of a husband took dope, so she and I sat in peace while she wrote this. I'll leave it on your tray. Good night to you, boss. Don't slop on your suit."

CHAPTER XVI

JIM MAKES A SPEECH

I am permanent, so I can not fully understand the tragedy that haunts humans from their birth, the tragedy of their own transitoriness.

Musings of the Elephant.

Jim opened the envelope and read:

DEAR STILL:

Don't say that I must go away. I want to stay and help you. I promised Iron Skull that I would. I don't want to add one breath to your pain—nor to my own!—and yet I feel as if we ought to forget ourselves and think only of the dam. No one knows you as I do, dear Jim. Iron Skull felt, and so do I, that somehow, sometime, I shall help you to be the big man you were meant to be. I have grown to feel that it was for that purpose I have lived through the last eight years. If it will not hurt you too much, please, Jim, let me stay. PENELOPE.

Jim answered the note immediately.

DEAREST PEN:

Give me a day or so to get braced and we will go on as before. Stand by me, Pen. I need you, dear.

JIM.

But it was nearly two weeks before Jim talked with Pen again. Formal notice arrived the next day that the Congressional committee would reach the dam nearly a week before it had been expected, and Jim was overwhelmed by preparations for their reception. The first three days of the investigation were to be devoted to inspecting the dam.

There were five men on the committee, two New Englanders and three Far-Westerners. They were the same five men who a year before had investigated Arthur Freet's Projects, and they were baffled and suspicious. And Jim's silence irritated them far more than Arthur Freet's loquacity.

The hearing was held in Del Norte, a little desert town twenty-five miles below the dam. It was like and yet unlike the earlier hearing. It lacked the dignity of the first occasion, and the Vermont member who presided was not the calm, inscrutable judge that the Secretary had been. The hall in Del Norte was packed with farmers and their wives and sweethearts and with Del Norte citizens.

The main efforts of the speakers were to prove the inordinate extravagance and incompetence of Jim and his associates. For three days Jim answered questions quietly and as briefly as possible. But he was not able to compass the cool indifference that had kept him staring out the window of the Interior Department. There was growing within him an overwhelming desire to protest. He saw that, however fair the rest of the committee was inclined to be, their certainty of Freet's dishonesty, the fact that Jim was a pupil of Freet's, along with the restless vindictiveness of the Vermont member, would without doubt result in his dismissal. And he felt an increasing desire to make a last stand against the wall of the nation's indifference, to make the people of the Project and the people of the world understand his view-point. But words failed him until the last day of the hearing.

On this last day, Sara and Pen attended as guests of Fleckenstein, who had sent his great touring-car for them. Jim nodded to them across the room, but made no attempt to speak to them. It was nearing five o'clock when Fleckenstein closed his testimony.

"The Reclamation Service," he said, "is like every other department of the Government. It is a refuge for the incompetent whose one skill is in grafting. The cost of this dam has jumped over the estimates by hundreds of thousands. Forty dollars an acre is what the farmers of this Project must pay the Government instead of the estimated thirty. I do not lay the whole blame

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on Mr. Manning, even though he is Freet's pupil. Part of it is due to the criminal ignorance and weakness of Mr. Manning's predecessor. We farmers——"

"Stop!" thundered Jim. He jumped to his feet. Fleckenstein gasped. Jim threw back his hair. His gray eyes were black. His thin brown face was flushed. Under his khaki riding-suit his steel muscles were tense. "My predecessor was Frederick Watts. I grew to know him well. He was a master-mind in his profession, but he was gentle and sensitive and, like many men who have lived long in the open, silent. About the time that he started to build this dam the money interests in this country decided that the nation was getting too much water-power control. They decided that the best way to stop the nation's growth in this direction was to discredit the Service. Frederick Watts was one of their first targets. By means too subtle for me to understand, they set machinery going in this vicinity by which every step that Watts took was made a kick against him. They never let up on him. They hounded him. They put him to shame with the nation and in the privacy of his own family. Watts was over fifty years old. He was no fighter. All he wanted was a chance to build his dam. He was gentle and silent. He went into nervous prostration and died, still silent, a broken-hearted man.

"Up in the big silent places you will find his monuments: dams high in mountain fastnesses, an imperishable part of the mountains; trestles that bridge cañons which birds feared to cross. He spent his life in utter hardships making ways for others to travel. These monuments will stand forever. But the name of their builder has become a blackened thing for rats like Fleckenstein to handle with dirty claws.

"And now they are after me. And you, many of you in this audience, are the sometimes innocent and sometimes paid instruments of my downfall. You accuse me of grafting, of lying and stealing. You don't understand."

Jim paused and moistened his lips. The room was breathless. Pen could hear her heart beat. She dug her finger-nails into her palms. Could he, *could* he find the words? Even if these people did not understand, could he not say something that would teach her how to help him?

Jim did not see the crowded room. Before him was his father's dying face and Iron Skull's. His hands felt their dying fingers. "I am a New Englander. My people came to New England two hundred and fifty years ago and fought the wilderness for a home. We were Anglo-Saxons. We were trail-makers, law-makers, empire-builders. We founded this nation. We threw open the doors to the world and then we were unable to withstand the flood that answered our invitation. The New Englander in America is as dead as the Indian or the buffalo. My people have failed and died with the rest. I am the last of my line.

"But I have the craving of my ancestry, with something more. I can see the tragedy of my race. I know that the day will come when the civilization of America will be South European; that our every institution will be altered to suit the needs of the South European and Asiatic mind.

"I want to leave an imperishable Anglo-Saxon thumb-print on the map; a thumb-print that no future changes can obliterate, a thumb-print that shall be less transitory than the Pyramids because it will be a part of the fundamental needs of a people as long as they hunger or thirst.

"Look at the roster of the Reclamation Service. You will find it a roster of men whom the old vision has sent into dam-building and road-making. Here in the Service you will find the last stand of the Anglo-Saxon trail-makers.

"I want to build this dam; I want to build it so that it shall be standing and delivering water when the law that makes it possible shall have passed from the memory of man! And you won't let me build it. You, some of you Anglo-Saxon yourselves, destined to be obliterated as I shall be, are fighting me. You say that I am *stealing*. I, fighting to leave a thumb-print for us all!"

Jim dropped into his seat, and for a moment there was such silence in the room that the palm-leaves outside the window could be heard rattling softly in the breeze. Then there broke forth a roar of hand-clapping, and during this Jim slipped out. He was not much deceived by the applause. He knew that it would take more than a burst of eloquence to overcome the influence at work against the Service.

He returned to the dam that night. Pen and Sara came up the next day, and that evening Jim went over to call. It was his first word with Pen since the walk to Wind

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Ridge. He found Sara sleeping heavily. Pen greeted him casually.

"Hello, Still! Sara was suffering so frightfully after his trip that he took a hypodermic. It was insane of him to go to the hearing, but he would do it. Sit down. We won't disturb him a bit."

Jim pulled the Secretary's letter from his pocket with a copy of his own answer and handed them to Pen. "I've come for advice and comment," he said.

Pen read both and her cheeks flushed. "Have you sent your answer?"

Jim nodded.

Pen stared at him a moment with her mouth open, then she said with heartfelt sincerity: "Jim, I'm perfectly disgusted with you!"

Jim gasped.

"Like the average descendant of the Puritan," Pen sniffed, "you are lying down on your job. Thank God I'm Irish!"

"Gee, Pen! You're actually cross!"

"I am! If I were not a perfect lady I'd slap you and put my tongue out at you—anything that would adequately express my disdain! For pig-headed bigotry bounded on the north by high principles and on the south by big dreams, give me a New Englander! You make me tired!"

"For the Lord's sake, Pen!"

Pen laid aside her bit of sewing and looked at Jim long and earnestly, then she said, quietly, "Jim, why don't you go to work?"

Jim looked flushed and bewildered. "I work eighteen hours a day."

Pen groaned. "I'm talking about your capacity, not your output. You are only using half of what is in you, Still. You build the dam and you refuse to do anything else. Why, with your kind of creative, engineering mind, you are perfectly capable of administering the dam too; of handling all the problems connected with it in a cool, scientific way that would come very near being ideal justice. You know that the Projects are an experiment in Government activity. You know that the people who will control them have no experience or training that will fit them for handling them."

Pen paused, breathless, her cheeks scarlet, her eyes glowing. Jim watched her, his face pitifully eager. Perhaps, he thought, Pen was actually going to lay her finger on the cause of his inadequacy.

"Instead of antagonizing every farmer on the Project, you ought to be making them all feel that you are their partner and friend in a mighty difficult business. You told us yesterday that your ancestors not only made the trail but also the law of the trail. What are you doing? It is your own fault if you lose your job, Still!" Pen got up and turned Sara's pillow and shaded the light from his face mechanically. "You are just like all the rest of what you call the Anglo-Americans. You go about feeling superior and abused and calling the immigrants hard names. You are just a lot of quitters. You have refused national service. If you are a dying race and you are convinced that the world can't afford to lose your institutions, how low-down you are not to feel that your last duty to society is to show by personal example the value of your institutions!"

"I don't see what I can do," protested Jim.

"That's just what I'm trying to show you," retorted Pen. "I have to plow through your ignorance first—clear the ground, you know! After you Anglo-Americans founded the Government, most of you went to money-making and left it to be administered by people who were racially and inherently different. You left your immigration problems to sentimentalists and money-makers. You left the law-making to money-makers. You refused to serve the nation in a disinterested, future-seeing way—which was your duty if you wanted your institutions to live. You descendants of New England are quitters. And you are going to lose your dam because of that fact."

Jim began to pace the floor. "Did you ever talk this over with Uncle Denny, Penelope?"

"No!" She gave a scornful sniff. "If ever I had dared to criticise you, he'd have turned me out of the house. No one can live in New York and not think a great deal about immigration problems. And—I have been with you much in the past eight years, Jimmy. I can't tell you how much I have thought about you and your work. And then, just before old Iron Skull was killed, he turned you over to me."

Jim paused before her.

"He was worried about you, too. He said you were not getting the big grasp on things that you ought, and that I must help you."

"I wonder if that was what he was trying

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PENELOPE WORE A FLOWER GIRL'S COSTUME, AND JIM VIEWED HER WITH GREAT COMPLACENCE.

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to tell me when he was killed," said Jim. "The dear old man! Go on, Pen."

"I've just this much more to say, Jim, and that is that if the Reclamation Service idea fails, it's more the fault of you engineers than of any one else. The sort of thing you engineers do on the dam is typical of the Anglo-American in the whole country. You are quitters!"

"Pen, don't you say that again!" exclaimed Jim sharply. "I'm doing all I can!"

CHAPTER XVII

THE MASK BALL

I have seen that coyotes who will not hunt and fight for the pack must starve and die.
Musings of the Elephant.

"You are not!" returned Pen flatly. "You don't see the human side of your problem at all. You have made Oscar Ames hate you. Yet no man could live the life and do the things that Oscar has, and not have developed a fine, big side to his nature. You never see that. And the dam is more Oscar's than it is yours. It is *for* him. Jim, somehow you have got to make every farmer on the Project your partner. Make them feel that you and the dam are theirs. Show them how to take care of the things the dam will produce. Jim dear, make your thumbprint in the hearts of men as well as in concrete, if you would have your work endure."

Jim paced the floor steadily. Old visions were passing before his eyes. Once more he saw the degraded mansions on the elm-shaded streets. Old Exham, with its lost ideals. Ideals of what? Was Pen right? Was it the ideal of public service that Exham had lost, the ideal that had built the town meeting-house and the public school, that had produced the giants of those early days, who had ruled the nation with an integrity long lost to these later times?

"My father said to me, 'Somehow us Americans have fallen down on our jobs!' " said Jim, pausing before Pen finally. "Pen, I wonder if he would have thought your reason the right one!"

Then he lifted Pen's chin to look long into her eyes. Slowly his wistful smile illumined his face. "Thank you, dear," he said and, turning, he went out into the night.

The next night a mask ball was given in honor of the Committee. Nobody knew what conclusion the eminent gentlemen had reached in regard to Jim and his associates. But every one did his best to contribute to the hilarity of the occasion.

Mrs. Flynn sat with Sara, and Jim insisted that instead of Pen's going with Jane and Oscar as she had planned, he should be allowed to take her to the first ball she had attended since her marriage.

Jack Henderson, as master of ceremonies, had insisted that the costumes be kept a great secret. Through a Los Angeles firm he provided dominoes for the five committeemen. But there were half a dozen other dominoes at the ball, so the Committee quickly lost its identity. Oscar Ames came as a hobo. Henderson had a police uniform. One of the cub engineers wore a cowboy outfit, and the other an Indian chief's. Jim went as a monk.

Penelope wore a flower girl's costume, improvised from the remains of some chintz she had brought from New York. Jim viewed her with great complacence. No one could look like Pen, he thought, and he would dance with her all the evening. To his chagrin, when they reached the hall he found that Pen had made Mrs. Ames a costume exactly like her own, and with the complete face masks they wore they might have been twins. They were just of a height and Mrs. Ames danced well. The children and the phonograph had long ago attended to that.

There was nothing stupid about the ball from the very start. The policeman ended the grand march by arresting the hobo, who put up a fight that included two of the dominoes. The orchestra swung into "La Paloma," and in a moment the hall was full of swaying colors that drifted through the golden desert dust that filled the room. There were twice as many men at the ball as women. The latter were popular to the point of utter exhaustion.

Henderson looked over the tallest domino, seized him by the throat, and with wild flourishes of his club backed him into a corner. "Say, Boss Still Jim," he whispered, "that old nut of a chairman doesn't look as if he had anything but skim milk in his veins. But do you sabez he's danced three times with that little fat ballet girl, and he's hugging her like anything. He'd ought to be investigated."

The tall domino looked at the couple indicated. "I'll start investigating myself," he whispered.

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"Wish I could get a dance with her, but I can't," said Henderson. "My missis knows who I am. I ain't got her spotted yet, though. Yes, I have. That flower girl's her. I'd know the way she jerks her shoulder anywhere."

He cut neatly in and separated the flower girl from the monk. "Look here, Minnie," he said, gently, "you ain't called on to dance like a bronco, you know. Remember, you're the mother of a family! Cut out having too many dances with that monk. He holds you too tight. I think he's one of the committeemen. You floss up to the tallest domino and give him a good time. That's the boss."

The flower girl sniggered, and Henderson pushed her from him with marital impatience and took an Indian squaw away from the hobo.

"Come on, little girl," he said. "You can dance all right. If my wife wasn't here I'd show you a time."

The squaw stiffened, and the monk swung her away from Jack, who immediately arrested old Dad Robins, the night watchman, who was taking a sly peek off his beat at the festivities. Henderson forced the delighted old man through a waltz with himself as a very languishing partner.

The hobo, dancing with one of the flower girls, said: "Jane, I've been trying to get a chance to warn you not to say anything to Mrs. Penelope about that deal with Freet. I was a fool to let you see that letter to-night. Now I'm getting into national politics, you've got to learn to keep your mouth shut."

"How'd you know me?" whispered the flower girl.

"You don't dance as good as Mrs. Pen," he replied.

Here the monk stole the flower girl and danced off with her firmly. "Hello, Pen," he whispered.

"How did you know me, Jim?" she asked.

The monk hugged the flower girl to him. "You haven't lived in my heart for all these years without my getting to *know* you!"

And the flower girl sighed ecstatically.

There was a sudden call at the door.

The music stopped. A white-faced boy had mounted a chair and was shouting hysterically, "Where's the boss? The hombres have shot my father!"

"It's Dad Robins's boy. Why, the old man was here a bit ago!" cried some one.

The monk pulled off his mask and flung his robe in the corner. "Oscar," he said, to the hobo, who had unmasked, "see to Mrs. Penelope." Then he grasped young Robins by the arm and rushed with him from the hall.

Oscar hurried Pen and Jane up to the tent-house with scant ceremony, then ran for the lower town. At midnight he returned and told the waiting group:

"They got poor old Dad. After he left the hall he was going past a lighted tent in the lower town when he heard sounds of a fight. He went in and found two drunken Mexicans fighting over a flask of whisky. He took the whisky and told them to go to bed. He started out into the street, and the two jumped on him and started to stab him to death. He yelled, and the sheriff and his boy was the only folks in all that town dared to go help him. The two hombres shot the sheriff in the arm before he located them and got away. They had finished poor old Dad, though. Mr. Manning's got posses out and will start more at daylight. If you'll put Jane up for the night, Mrs. Flynn, I'll go back to the lower town. You'd ought to see those committeemen. Three of them would have gone out with a posse, I'll bet, if they hadn't remembered their dignity in time!"

Jim had his hands full. By daylight the next morning there was every prospect of a wholesale battle between the Americans and the Mexicans. The camp was at fever pitch with excitement. The two shifts not at work swarmed the streets of the lower camp, the Mexicans at the far end, the Americans at the upper end near old Dad Robins's house, whence came the sound of an old woman's hard sobs. After a hurried breakfast at the lower mess, Jim joined this crowd. The men circled round him, all talking at once. Jim listened for a time, then he raised his arm for silence.

"It was booze did it! Booze and nothing else! Am I right?"

Reluctant nods went round the crowd. "And yet," Jim went on, "there's hardly a white man in the camp who hasn't fought me on my ruling that liquor must not come within the Government lines. You all know what booze means in a place like this. Those of you who were with me at Makon know what we suffered from it up there. I know you fellows—decent, kindly men, in spite of your threats to lynch the hombres.

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But if you could get booze, you'd make this camp a hell on earth, right now. No better than a drunken Mexican is a drunken white. Am I right?"

Again reluctant nods and half sheepish grins.

"Now you fellows forget your lynching bee. Commons, Ralston, Schwartz, you make a committee to raise enough money to send Mrs. Robins and the boy back to New Hampshire with the body. Here is ten to start with. They must leave this noon. Tom Weeks, you make the funeral arrangements. I'll see that transportation is ready at noon. Bill Underwood, you get a posse of fifty men and quarantine this camp for booze."

A little laugh went through the crowd. Billy Underwood had been the chief malcontent under Jim's liquor ruling. Bill did not laugh. He began to pick his men with the manner of a general.

Jim turned on his heel and made his way into the Mexican end of the camp. There was noise here of talking and quarreling. Jim walked up to a tall Mexican who was in a way a padrone among the hombres.

"Garces," said Jim, "send the night shift to bed."

Garces eyed Jim through half-shut eyes. Jim did not move a muscle. "Why?" asked the Mexican.

"Because I shall put them to bed unless they are gone in five minutes."

Jim pulled out his watch. In just four minutes after a shouted order from Garces the street was cleared of more than half the hombres.

"Now," said Jim, "except when the shifts change, you are to keep your people this side of the ditch—" pointing to the line that separated the Mexican and American camps. "I have fifty men scouring the camp for whisky. Anybody found with liquor will be arrested. If there is a particle of trouble over it in your camp, I'll let the gringos loose. Sabez?"

Garces shivered a little. "Yes, señor," he said.

Jim took a turn up and down the street on his horse, then started for the dam-site. As he cantered up the road, Billy Underwood, mounted on a moth-eaten pony, saluted with dignity.

"Boss, that saloonkeeper up the cañon has got a billion bottles of booze. Worst whisky you ever smelled. He says he's laying for you and if you cross his door-step he'll shoot you up."

Jim looked at Bill meditatively. "Bill, I'm going to call his bluff!"

"Us fellows in my posse'll shoot his place up if you say the word," cried Bill eagerly.

"No, that won't do," replied Jim. "But I have an idea that he's a four-flusher. Keep your eye on 'Mexico City,' Bill. I am afraid of trouble, though I've got Garces buffaloed so far."

Jim turned his horse and cantered back through "Mexico City" along the narrow river trail to Cactus Cañon. Just off the Government reserve was a tent with a sheet-iron roof. The trail to the tent was well worn. Jim dropped the reins over the pony's head and walked in. There was a rough bar across one end behind which stood a quiet-faced man with a black mustache. Drinking at the bar were two white men whom Jim recognized as foremen.

"You two fellows are fired," drawled Jim. "Turn in your time and leave camp this afternoon."

The Big Boss is king on a Project. The two men meekly set down their glasses and filed out of the tent. It was something to have been fired by the Big Boss himself.

"And who are you?" asked the saloonkeeper.

"Don't you recognize me, Murphy?" asked Jim pleasantly. "I have the advantage of you there. My name is Manning."

The saloonkeeper made a long-armed reach for a gun that stood in the corner.

"One moment, please," said Jim. As he spoke he jumped over the bar, bearing the saloonkeeper down with him before the long-armed reach encompassed the gun. Jim removed Murphy's knife, then picked up the gun himself.

Murphy started for the door with a jump. "Break nothing!" he yelled. "I'll have the law of the state on you for this!"

Murphy leaped directly into Bill Underwood's arms. "Hello, sweetie," said Bill, holding Murphy close. "Thought I'd come up and see how you was making it, boss."

"Nicely, thanks," said Jim. "I'll be done as soon as he breaks up his stock."

"It'll be some punishment for me to watch a job like that," said Bill, "but I'm with you, boss."

He shifted his gun conspicuously as he released Murphy. Bill owed the saloonkeeper

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something over six weeks' pay. The occasion had an unholy joy for him. Murphy looked Jim over, scratched his head, and started to whistle nonchalantly. In ten minutes he had destroyed his stock in trade. When he had finished he handed Jim the key of the tent with a profound bow.

"Now," said Jim, "drop a match on the floor."

When the flames were well caught, Jim said: "See that he leaves camp, Bill." Then he mounted and rode away.

Murphy looked after him curiously. "Some man, ain't he?" he said to Bill.

"I'll eat out of his hand any time," replied Bill. "Get your pony, Murphy."

"I'll join your posse," suggested Murphy. "I bet I can ferret out more booze than any three of you."

"Nothing doing!" growled Bill. "Should think you would have better taste than to wanta do that."

Murphy shrugged his shoulders. "I want you to let me go up to that Greek fellow's place before I go," he said.

Bill stared but made no comment.

As Jim rode back through the lower town, he stopped young Hartman, the Government photographer.

"Hartman," he asked, "have the films for the movies come in yet?"

"Came in yesterday, Mr. Manning."

"Good work! Hartman, will you give us a show this evening?"

"The hall's in pretty rough shape, but if you want it——"

"I want it to keep things quiet, Hartman, till we find those hombres and get them in jail at Del Norte."

The young fellow nodded. "I'll have things ready at seven. After the funeral I'll get the word out."

Jim rode on to his neglected work at the office. There he found the members of the Committee awaiting him. Even the chairman was eager to know details of occurrences since they had gone reluctantly to bed after midnight.

The camp was quiet during the afternoon. Jim saw the Committee off at five o'clock, then went up to the tent-house. Sara and he glanced at each other coolly and nodded. Pen started the conversation hurriedly.

"What word from the two hombres?"

Jim shook his head. "One posse got away last night before I warned them. I'm afraid that if the murderers are brought into camp I can't avert a lynching bee."

Pen shivered. Sara grunted. "You'd think Pen had lived in a convent all of her life instead of in a death pen like New York."

"It's so lonesome out here, human life means more to you," said Jim.

"Some philosopher you are," sneered Sara. "Fine lot of drool you got off at the hearing, Jim. Why didn't you keep to the main issue? The yokels are still saying with the rest of us—'He must be dishonest or he'd give an honest *no* to our accusations.'"

Jim answered slowly. "When a man says that sort of thing to me I usually knock him down or completely ignore him."

"You can't knock us all down, and the time is rapidly coming when we will be ignoring you minus a job!"

"Still," pleaded Pen, "he couldn't understand your speech. Once and for all, Jim, give him and all the rest the lie."

Jim ground his teeth and did not speak. Sara was obviously enjoying himself.

Pen broke the silence nervously. "A couple of men are coming up the trail."

Bill Underwood appeared at the tent door. Murphy was with him. "Boss," said Bill, "Murphy has got to see your Greek friend. I got him started south this noon, but he circled on me and I just picked him up on the mesa, headed this way. He wanted to come here on the quiet, but I brought him up in the open."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE DAY'S WORK

Women know a loyalty that men scorn while they use it. This is the sex stamp of women.
Musings of the Elephant.

With a quick glance at Sara, Jim rose. "Give Mr. Saradokis and his friend a chance to talk, of course, Bill. But shut Murphy up to-night and bring him round to me in the morning."

After a hurried supper Jim went to the lower town to keep his eye on the moving-picture show. As he mounted the steps of the little sheet-iron building a girlish figure hurried to meet him from the shadow of the ticket-office.

"Pen!" cried Jim. "This is no place for you!"

"Oh, lots of women have gone in,"

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MURPHY LOOKED JIM OVER, SCRATCHED HIS HEAD, AND STARTED TO WHISTLE NONCHALANTLY. IN TEN MINUTES HE HAD DESTROYED HIS STOCK IN TRADE.

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protested Pen. "Please, Jim! Sara was so ugly this evening. I just walked out and left him alone, and I'm crazy to see what goes on down here."

Jim glanced in at the open door. The hall was nearly full. "If anything went wrong, Penny, I would have my hands full and you might get hurt."

Pen gave a little shiver of anticipation. "Oh, please let me stay, Still! Just think how shut in I've been all these years."

Even though his common sense protested, Jim was an easy victim to Pen's pleading eyes and voice. He led the way into the hall. It was an enthusiastic crowd that crunched peanuts and piñons and commented audibly on the pictures for two hours.

As the last film flashed by, suddenly from without was heard a long-drawn cry. It was like the lingering shriek of a coyote. Few in the hall had heard the call before, yet no one mistook it for anything other than human.

"An Apache yell!" exclaimed an excited voice.

There was a sudden overturning of benches, and Pen and Jim were forced out into the street with the crowd.

An arc-light glowed in front of the hall. Under this the crowd swayed for a moment, uncertain where to move. Jim held Pen's arm and looked about quickly.

"I don't know where you will be safest, Pen. I wish I'd listened to the itching of my thumb and taken you home an hour ago."

"Jim," said Pen, "I certainly like your parties. They are full of surprises."

"You are a good little sport," said Jim, "but that doesn't make me less worried about you. Hang on to my arm now like a little burr." He began to work his way through the crowd. "I don't want to attract attention. They will follow me like sheep."

"Was it an Apache cry, Jim?" asked Pen.

"Yes. Old Suma-theek with a bunch of his Indians has been riding the upper mesa for me to-night. I told him to keep things quiet, so there must have been some imperative reason for the cry. I'll take you to the upper camp and get my horse."

Jim breathed a sigh of relief as they cleared the crowd and could quicken their pace. But they were scarcely out of the range of the arc-light when a dark group ran hurriedly down from the mesa back of the town. It was old Suma-theek with four of his Indians. They held, tightly bound with belts and bandanas, two disheveled little hombres.

"Take 'em to jail, boss," panted Suma-theek.

"No! No! Back up into the mountains. I'll get horses to you and you must take them to Del Norte."

Suma-theek turned quickly, but not quickly enough. A man ran up to the little group, then plunged back toward the hall.

"A rope!" he yelled. "Bring a rope! They've got the two hombres!"

Men seemed to spring up out of the ground.

"Run, Pen, toward the upper camp," cried Jim.

"I won't!" exclaimed Pen. "They won't shoot while a woman is standing here."

She plunged away from Jim and caught Suma-theek's arm. The old Indian smiled and shoved her behind him. Jim turned and stood shoulder to shoulder with the Apache chief. "Now work back until we're against the power-house with the hombres back of us," he said.

By the time the crowd was massed, yelling and gesticulating, on three sides of it, the little group was backed up against the concrete wall of the little sub-station.

Jim waved his arm. "Go home, boys, go home! You can't do any lynching while the Apaches are here!"

"Give us the hombres, boss," shouted a threatening voice, "or we'll have to be rough on you."

"Send the lady home," called some one else. "This is no job for a lady to see."

"Boss," said Suma-theek in Jim's ear, "you send your squaw out. She go up mountain back of town, find Apache there, tell all Apaches bring guns, come here, help take hombres to jail."

Jim looked at Pen and his face whitened. But Pen's nostrils dilated and her eyes sparkled. Pen was Irish.

"I'll go," said Pen. "Where is Henderson?"

"He ought to be back," said Jim. "Try to find him after you get the Apaches. Send anybody down you can reach." Then he shouted to the crowd, "Let the lady out!"

Jim and Suma-theek stood well above most of the mob. Jim was unarmed, and the crowd knew it. But even had any man there been inclined to prevent Pen's exit he would rather have done so under a cocked

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gun than under the look in Jim's white face as he watched Pen's progress through the crowd. The men gave back respectfully. As soon as she was free of the crowd, Pen broke into a run. She darted back behind the line of tents up on to the mountainside and ran up the trail like a little rabbit. It seemed to her that she never would reach the top. The camp sounds were faint and far before she reached the upper mesa and saw dimly a figure on a horse. It was an Indian, who covered her with a gun as she panted up to him.

"Suma-theek and the Big Boss say for you to call in all the other Indians and come help them at the little power-house. The whites are trying to lynch the hombres."

The Indian peered down into her face and grunted as he recognized her. Then he suddenly stood in his stirrups and raised the fearful cry that had emptied the moving-picture hall.

"*Ke-theek! Ke-theek! Ke-theek!* (To me! To me! To me!)"

Pen stood by the pony's head, trembling, yet exultant. This, then, she thought, was the life men knew. No wonder Jim loved his job!

Up on the mesa-top the night wind rushed against the encircling stars. The Indian chuckled.

"Mexicans, they no bother whites to-night. They know Apache call—it heap devil."

The sound of hoofs began to beat in about the waiting two. "You go," said the Indian. "Back along the upper trail—it safe."

Pen started on a run toward the upper camp.

The surging crowd round Jim and the Indians had heard the wild cry from the mesa-top, and the shouts and threats had been stilled as if by magic. There was a moment of restless silence. That cry was a primordial thing, as well understood by every man in the mob as if he had heard it always. It was the cry of the hunted and the hunter. It was the night cry of forests. It was war with naked hand, death under lonely skies.

Jim called: "Some one is bound to get killed if you boys don't clear out. I'm not armed, but a number of you are and the Indians are. If there are any of my Makon boys here I want them to come over here and help me."

"Coming, boss!" called a voice. "Only a few of the best of us here."

"You'll stay where you are," roared a big Irishman.

"Rush 'em, boys! Rush 'em! They don't dare to shoot!"

Old Suma-theek absent-mindedly sighted his gun in the direction of the last remark.

"Get a ladder! Get on top of the station. All together, boys."

Fighting through the mob, half a dozen men suddenly ranged themselves with the Indians.

"Come into us!" one of them shrieked. "I ain't had a fight since I killed six Irishmen on the Makon and ate 'em for breakfast."

There was a swaying, a sudden closing of the crowd, when down from the mesa rushed old Suma-theek's bucks. They swept the mob aside like flying sand and closed around the little group against the wall. They were a very splendid picture in the arc-light, these forty young bucks with their flying hair and plunging ponies.

Jack Henderson rushed up in Jim's automobile just as the street cleared. Jim hurried to the machine. "Jack, did you see Mrs. Saradokis?"

"Took her home in the machine. Had to argue with her to make her go. That's why I'm late. Just got back from delivering the Committee."

The color came back under Jim's tan. "Get up to the wall there, Jack, with the machine and put the two hombres into the tonneau with two Indians and Suma-theek in front. The mounted Indians will act as your guard for a few miles out. Hit the high places to Del Norte. I guess you'd better keep the guard all the way. I wouldn't like you to meet a posse without one."

Jack nodded and began to work his way among the ponies. In a moment's time the touring-car with the cowering bundles in the tonneau had crossed the river. The crowd disappeared rather precipitously into the tents, no one courting conversation with Jim. He walked quietly up the road home.

Early the next morning Billy Underwood brought Murphy up to Jim's house.

"Sorry my posse didn't get there in time to help you out, Boss," said Bill regretfully. "We didn't hear of it until it was all over."

Jim nodded. "Keep up your quarantine for a while, Bill. We won't risk booze for

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several days. Now, Murphy, who backed you in the saloon business?"

"Fleckenstein's crowd."

"How long have you known Mr. Saradokis?"

"Met him for the first time last night," replied the former saloonkeeper.

Jim eyed the man skeptically, and Murphy spoke with sudden heat:

"That's on the level. I heard he was backing Fleckenstein, and so I thought he'd help me get back at you. But he cursed me as I'll stand from no man, because Underwood made a monkey of me by lugging me up there before you. No wonder his wife left the tent before he began, if that's his usual style. I'll get even with that dirty Greek."

Bill nodded. "Boss, that friend of yours has a vocabulary that'd turn a mule into a race-horse."

"Murphy," said Jim, "you are Irish. My stepfather is an Irishman. He is the whitest gentleman that ever lived. It's hard for me to realize, after knowing him, that an Irishman can be doing the dirty work you are. But I suppose Ireland must breed men like you or Tammany would die."

Murphy hitched from one foot to the other.

Jim went on in his quiet, slow way. "I suppose you know pretty well what I'm up against on this Project. What would you do with Murphy if you were Manning?"

"I'd beat three pounds of dog-meat off his face," replied Murphy succinctly.

Jim shrugged his shoulders. "That would do neither of us any good. If I let you go, Murphy, will you give me your word of honor to let the Project absolutely alone?"

The Irishman gave Jim a quick look. "And would you take my word?"

"Not as a saloonkeeper, but as Irish, I would."

Murphy drew a long breath. "Thank you, Mr. Manning. I'll get off the Project if you say so. But I think you'd be wiser to give me a job below, on the diversion dam, where I can keep track of Fleckenstein and his crowd for you. I'll show you what it means to trust an Irishman, sir."

Jim suddenly flashed his wistful smile. "I knew you had the makings of a friend in you as soon as I saw how you took the cleaning up I gave you yesterday. I'll give you a note to my irrigation engineer. He needs a good man."

Bill and Murphy went out the door together. "I'll bet you the drinks, Bill," said Murphy, "that he never made you his friend."

"I ain't drinking. I'm his trusted officer," said Bill. "Get me? If you try any tricks on him——"

Bill stopped abruptly, for Murphy's fist was under his nose. "Did you hear him take my word like a gentleman?" he shouted. "I'd rather be dead than double-cross him!"

"Aw, go on down to Del Norte," said Bill irritably. "I've got no time to listen to your talk. You heard him tell me to guard the place!"

That afternoon Jim stood on the section of the dam, which now showed no signs of Old Jezebel's strenuous visit. Jim was watching the job with his outer mind, while with his inner mind he turned over and over the things that Pen had said to him the night before the mask ball. Even in the excitement that followed the ball, Pen's scolding, as he called it, had never been entirely out of his thoughts.

Suddenly Jim saw Oscar Ames picking his way across the block.

"You come up to the laboratory with me, Ames. I'll give you a lesson on cement that will put a stop to some of the gossip about me."

Conflicting emotions showed in Oscar's face, boyish despite his fifty years. This was the first time Jim had used the man-to-man tone with Ames. He cleared his throat and without a word followed the Big Boss up the trail to the little adobe laboratory.

*The next instalment of "**Still Jim**" will appear in the April number.*

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"INTO THE HELLISH SPOUTS WE STEAMED. THE CRASH AND DIN HIT RIGHT THROUGH MY EAR-DRUMS, COTTON AND ALL." FROM A NARRATIVE OF THE ENGAGEMENT AT HELGOLAND BIGHT BY A BRITISH "DESTROYER CHAP" WHO WAS IN IT.

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The SEA FIGHTERS

By

HENRY REUTERDAHL

WITH PAINTINGS BY THE AUTHOR

Henry Reuterdahl is a marine artist of the highest rank, and one of the strongest naval writers in America. He has spent four months in England, skirmishing through the lines of secrecy of the British Navy. Here is the result—a superb display built on observation and first-hand accounts of men fresh from the sea-scraps: the exultant victor in the club; Jack, barefoot on the destroyer deck; the wounded in the hospitals—he has heard them all.

UNDER the light of incandescents, great maps glare white, lining the walls like sheets hung up to dry, with black blobs and flags pinned on to represent the positions of ships. The shades are drawn, and not a ray of light pierces through to the murk of the darkened streets of London—a London hiding itself from Zeppelins. Here in the innermost room of the "Chambers of Strategy," in the new wing of the Admiralty building at Whitehall, is the council chamber of the British War Staff. It is the real nerve center of the British navy.

Wireless has turned the Nelsons of to-day into mere subordinates. Their orders come not from the deck of the flag-ship, but from one of the heaviest, solidest flat-top desks in the heart of London, behind which sits the First Sea Lord of the Admiralty. His orders are zipping night and day across the seven seas, in the secret code, relayed from fighting ship to fighting ship until they reach their man, though he be the captain of a lone cruiser on the far side of the world. The command of the British navy and the command of the British army are to-day both "desk jobs" in London. The navy fights as it is ordered to fight by the War Staff. There is no roar of big guns there, no smoke of battle; and yet it is not lacking in tense dramatic interest.

Cradock's ships had been wiped out off the Chilean coast. All England was demanding naval revenge.

A door of the inner chamber jerks open, typewriters are heard clicking, clerks seen running about carrying baskets of letters. In bolts a man with gold braid up to his elbows, heavy set, bull-dogged of jaw, gray and wrinkled by experience: Lord Fisher of Kilverstone, Admiral of the Fleet, again on the firing-line, and the master mind of the

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THE AMERICAN CRUISER *TENNESSEE*, CARRYING MONEY RELIEF ABROAD, WAS DRIVEN AWAY BY FEAR OF GERMAN "SUBS." THE ADMIRAL OF THE BRITISH FLEET AT PORTLAND REPORTED THEIR PRESENCE AND INVITED THE CRUISER INSIDE THE ANCHORAGE BEHIND THE PROTECTING BREAKWATER. FEARING A GERMAN ATTACK, SHE DECLINED, COALED HURRIEDLY, AND LEFT.

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British fighting ships. Years ago I saw him first on board the *New York* in Bermuda, a typical roast-beef John Bull minus the side-burns; and alongside him Admiral Sampson, the victor of Santiago, was esthetic in his scholarly frailness.

Like Lord St. Vincent, Admiral Fisher is a fighting man whether in office, drawing-room, or on the quarter-deck. His cry, "War is violence and moderation is imbecility," stamps the character of this man who, from the ease of a retired officer's life, answered his country's call to put the plexus-punch in the war policy of the British navy. At seventy-four he is the biggest man with the biggest job in the United Kingdom—bigger than the king, Kitchener, or Churchill.

As Lord Fisher enters the Chamber there is a growl from the jaws, a snap of the teeth, and in his general appearance the suggestion of a bull pricked by the picador's darts. The First Sea Lord has cleared for action and is eager to avenge the defeat in the Pacific. And through a friend close to things I unfold for the first time the process by which the Chief of the War Staff was jerked to sea from the Admiralty on a moment's notice.

STAGING THE BATTLE

Bending over maps and plans heaped on a large table, parallel rulers and dividers in hand, is Vice-Admiral Sir F. C. Doveton Sturdee, K. C. B., C. V. O., C. M. G., Chief of the War Staff, tall, spare—in consultation with his fellow juniors—all grave, grayish.

"Sturdee, you made all these nice plans," snarls Fisher with a trip-hammer salvo of sarcasm, "why don't you carry them out yourself?"

Sturdee, the discredited strategist, smarting under the defeat of Cradock's ships, for whose destruction he was partly responsible, exclaims:

"Will you let me?"

"Yes, go!"

Sturdee's plans or their bungling had doomed Admiral Cradock's ships. Now his chance has come. Von Spee's ships must be sunk. And he is the man selected to do it.

Sturdee writes out his own orders to the squadron which is to do the trick. The battle cruisers are on a far-flung station—on the wing, so to speak; so are their supports, the armored and lighter ones. The wireless detaches the biggest and fastest flotilla leader of a destroyer from its home station, with instructions to oil up and prepare for a long voyage—a southerly dash for the assigned rendezvous, at thirty knots. Already the two battle cruisers have their new orders. Sturdee with his staff embarks in the snorting destroyer, and, like the lord high excutioner of the Middle Ages, proceeds majestically by himself to the bath of blood. The destroyer dashes across and brings the Admiral to the rendezvous, and he steps over the side of his new flag-ship. At the break of a signal the course is laid down the South American coast.

At the Falklands the enemy is met—the rest you know. All over within a few hours. There was no hitch in Sturdee's plans this time, when he himself met the German fleet in the South Atlantic. By assembling for this engagement a British fleet that in gun-power could blanket the Germans, he made a mathematical certainty of victory. And the mathematics were the mathematics of the War Staff in London. Admiral Von Spee went down with his flag-ship, the *Scharnhorst*, and the little flags that had marked the probable location of his fleet on the great maps in the Chamber of the War Staff were thrown into the discard.

And Sturdee, the cast-off strategist of the Battenberg régime, became the great hero. The war is full of strange things, but nothing stranger than this solitary excursion: Admiral Sturdee one day in London more or less under a cloud—a few weeks later the conqueror, having placed the last rivet in Great Britain's command of the seven seas.

So Cradock and his gallant band did not die in vain. His defeat made a moral victory.

But it took a good licking to awaken the great British navy to the traditions of Nelson.

I saw Rear-Admiral Sir Christopher Cradock last on the quarter-deck of the *Chester* in Vera Cruz. Sailing his gig, he came alongside in true Bristol fashion to call on Captain Moffett, the skipper of the American cruiser. Cradock, debonair in shining whites, sauntered over the side carrying his Airedale—awfully unmilitary, but he was a pal of the skipper's; besides, a British admiral, senior, on a foreign station, does just as he pleases. Though ranking as admiral, he tactfully gave the right of way

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THE GERMAN CRUISER *MAINZ*, SINKING IN HELGOLAND BIGHT. "SLOWLY SHE SETTLED, THEN SLOWLY SHE TURNED OVER, BOWS FIRST AND PROPELLERS HIGH IN THE AIR—A FEW BUBBLES, AND SHE WAS NO MORE."

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to the American commander-in-chief at Vera Cruz. Over the silver in the Admiral's cabin on the *Wyoming* he cracked his last joke with a German, Captain Koehler of the *Dresden*, now of that will-o'-the-wisp, the *Karlsruhe*.

Poor Cradock, finest of men, courageous to a fault, the kind of seaman who would give battle in a steam-launch to a dreadnought—he fought to the last, going down with his flag unfurled as the setting sun sank behind the rollers of the Pacific. He was the first admiral to go—the martyr of the bungled strategy of the Admiralty. Left unevenly matched, with poor, antiquated crocks manned by landsmen, he tackled an enemy superior in guns, men, and speed, and his personal courage had to make up for the weakness of his ships. Even the old tub of a battle-ship sent as reinforcement was two hundred miles away. Cradock realized his inferiority, and that he held the Admiralty directly responsible is indicated in a letter written by his secretary: "We feel that the Admiralty should have a better force—but we will cheerfully fight whatever odds we may have to face." His epitaph he wrote himself—"The navy defends nothing; it attacks."

Only the *Otranto* and the *Glasgow* of Cradock's squadron escaped. One touch in a letter from an officer on the *Glasgow* shows clearly the fine fighting spirit of the British naval man. When you read it, try to visualize the scene and realize what kind of a hell such a fight as this is with the weight of guns against you and the shells tearing your ship like tissue-paper. Says the letter:

"After about one and a half hours' fighting, the *Monmouth* caught fire, too, but fortunately got it under. The *Monmouth* then reported 'I am taking water badly forward, engines disabled, and in a sinking condition, but am making toward the enemy to try and torpedo her.' "

The technics of the game that brought about the British defeat off the Chilean coast were forged with a master hand. Pin the medal on the Germans for keeping the sea for four months while being continuously chased. Von Spee's assembling of his far-flung units in battle formation stands out as the brilliant touch of the naval campaign. Of course, it was all a game of wireless, shoving neutrality off the boards. Admiral Von Spee's agents in Ecuador and Colombia held the fate of Cradock in their hands—he could not move without the Germans' knowledge. Breach of neutrality, you say; but everything works fair in war, and the skill of the German hand was diabolically fine—keen brain-work, admirable to the craftsman, contemptible to the righteous sentimentalist.

AMERICANS FROZEN OUT

I have been some four months in England, wound about with red tape, manhandled by the authorities—like all Americans. In this game the United States isn't very important; even our naval attachés have been slighted by not being allowed afloat; and our navy's courtesies during the Spanish War, when the British naval observer, Captain Paget, saw every blessed thing from the *New York*, have not been returned. Because my name sounds like something falling downstairs, Scotland Yard detectives thought I must be German, and honored me with cross-examinations and surveillance. My letters were even opened. In spite of it I am pro-nothing, and shall state things as they are, no matter whom they favor.

I did not see the dust-up in the Helgoland Bight, the first naval engagement of the war. No one not in uniform saw it, except the crew of the Norwegian steamer *Kong Guttorm*, which, after being hit in the line of fire, hustled away in a fright. But a destroyer friend of mine who was in the thick of it, told me how the Admiralty trap was set.

"Yes, we baited the snare," he said. "And they bit. It cost the blighters four ships, and we smashed a few. It was a bit of all-right, and we had a good smack at them. And this is how it worked:

"Suddenly 'blows' a submarine. As it pops out above the water, the conning-tower hatch is opened and men come out on the narrow deck and look around sort of helplessly and fiddle about the rudders, peering over the side. The craft appears sadly disabled, and that right before the enemy. Up bobs another 'sub' close by; its people get on deck and begin shouting to the first—making signs of general distress; a tow-line is broken out, an attempt is made to save the disabled one. Finally the tow-line is passed, and, backing and filling, the pair slowly start—one towing the other.

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"LIKE A BLACK SNAKE CAME OUR DESTROYER FLOTILLAS"

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WITH EVERY GUN THAT COULD PUMPING LIKE MAD."

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From the background the *Fearless* is standing in to be of help and principally to draw the fire from the poor submarines.

"At last the German ships spot them. Their destroyers begin to move, the cruisers are getting under way. Capture is imminent—one helpless submarine, at least—what a cinch! Can't you see the gleam in the eye of the Germans? As the enemy's destroyer flotillas steam out and approach to get in range, a gum-booted, whistling British matlow steps out on the deck of the 'sub' and slowly casts loose the tow-line, which is hauled in from the other fellow. An officer looks about from the conning-tower hatch, descends, and closes it. With filled tanks both 'subs' drop out of sight and, unseen almost—just slender, upright sticks, surmounted by little oblong disks—creep along in the shadow of the breaking swell, turn finally seaward, and, sinking, swim away like fishes. And the *Fearless* is retreating to the northwest.

"The decoy game has worked—they've taken hook, sinker, and all. The Germans are coming out in chase.

"Tearing through the mist speed the British destroyer flotillas, the cruiser *Arethusa* leading, spread out in fan formation like a sun-burst—but in black—throbbing, panting devils tearing leanly through the sea, the green of their wakes cut by trailing smoke. They are the additional lure in the ruse piled on to draw the enemy under the guns of the British cruisers outside."

The fight was sharp, with equal bravery on both sides. Only a skirmish, it was Great Britain's first success in the open since the capture of the United States frigate *Chesapeake* over a hundred years ago. But it was by no means the glorious victory heralded by the ha'penny press. In spite of poor shooting by the Germans, the British were badly mauled. The battle cruisers saved the day.

And now let me tell you the strangest incident of that whole fight.

"One of our boats was left behind, the one from the *Defender*. There she was, filled with rescued Germans, sea kicking up, no water aboard, Helgoland fort but twenty-five miles distant, the enemy's ships steaming up and shells falling right and left. But a submarine had taken in the whole affair through her periscope, and up pops our *E* 4 to the surface, blows her tanks, opens her conning-tower, takes our boat crew aboard, puts grub and medicines in the boat, tells the Germans to shove off and be good, and then dives and ducks for home and England. . . . No—it's God's truth. You could fancy it as a story-book by Jules Verne; but it happened—it's in the official dispatches."

The escape of the *Goeben* in the Mediterranean will go down in English history as a naval humiliation. True, the Germans were kept from getting out into the Atlantic at British commerce, but the *Goeben* slipped into the Dardanelles. An action outside would have ended her career and the *Breslau's*, and the war party in Turkey would never have dared a declaration of war. But the arrival of the *Goeben* primed the Moslem mind as the final spark for a Jehad.

In consequence, the senior British admiral in the Mediterranean was recalled, the second in command court-martialed. Though responsible, he was acquitted, it is privately reported, simply because, had the verdict been guilty, death alone could have been the punishment—an unpleasant incident during war, and embarrassing to public confidence. There is also the story that wireless instructions from the Admiralty were confusing. Perhaps, if the admiral on the spot could have run his own game this time, instead of merely carrying out wireless orders from the Admiralty, the result might have been different.

MINES

Stories have been sent to America, alleged to be authoritative, ascribing the sinking of the *Audacious* to a submarine. Although the news of the loss of this big ship was not published in England, it was known to those who were in "the know" outside of Admiralty circles within six hours. She was sunk by a mine—the greatest prize a mine ever had. As an event affecting the future of ships this looms up as the biggest incident of the war. The world's naval architects would break their necks to know all the "lessons."

Seven dreadnoughts were in line, the *Audacious* being third, and the entire squadron bound for battle practise. The ship struck a mine about 9:30 in the morning. There was at first no outward evidence that she had hit. The information came to the admiral by signal, and the rest of the ships scattered. Cut and run are the new orders when submarines are suspected.

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Drawn from a Sketch by a British Destroyer Captain made right after the action.

IN A LITTLE ACTION OFF THE DUTCH COAST FOUR GERMAN DESTROYERS WITH NOTHING BUT PUMP GUNS STOOD UP FOR AN HOUR AGAINST THE MURDEROUS FIRE OF A BRITISH FLOTILLA TEN TIMES AS STRONG, NEVER SURRENDERING.

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The *Audacious* kept afloat for twelve hours, filling gradually. How the *Olympic* tried to tow her is well known. As she listed to port, an explosion set off the magazines, and she foundered. The mine had sprung the turbine shaftings out of alignment—if the machinery had worked, the ship could have been saved. These details are common property here; of the others, confidential, I have given my word not to speak.

Mines have played a deadly rôle in this war, actively in blowing up ships, and—well, to put it bluntly, as a gigantic bluff in naval strategy. To hem in the German fleet, keep it from escaping through the Channel, scare off blockade-runners and mine layers, England has announced the mining of the North Sea, and declared it a "military area." The sea-born commerce of Scandinavia is knocked into a cocked hat. Some neutral shipping is blown up by gale-torn mines. It is corking good military tactics. *But there are not enough mines in the whole world to close this area effectively.*

By the way, it is no longer "confidential" that one hundred of these mines once belonged to the United States, and all bear the initials of the American naval officer who inspected their manufacture in England. Of course, with the outbreak of the war the American mines, like any war material in process of construction for neutrals, became, automatically, the property of the British.

SUBMARINES

Above all, this mine-field does not stop German submarines. In fact, from the beginning of war, German submarines have been operating in the Channel and seen in the North Sea as far as the Orkneys.

"And why have the German submarines been so much more successful than the British?" you ask. For one reason, and it is a simple one. The German fleet stays in port, and save for raids the Germans have evacuated the North Sea; while the British ships have been on the seas, fair targets for the keen officers of the Kaiser's "subs." But considering the seventeen-hour nights on the North Sea, and the great number of British transports crossing the Channel, the Germans should have done still better. England's losses through submarines have brought out very clearly this fact—that the only defense against these devils of the deep is speed plus zigzag courses. No ship steaming above ten knots has so far been reached by a submarine, save the German destroyer which was torpedoed by *E* 9. In the scrap off Helgoland, Admiral Beatty's battle cruisers sailed right through the German submarine area at high speed untouched by torpedoes.

The German campaign of attrition during the early part of the war succeeded because the British had not yet learned this lesson. The three cruisers of the *Cressy* class went to the bottom just because they were patrolling at a speed of seven knots in waters infested by the enemy's submarines and unattended by destroyers. So the *Hogue* and the *Cressy* got bagged because they stopped to save the lives of the crew of the sinking *Aboukir*. Von Weddingen in his submarine had ample time to reload his three torpedo tubes after sinking the *Aboukir*, and finish up the slaughter of the other two ships almost at his leisure.

When the survivors of the submarined cruisers were brought to Harwich, I talked to many of them. These fellows had been in the water for hours. They had lost their ships and their mates, twelve hundred in all. I expected curses on the Germans—hard words. Instead, Jack's first say was: "The Dutchers did a fine job. They got us all."

And the *Hermes* and the *Hawke* also went to the bottom because they were cruising at a speed slower than that of their invisible enemy, the submarine. The *Niger* lay peacefully—and carelessly—at anchor in the open roadstead of Deal, dead in the water.

The English submarines, if they get the chance, will give as good an account of themselves as have the Germans. They are in the hands of the "young ones," who are full of gimp and enthusiasm, a brotherhood of daredevils, cousins of those in the destroyers. The British submarine *B* 11, passing under five rows of mines in the Dardanelles and sinking the old bucket *Messoudiyeh*, did only a part of a day's work. There was an American touch in this feat—the Sperry gyroscopic compass, which gives the "subs" their true bearing under water, and without which their course would be mere guesswork. Looking for game, the British "subs" have

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"THE GERMAN DESTROYER, LEADING, IS HULLED; OUR SHELLS ARE BURSTING ALL OVER HER LIKE FIREWORKS ON A BANK HOLIDAY. SMOKE IS COMING OUT OF THE HOLES OF THE FUNNELS, RAGGED AS IF CUT BY SCISSORS. SHE IS GAME, BUT SHE IS GOING AND SETTLING FAST IN THE WATER—IS THE KAISER'S *HOCHSEE TORPEDO BOOT V 187*."

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pushed their snouts 'way up in the Baltic, even to the Russian coast. And one from the Harwich flotillas came plumb up to the chain-slung gates of the Kiel Canal. I have this from a man who was there.

The naval game of secrecy is played to its limit regarding the action of submarines. At the beginning of the war, when the first British sumbarine came into its base at Harwich flying the skull and crossbones flag, indicating that an enemy's ship had been sunk, the crew and some of the officers described in detail how their torpedoes had gone home. The Admiralty discouraged that kind of conversation by threatening no shore liberty if any member of the crew dared to open his face. Now officers don't even declare that a ship is hollow.

FOOLISH CRITICISM

The man in the street shouts "Why doesn't Jellicoe eat up the German fleet?" He wants a Trafalgar served hot with his breakfast, preferably near the coast, with parquet seats on Dover Cliffs. Churchill might be mobbed as was Kamimura's house while he was sinking the Russians, and just as they burned Hawke in effigy while he was licking the French in Quiberon Bay, a hundred and fifty years ago. The killing of a hundred women and children on the east coast with no British ships to stop the attack is another pill for the Admiralty. Why were the Germans allowed to stay about right under the cliffs of Hayburn Wyke, only awaiting dawn to open fire?

No navy can be strong enough to prevent occasional raids upon its coast by an enemy. The Germans can make as many raids as they wish—and kill another hundred women, but it will cut no ice from a military point of view. They can not land and supply a force until Jellicoe's fleet is defeated. The very fundamental principle of naval strategy demands that the English fighting fleet stay outside the Channel and the North Sea, and that only scouts and ships of secondary value be kept inside for blockading and patrol. That the British navy has splendidly accomplished its great purpose—the command of the sea—is beyond the unthinking public's grasp.

As I write this, there is a fresh panic of distrust because of the loss of the *Formidable* by submarine attack. The British public damns the navy for it. As a matter of fact, the *Formidable* was but a small part of the price for sea-mastery. She was a smallish ship of low freeboard, and could not buck the gale at full speed ahead, but had to slow down. Under slow engines she was an easy mark for a German submarine, and she got plunked. She had been engaged in bombarding the Belgian coast, and it was simply remarkable luck that the Germans did not bag more of these coast bombarders.

It can not be denied that every "smear" which the Germans put over in their campaign of attrition during the early part of the war succeeded because the British were asleep. The British sea-lion had snored for a hundred years in splendid peace strength. Until Germany came in the "sun" it knew no rival; no one counted, not even our navy. It was the greatest navy in the world. Every one said so, even yours truly piping his meek "amen."

It grew on the traditions of the glorious past. It had all the theories of make-believe maneuvers—though it never had fired an angry shot in battle. It raised its own type of naval officer, slim-faced and lithe—so unlike any other Englishman—with but one game to play, the navy's. But in its greatness the modern British navy came to be governed by old men, conservatively wise. The day's work was done by the "youngsters," some nineteen hundred lieutenants, full of vim, resource, and double-barreled nerve; but the young ones had nothing to say in the bigger things; they had only to obey the seniors, full of titles and alphabetical honors—the ninety-two admirals. So routine took the place of "pep"— the red blood simmering slowly away with increased gold braid and waistband.

Thus tradition establishes rank at the expense of keenness. But the paradox is Lord Fisher, the youngest and most progressive mind in the navy.

Now, in spite of its strength, the British navy has been back up against the wall, fighting the new game of the Germans, the game of attrition, the guerrilla thrust in the dark, the knife hidden under the cape. At first the British made the usual mistake of despising the enemy. But that is no more. In the little action off the Dutch coast four German destroyers with nothing but pop-guns stood up for an hour against the murderous fire of the British flotilla ten

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"'CEASE ACTION!' HAD JUST GONE. WE STOPPED TO PICK UP THE WOUNDED GERMANS PADDLING ABOUT. A GERMAN CRUISER RESUMED FIRE. SHELLS WERE FALLING NEAR US. WE HAD TO LEAVE THE BOAT BEHIND. BUT THE SUB *E* 4 SAW US THROUGH HER PERISCOPES, POPPED UP, TOOK OUR CREW ON BOARD, GAVE THE GERMANS FOOD AND MEDICINES, THEN DIVED FOR HOME."

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times as strong, never surrendering. That is the sort of stuff which thrills even an enemy—and makes him think, too.

Then the Germans had the British "running." Mind you, not the "youngsters" in the ships — they were the same cool beggars as always—but the authorities. And this from a letter written by a pal of mine, who is on the inside, represented fairly well the official attitude: "I believe that we are in for the tightest thing that we have ever been up against. I believe that unless we are damned careful we shall be licked. . . . We shall lick the Germans, in the end, but God only knows what will happen in the interim."

Now that, too, is over. The complacency of a hundred years is gone, the pin-pricks of the Germans have had their moral effect, and the British navy is fighting mad. "Jacky" Fisher's bull-dog jaw is set.

Far-sighted Fisher did a good deal of stirring the navy more than ten years ago, for that matter. He realized that the Kaiser's navy had but one objective—England—and instead of being all over the earth the British fleet stayed in the North Sea. And his imagination visualized the dreadnought, which at one fell swoop made junk of the German fleet, compelling a fresh start on a new basis. He was the official introducer of this type, almost its adaptive creator. The submarine came from America to England through his efforts. And ten years ago he really put the British navy on the map by wrecking every useless ship and man; scrapping some fifty millions of dollars' worth of fighting-craft as an encumbrance to efficiency. "Spit and polish" went by the board, and ability, not smart paint, stood for promotion. A bull in a china-shop, he overturned all naval precedents, challenged every conservative, and came near being impeached by Parliament. And now he is back on the job again.

There are many important naval lessons for us in this first six months of fighting with weapons that by some had been looked upon as experiments. Clearly, the mines and the submarines have arrived, are here to stay. The *Goeben* episode forced home the lesson of trusting the professional man, the naval officer on the job, not the civilian office-head Von Spee's action off the coast of Chili and Sturdee's off the Falklands brought out the soundness of the American principle of gun-fire—get the drop on the other fellow first—like the gun-play of the West. Our entire system of long-range firing rests upon delivering the first salvo three seconds or more before the enemy.

Above all, this war is a great lesson to set our house in order. There are not enough pages in this magazine to tell how unprepared the American army and navy are for war. They are mangled by politics, governed in a way which would drive a private corporation to bankruptcy. We are becoming more and more unfit to win. Why? Because you — you — you — don't give a hang.

We have fine men in our navy, we have fine ships, some superior to the best abroad; no one knows that better than I after eighteen years' association with the American navy. We gave the submarine and the flying-machine to the world. Yet what have we to show for them? Many of our submarines can not dive, says their flotilla commander. Our navy has lost fifty per cent. in effectiveness during the past two years. Admiral Fiske said before the Naval Committee that it will take five years to put the American navy on a proper footing. To-day it is far less efficient than the Japanese and worse than the French.

Not until we do away with our present antiquated administrative methods, with the millions of waste in useless navy-yards, give our navy a military control, a logical building program, promote our officers according to their fitness and not in Indian file, shall we have a navy ready for war.

It is up to *you*—the naval officer can do nothing to reorganize the Navy Department; only Congress. The officer is tied in a bow-knot by the regulations and has not even a vote. With the people keenly interested in national defense, we could drive out the politicians whom the naval appropriations keep in office, and place defense above partisanship. Then there would be no navy with navy-yards which ships can not reach, ships without men, fleets without battle maneuvers, cruisers without speed, or a personnel with a grouch instead of ambition; and, finally, there would be a fighting organization so regulated that a civilian secretary could not make it the victim of his own fads at the expense of its future.

It is either regeneration or a licking. Which do you want?

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BY THE SECOND DAY EACH ONE HAD COMMENTED ON WHAT A TRAGEDY IT WAS THAT THEY HADN'T MET BEFORE.

BETWEEN *the* LINES

By

FRANK LEON SMITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. K. HANNA

GEE, I just read a peach of a story. It was about a fellow and a girl. Huh—uh—huh!—whee — e! Makes me laugh every time I think of it. But say, I won't do any more advance work on the yarn, or you'll get to expecting too much and the thing will fall flat. It was a new one on me, but it may be old to you. If you recognize it as I go 'long, sing a few bars of the "Anvil Chorus."

Well, the hero of this here now narrative was a scribe. He ground out high-powered stunts for the wide-between-the-ears weeklies that school-teachers, college seniors, and settlement-workers read. You know the stuff—"The Truth about the Ocean," "What's Wrong with Us, Anyway?"

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"Industrial Conditions in the South," and so on. But he wrote with his fingers crossed, for he had a sense of humor. Now and then, just for relief, he'd crash into the popular mags with, "Nicking 'Em on Both Sides and Breaking 'Em Off or, How to Shave with a Dull Razor," or something similar.

His name was Barney—Barney—well, I forget the rest—last names of people in stories don't amount to much anyhow. Barney was a big, healthy moose and looked more like one of those corn-fed ex-half-backs you see selling automobiles than he did like a chap who won his bread by helping to put 'em back where Noah Webster had found 'em. What a job Noah left—bunching words up that way.

Anyhow, Barney was about twenty-five or six, and sort of bashful. He was one of those lads who can't always think of the thing to say at the time, but who can go home and write a wiz of a letter that more than evens the score. The morning mail made a lot of folks glad that Barney had made a slip, or had been a stick the night before, he was so clever at explaining and apologizing on paper. He always wore a wing collar and a black bow-tie, making him look like an actor or a novelist or something. The few lines in his face had been laughed there. So much for him.

Now her name was Edith. She was a pippin—a sort of a blonde Lorna Doone. I s'pose she was about twenty-two. She had a lot of fine color in her cheeks, and every now and then she'd blush sixteen to the minute, she not being a thousand years old and not knowing all there was to be known about everything. Her eyes were—well, I forget. The corners of her mouth had an upward turn. When she speeded up her chatter she would get to lisping. She was from some place in Virginia, and she couldn't say "Massachusetts"—not all at once, anyway. Barney—he was from New England—he saw that she got balled up on the word and so he'd keep trying to get her to say it, watching her lips meanwhile. She wouldn't realize until she had dropped the last syllables a few times, and then she'd get fussed and blush and duck her head a little and say, "Now you stop teasing me, Barney."

Oh—hum. Makes me think of a girl I knew once. . . . I used to ask her to say "ginger." . . .

Let's see, where was I? Oh, yes. When the curtain goes up we see Edith and Barney sitting at a little table in a corner of the Tenth—or maybe it was the Eleventh—Street Italian table-d'hôte place. The hour is 9:30 P. M. Most of the other diners have gone. Seated by the door a couple of belated wops are eating spaghetti hand-over-hand fashion. In the alcove room a young Italian who has been over here long enough to get good and homesick is caressing a guitar and crooning Napoli street-songs to a few of his countrymen who have lingered over their wine.

But Edith and Barney are not wasting any time watching the supers. Their table has been cleared, except for a scattering of bread-crumbs and some coffee-stains. They have their elbows on the cloth and are leaning forward, their faces pretty close together—I s'pose because the acoustics of the place are so poor, or so good.

Oh, I ought to explain that up to a week before, each had been absolutely unaware of the existence of the other. She came to New York to visit some friends, and he met her somehow. The friendship began with the "Glad to know you." You know—they were right in tune—didn't even have to sound "A." Within an hour it was "Barney" and "Edith," and "Can you swim?" By the second day each had commented—less than half in jest—on what a tragedy it was that they hadn't met before.

This was the first chance they had had to break away from the mob and talk things over alone. Understand that at this writing they liked each other a whole lot—yet were almost total strangers. They were very busy with the grand little old proposition of chasing understanding into a gallop and becoming old friends in a few hours.

All right. Now here it is as well as I can remember it. Barney started the ball rolling.

"Am I talking too much about myself?" he asked her.

"Please go on, Barney—I think it's terribly interesting. You said to the managing editor——"

Barney picked up a knife and raked the bread-crumbs into a long row, and then he went on with the show.

"Just listen to those wops growling at their spaghetti," he grinned. "Sounds like beef-bone time at the dog-pound. Well, I says to him, I says: 'George, I'm through. I've been playing around in the newspaper

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"'I MAY BE SAWING OFF THE LIMB BETWEEN THE LADDER AND THE TREE, BUT I WANT TO BE MY OWN BOSS AND DIVVY THE PROFITS WITH MYSELF.'"

game for seven years and I'm taking my diploma right now. I have a slender stock of rupees stowed away under the fourth brick in the hearth, an encyclopedia that'll be all paid for in a few years, and a good suit of clothes for Sunday. I may be sawing off the limb between the ladder and the tree, but I'm tired of scuffing out the moccasins on the hard paves while all honest burghers are home and abed. I want to be my own

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boss and divvy the profits with myself. Henceforth I shall devote meself to writing special articles. So goo'by, George, I kiss the hand.' And there you are, Edith," he finishes, "right up to the minute."

"Oh, I think you were splendid!" she says, real enthusiastic like. "You must be right brave to cut yourself off from a regular salary——"

Barney waves his hands and snaps his fingers. Up to him to play the modest boy part. "Dah!" he says. "Every one has to take a high dive some time or other. If I had waited a week I might have been fired; who knows? At heart I'm a craven. I'll tell you that so you will understand——"

"Now—now! And you have done so well since you——"

"Shoosh!" he says, flushing up. "You've got me to blushing again and folks'll think I've been drinking."

"But I saw a piece in the paper about your Income Tax article and it said that you were apparently the only man in the country who really understood the subject; so there! And your story about——"

"Old stuff—old stuff, and bluff, all bluff. Don't tell anybody—but really I don't know anything about anything."

"Barney!"—very indignantly. "Sometimes I—you—Oh-h! Now why do you say such things? People take you at your own valuation of yourself——"

"Uh—huh," says Barney, beaming all over his face. "Nice of you to be interested. But here I've been Boswelling—say, Edith, is it 'Boswell's Life of Johnson' or 'Johnson's Life of Bos—' Well, anyhow, I've been dramatizing myself for two hours. You've learned things about me that my own folks don't know. You have me in your power, woman. Now you've got to tell me something real confidential about yourself, or I'll feel skeered to death," and he sits back in his chair, looking at her sort of appealing like.

She smiled a little, and her eyes were real bright and sparkling.

"But, Barney, I did tell you how everybody thought I was engaged last year just because——"

He slumped down in his chair as if he were staggered.

"Aw, that's nothing," he protested, as he worked his way upright again. "I mean, that's all right, but it belongs with sorority pins and marshmallows. Tell me something rough. Weren't you ever pinched for speeding up your car? I want to know something savage, so you'll always be afraid of me in case I should mention it."

Do you get the idea? Here they were, as I said before, liking each other a lot and yet almost strangers. Also they were young and enthusiastic. What each really wanted to find out, I s'pose, was something about the other's character. The way to go about it—to his mind—was to have her tell him a couple gross of incidents out of her life before they had met. He was perfectly willing to tell her all about himself and so on, but he couldn't do it. Even when he was talking he realized that he wasn't saying what he really meant, and that he didn't mean many of the things he said. But how much does a kid of his age really know about himself?

Now she was pretty well posted on her own psychology, and being frank and genuine she might have mentioned quite a bit of personal data. But I dunno, women don't seem to be keen for making conversational topics of their real emotions and characteristics. And also, you can't reach into the past, like it was a pocket, and drag out a double-handful of incidents, like they were marbles, and strew 'em on the table and say, "There you are, look 'em over." No, they have to slip out one at a time, as if there was a hole in the pocket; and you can't order their sequence, either—so the author of the yarn said, anyhow. Well, on with the dance.

"Seriously, Barney," she said, "there isn't much to tell, for I've led an awfully uneventful life— why, what is the matter?"

"Gee, the pupils of your eyes are big—funny how folks's eyes get big at night."

She laughed. "Seems to me I've heard that before. I am relieved, though. You were staring so hard I couldn't imagine what might be wrong."

Barney tried to appear real woebegone. "I wanted one good look at you, for I expect I'll never see you again after to-night."

"Why, Barney, are you going away?"

"No, but you are—back home; and by the time you visit New York again you will have clean forgotten me. Oh, I know—it's 'ships that pass in the night' stuff—now you see me and now you don't—hullo and goodby. I'm just an item on the mailing-list—

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a little adventure—sort of give you an idea how the other half lives."

She looked as if her feelings had been hurt. "Do you really think that of me?" she asked very quietly.

"Oh, I dunno. No, guess not—hope not, anyway— Say, Edith, are you having a good time? Can I get anything for you? A cordial? No? Bet you are frightfully bored——"

"No, everything is all right. Of course I am enjoying being here with you. But it does hurt me to have you say that I will forget you when I go away."

Of course he hadn't really thought so. He was just making a little play for some sympathy, you know. . . .

"Well, that is as it should be," he grinned. "And before I forget it—will you write to me? One of those 'Ate here to-day—some grub, kid' post-cards you find in hotel dining-rooms, if you must—but a real, regular letter when you have time. Promise?"

"Do you really want me to?"

"Do I want—? Little boy, run away from here: the man is going to swear! Why, on my bended I'm asking you. Please, nice lady, have a heart."

"And will you write to me?"

"Great long ones—but I'll have to type them. You see, I'm so used to composing my stuff on the typewriter that when I take my pen in hand I can't think of a thing to say, hardly. You don't want me to write you that old stock stuff like, 'Dear Edith, I suppose you think I have forgotten you, but such is not the case,' and, 'Well, I must stop here. Write soon, yours truly—' do you, now?"

"Why, I won't mind them being typewritten. . . . Oh, now, Barney, I didn't mean to say it that way. Please don't feel hurt. You are so sensitive. I want you to type your letters to me; really. I just know they will be awfully clever."

"Aw, sure—you'll frame every one of 'em and hang 'em in the foreroom. No, child, you'll be terribly disappointed if you look for any G. B. Shaw stuff in my epistles. There's nothing rapid about my chatter."

Say, fellers, it just occurs to me that all this stuff so far isn't awful important in the story. Huh?— Well, gimme a chance, will you? I'm doing the best I can, with my shaped head. All right—I'll hurry it up.

Well, they sat there in the dago joint and palavered, and by and by it dawned on 'em that time was up to his old tricks. So they up and lit out in a rush and grabbed a taxi. You see, these friends that Edith was stopping with were very strict and had been kinder doubtful about letting her go to eat with Barney. And now that it was so late they would be sure to give her the high eyebrow when she reported in, and Barney knew he was due for the Ellis Island stare. So as they flew up the pike they talked like a couple of half-scared kids about how late they were and speculated about the reception they would get.

That's the worst of it. When folks have only a few minutes to talk they waste 'em on the most commonplace and unimportant topics. Oh, I forgot to say that Edith was going away in the morning and that this was Barney's last chance to see her.

Anyhow, whatever kind of a good-by he had figured on, I don't know. They got right up to the door of the place before they realized, and then Barney had to say ta-ta with two or three people grimly looking on. Of course those older folks couldn't be expected to understand Edith and Barney being good friends on such short notice.

After the door had closed and there was no further reason for him to stand there fumbling his hat and blushing, he hustled out and drilled home to the little apartment where he and another chap hung out. He brushed off his typewriter with his coat sleeve and started a letter dated, "Evening of the same day," and beginning with, "Oh, Edith dear—" Funny how affectionate it sounds when you transpose— Anyhow he cracked out a four-pager and put a special-delivery on it and went out and mailed it so she would get it the first thing in the morning before she left.

Next day he had a lot of chores to do, but he let things slide until he had hammered out another letter. Scores and scores of things he had meant to ask and tell Edith began to leap and crackle in his head like corn in a popper. He wrote seven pages.

Barney was a semi-professional optimist, I forgot to say. That is, he delighted in telling his friends how silly and futile it was for them to waste a minute on worry; but he couldn't help feeling depressed himself every once-in-so-often. He had a whole flock of perfectly good and sound reasons why everybody else should be happy and confident and hopeful all the time. In the

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letter he wrote on the morning of the second day he gave Edith some wonderful recipes for annihilating the blues, and signed it, "Yourn always, Barney."

The morning of the third day he quit when half-way down the first page of a letter to her and tore the paper out of the machine. Then he lit his pipe and pondered. He had written to her three times and she had not replied. To be sure, a letter from her was not yet due, but— How much interest did she really have in him? She had been very cordial and frank, but maybe that was just her way; maybe she was as nice to all the young men she met. She must have a whole raft of young men friends. What right did he have to think that she liked him better than —— And so on down through the Doubt Book.

By gosh, he had been a fool! Yes, sir, he ought to have known that such a rare fine girl couldn't see anything in him. And he had gone and written three long letters with all the assurance of a high-school boy. He bet that she wouldn't bother to answer 'em. No, she would answer—she would write one little note, putting him gently but firmly in his place. Barney was a proud guy, and if there was anything he knew he couldn't bear it was to be put g. but f. in his place. Oh, why had he given her the opportunity!

Well, if he got a letter from her he wouldn't open it. It would be such a wallop to his pride that he wouldn't be able to work for a month. . . . Professor, slip us "Hearts and Flowers" while Barney is pulling the sob stuff.

When he went down-stairs the next morning, he saw a letter peeking out at him through the glass in his little mail-box in the vestibule. The key was too slow, so he broke the glass with his elbow and fished out the letter. He read it in the vestibule.

He read it a couple or three more times while eating breakfast.

She "missed him horribly" . . . she was "living in the past these days" . . . his wonderful letters . . . how well he understood human nature . . . that glorious dinner at the Italian's . . . there were times when he seemed so much the older and wiser, and then when he forgot to fasten his overcoat, or when his hand trembled after he had smoked a shocking number of cigarettes, she felt so . . . he must write very often . . . they had so much to talk over. And so on for three pages. It was very nifty, and—she said—quite the longest she had ever written.

By noon he could repeat the whole of it without er-er-erring once.

He answered it immediately. The following day he got another from her.

Funny how well acquainted folks can become by mail.

Well, every letter advanced the friendship, and in the fifth—I think it was—that Edith wrote, she said, near the end: "Some time you must write me something in your own handwriting, that I may know the deep, dark secrets of your character. I am interested in chirography—" Say, is that the word, guys, or does that mean a kindred art to manicuring? Anyhow—"and I have some books to refer to. Maybe I will share the result of the reading with you. Abroad it is accepted very seriously as a science," and so and so on. The little game of digging up character data was still proceeding, you see.

Well, Barney hunted up a fountain-pen and swiped a few sheets of nice stationery from his room-mate (who had a girl back in the home town—letter-every-day-stuff). Then he squared himself off and wrote: "Edith dear, 'This is a spec-i-men of my handwriting.' Do you remember that line?—" And then he stopped. His first idea had been to kid her a little; but then he saw how much more intimate written words seemed than the cold, hard product of the typewriter—how much more friendly——

He continued to think. He jumped up and fished his bank-book out of his desk and looked it over. He went to the window and looked down at the street. And after a while he came back with his teeth set hard, picked up the pen and finished the letter, making a neat and nifty job of it. Among other things he told Edith how much he loved her, and asked her to marry him. And then he dashed out and mailed it, special delivery.

A day passed, a second day dragged by, there were about eighty-eight hours in the third day, and—well, somehow or other a week managed to stagger wearily into the discard. Barney lost four pounds. He kicked himself from New York to Rangoon and back for writing that letter.

Naturally he was anxious about the reception of his little proposition. But what worried him most was the fact that along

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THERE IN THE DOORWAY OF HIS DEN HE SAW EDITH, BLUSHING A LOT AND RADIANT.

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with his proposal he had sent, in his own handwriting, Heaven knows what damaging evidence of his shortcomings.

Was there anything in graphology, or whatever it is called? There must be if people took it seriously. She might learn that he was lazy—conceited—selfish—mean — cowardly — petty — dishonorable — unreliable—cruel—inconsiderate—that he was unfit for any useful purpose in life. He had thought himself a fairly decent sort of a chap and had always tried to do the right thing. But who could tell what evil traits might be lurking behind his smiling, genial exterior? What latent malignity—of which he himself was unaware—might be brought to light in his handwriting?

Toward the end of the week of torture he wrote her an anxious little note, beginning, "What can be wrong? Didn't I pass the exam?" and telling her of his fears. But on reading it over he decided that it sounded childish, and that in conjunction with what she might have deduced from his other letter it might prove him to be a liar or something. So he tore it up.

The second week began to crawl by.

A fine, sunny morning. He sat before his typewriter, whacking out an article on "The Plight of the Mexican Peon," and thinking of Edith. Came a knock at the hall door. Without looking up he growled, "Come in!" and continued to peg at the keys. He heard the door open and close softly. After a time he turned, wondering who the intruder might be. There in the doorway of his den he saw Edith, blushing a lot and radiant in a fine blue suit, some furs he had never seen her wear, and a new hat. He didn't notice those things until later, for right away he jumped up, kicked over his chair, and—well, they just naturally hugged each other. He kissed her quite a few times. Also he kept repeating that he loved her, and so on. And when he asked her if she was going to marry him, she nodded.

"Why didn't you answer my letter?" he whispered to her. "Gee, the suspense was awful! I had all sorts of wild visions about what you might have deduced from my handwriting— Why, what are you laughing at?"

Then she told him. "Oh, Barney— You won't mind if I tell you?— I couldn't read a word of your fat fountain-pen writing, but I felt—somehow I sensed—what you meant— Oh, I don't know how to say it— Well, I wasn't really certain, and I came to you to— Oh, Barney, what in the world would I have done if you hadn't greeted me that way when I came in!"

. . . . Well, say, fellers, you better buy the magazine and read it for yourselves. I'm no story-teller.

FOUR YOUNG YALE MEN WITH FOUR IDEALS OF SUCCESS ARE INTRODUCED ON PAGE 273 IN A RIPPING ROMANCE OF NEW YORK

"MAKING MONEY"

THE NEW SERIAL *by* OWEN JOHNSON

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ANTWERP

by

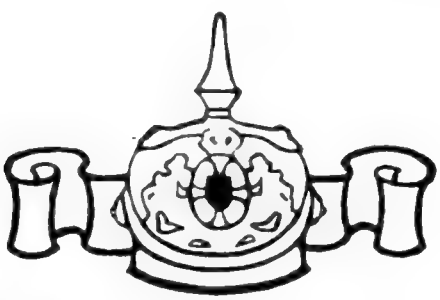
HAROLD D. SPEAKMAN

A. D. 1419

O fought we long and strong this day,
Knights of Brabant and chevaliers,
Staunch men-at-arms and halberdiers.
Hélas! But of our fighting men
Fourscore will never fight again.

A. D. 1914

Some battered forts, an open space,
A ridge, a bridge, a market-place,
Three Zeppelins flying overhead,
And down below—ten thousand dead.



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"SUNDAY" SALVATION

By PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

THE Sunday is William A., once an evangelizing ball-player, and now a ball-playing evangelist. Sunday is a flash, a conflagration, an explosion! He hits the town with a bang; he leaves it with a boom—for religion—of the Billy Sunday kind. But just what is that kind?

The first thing that happens when Sunday is scheduled for a town is Sunday's advance man. Let us watch the thing doing in Pittsburgh in 1914, on the largest scale that Sunday has ever worked. A. P. Gill, of the "Sunday party," came into Pittsburgh and organized a finance committee, which in turn organized a stock-company to underwrite the expenses of the meeting, aside from the compensation of Sunday himself. These expenses were estimated at $30,000. Stock for $150,000 was issued and quickly subscribed, not to be paid in, however, unless called for. It was not called for. In experience this stock subscription never has been called for, the collections in the early weeks of the meetings paying all expenses.

Soon, too, another advance man of Sunday's is in the Smoky City. His name is Joe Speice. Joe is a converted contractor—no reflections—and a builder of tabernacles extraordinary. There is no building in the town that will hold the crowds that will want to hear Sunday, so one must be built. That is Joe's job everywhere. Now he waves his roll of blue-prints before a vacant lot in Pittsburgh, and a rough board tabernacle with sawdust floors and hand-made seats—more substantial than comfortable, but both sufficiently—rises almost in a night, like Jonah's gourd, and opens its doors with ample accommodations for eighteen

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Photograph by Maud E. Nichols

WAITING TO GET INTO THE TABERNACLE AT WILKESBARRE.

thousand persons, including standing room.

The idea that such a building will be necessary! But Pittsburgh may spare her sniffs. The Reverend William A. Sunday draws a larger audience than any other man in America, Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt not barred—and his last audience will be his largest.

But while the tabernacle is building, Gill has been organizing more committees—and *such* committees! A mere matter of a thousand persons on a committee. Twelve hundred ushers, who are carefully drilled.

Committees on Finance, Decorating, Shop, Business Women, Music, Entertainment, Personal Work, and a Nursery Committee—yes, sir, with a nursery in every neighborhood, and a big one, thoroughly equipped, down near the tabernacle, where mothers who wish to attend the meetings can check their babies and receive them back later.

What surprised Pittsburgh about the Sunday meeting was that it strayed outside the churches into the community. It was not a church revival. It was a sort of city revival. Its most noticeable effects were in channels where the tides of evangelism had never run before. One night the Mayor, surrounded by four thousand employees, sat beneath the drip of Sunday's Gospel.

Now this community-sweep is a distinguishing characteristic of the Sunday meetings generally. Because both the beginning and the end of such effects are more easily traceable in the less complex life of the smaller city, let us turn to Sunday's meeting in Wilkesbarre, a city of some sixty thousand people. We can observe its genesis in the work of a woman, Miss Frances Miller, who has been a member of the "Sunday team" for eight years.

Miss Miller is a pert little person whose specialty is the women who work. Her medium is the Business Women's Committee, and her first method is likely to be noonday meetings in some centrally located place down-town, the Y. W. C. A. perhaps. The religiously inclined matrons of the towns are her lieutenants. Now it was perfectly obvious to Wilkesbarre that hard-working shop-girls were not going to spend their precious nooning in a sweaty old prayer-meeting. But they did—only it was discovered that the prayer-meeting wasn't "sweaty," and it wasn't "old," and that the girls liked it.

Miss Miller got hold of a craft spirit or a shop spirit that no one knew existed, and by means of it worked her magics. One day

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she had all the stenographers, another all the telephone operators, and another the girls from the biggest department-store. It was surprising how those girls did take hold; how they began to get interested in each other, and how a spirit of rivalry was engendered among them—the girls from the department-store exerting themselves to make a better turnout than those from the laundry and the lace factory.

A SHOP-GIRLS' PARADE

The next order announces a parade of the business women at six-thirty in the evening through the main streets of the town, thence to the Sunday meeting. Wilkesbarre hears about this, but is only mildly interested. Shop-girls? You never can do much with these people, you know. As individuals they are all right, but— Here they come—marching four abreast—the Salvation Army band leading. Goodness! . . . Gracious! . . . Sakes alive! . . . How many are there? Hundreds and hundreds and hundreds, yes, thousands of them; for the total count shows more than three thousand five hundred who parade at night through the streets and sit *en bloc* in the midst of the Sunday meeting.

That parade of shop-girls was the beginning of the Sunday awakening in Wilkesbarre. It was also the beginning of a new set of social contacts and of a better understanding between widely separated classes.

And while Miss Miller is enlisting the women, Sunday's Chief Assistant—at that time the Rev. L. K. Peacock—is doing the same thing with the men. And he gets them. One night the tabernacle is bounded on the right by coal-miners and on the left by lace-weavers, and on the north by the Hod Carriers' Union. Another night all the workers in some great manufacturing plant—owners, managers, superintendents, foremen, mechanics, and day-laborers—are present. All distinctions of position and employment are forgotten as Sunday thunders to these men of sin and righteousness and judgment to come. All are mere straddling bipeds, and when, as often happens, these men lead each other with tears or happy laughter down the "sawdust trail"—down the long, angling aisle to a handshake with William A. Sunday—it is easy to understand that relations between master and man in that shop are going to be better.

But while Sunday's lieutenants are hand-picking the town by trades and crafts and industries, Sunday himself has got the whole city by the ears. His first sermons are the last word in sensationalism. The meeting is almost everything that a religious meeting never was before. His preaching is almost everything that preaching is supposed not to be. In the first place, it is entertaining.

"Sunday has got the greatest 'act' in the world," a vaudeville manager said to me.

He appears to begin by lighting into nearly everybody in sight. He slams the preachers, assailing them with a reckless disregard of their supposed dignities and a luridness of phrase that lights up the sky. Half the people are pleased at that. He slams education, culture, refinement. It is a trifle disconcerting to think it, but that is always popular, too.

Large crowds are of necessity exceedingly common folk. Sunday knows that. He came up out of the crowd. He does not want to lose his touch with it. His message is to the crowd. He flaunts a proletariat air. He drinks out of the pitcher. He talks coarse slang. Know better? Of course he does. You can not speak better English than Billy Sunday can. When he wants to pull out the soft stops on the organ, when he wants to tickle the ears of a woman's club and lure them to the tabernacle where he may invoke hell-fire and damnation against the evils of modern society, he can deliver his message with the cooing sweetness of a dove.

But he keeps his touch with the commons. "The scholarship of the world!" he bellows. "It can go to—*perdition*. I am trying to put things so plain that the fellow who carries his dinner-bucket through the street can understand what I'm talking about and not go to sleep on the job."

After which, as he grows warm, he removes his coat, his collar, and in a men's meeting his shirt.

I was talking in Wilkesbarre to a very refined minister whom Sunday, by sayings and actions, had shocked into a nervous chill, and yet who remained Sunday's friend and apologist because of the great sum of good that he saw resulting from his efforts. Said this gentleman:

"Did you ever go to a ball-game? Ever sit in the bleachers? Ever look round at the hoarse, yelling, cheering, jeering, groaning

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crowd of legs and arms and lungs, and think what it would take to move them? I have. As a preacher, I have been appalled by them." The minister stopped with a kind of awe in his voice and said: "*Billy Sunday can move them!*"

That explains Sunday. *He knows the bleacher heart of America, and he wants to do it good.*

"I am the first man," he shouts, "that ever went around the diamond in fourteen seconds. Nobody has ever done it quicker. I could do a hundred yards in ten seconds. I don't want any man to breast the tape ahead of me in serving God."

Again the audience applauds.

And I must hasten to make clear that not all who applaud Sunday are ignorant or common. Sunday's diatribes against culture and education and his sneer at every man who differs with his own absurd theology, prejudice and drive away out of the zone of his influence much of the more intelligent part of the community; but there is another intelligent part which is won by his sincerity and moved by his power.

It was in a meeting in beautiful Huntington, West Virginia, that I saw Sunday at work. This city has important educational institutions in and about it, and is considerably above the average city of sixty thousand people in the proportion of its cultured. Perhaps it was in consequence of this that Sunday's meeting went very slowly in Huntington. It was not until the last weeks that the sterling elements in the character of the man made themselves generally felt above the flood of false impressions and prejudices that had been created, and for which Sunday himself is mainly responsible.

PREACHING HIS FAMOUS "BOOZE" SERMON IN DENVER.

I have referred to Sunday's theology as absurd. It is. Most of it was dying when this generation was being born. Sunday himself is no theologian. He is a practical ball-player, coaching on the side-lines for God, and he employs the system that under his management gets the most runs over the home plate. He preaches more hell than has been heard since Jonathan Edwards invented the open-hearth furnace. His reason for preaching hell is not theological. It is psychological.

"I believe the fear of hell deters more people from wickedness than the love of God," he trumpets—and pauses. In the instant silence his imaginative auditors may hear coming up from below the sound of the shaking down of grates, the raking of fires, the clanging of doors, that tell of the devil's assistant firemen all busily on the job.

The stories of his sermons and of his antics appear in the papers, and on the front page, for Sunday is news and the biggest kind of news. Sunday

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Photo from Brown Brothers.

BILLY SUNDAY LEAVING THE TABERNACLE AT PHILADELPHIA WITH AN ESCORT OF POLICEMEN TO PROTECT HIM FROM REPORTERS.

becomes the rage. The Sunday meeting is the thing to go to; the Sunday salvation is the thing to get. Not to be a trail-hitter is to be out of step with the times in the town.

Sunday's pulpit style may be described as an acrobatic-conversational on a three-ring-circus scale. His voice booms to the farthest corner of the largest auditorium. The man is in perpetual motion. He sits down, he gets up; he walks, he runs, he leaps, he flings himself prone; he lapses into silences, he breaks into demoniac roars; he wrestles with the pulpit, he sinks behind it or climbs on top—all, all in a manner perfectly natural to him, and perfectly preposterous to any one else. All, too, by mere way of dramatizing what he has to say, for Sunday is an accomplished actor. He has the bellow of Edwin Forrest, the glare of Edmund Kean, and the flip modernity of George M. Cohan. He plays comedy as well as tragedy.

"If everybody will say 'Yes' to God," Sunday shouts, "the devil will have his fires banked, and hell will be for rent. If everybody will say 'Yes' to God, the devil will be in the hospital with one eye out and walking on a crutch."

As the evangelist says this he limps across the stage with one eye closed, producing an effect entirely ludicrous, and his audience laughs uproariously. At Sunday? Yes. But at Sunday as a mime, a symbol of the devil. There is the subtlety of the man's method. Before Sunday's first meeting is an hour old, he has the devil being jeered at. He cups his hands and shouts down to the devil in hell that he has "got his goat," and he keeps it safely tied up in front of the platform in plain view of the audience from the first day to the last. More, he "gets the

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goats" of the scoffers, and of his critics. That is the psychology of the situation.

He gets the laugh on them and he keeps it.

"Would any man laugh at you because you hit the sawdust trail?" he challenges. "That man is so low that he would have to soar up in an aeroplane to touch the bottom of hell; so low that Jesus Christ would have to perform a miracle to raise him to the level of total depravity!"

Prayer, as engaged in by Sunday, is a weird performance that quite out-Sundays anything else he does. These petitions appear to be without reverence and without restraint. Often they are open-eyed. He appears to pluck divinity by the robe, to buttonhole apostles, to slap a prophet on the back or tweak a patriarch by the beard. One of his most shocking extremes is to lie flat upon his stomach and pray to the devil in hell. It is not always possible to tell when he is preaching and when he is praying, and when he is "kidding" audience or co-workers.

One night in Wilkesbarre he made a prayer something like this:

> Now, Lord, we've got a delegation of doctors down here to-night. I wish you'd try to do something for them, Lord. They don't get much chance to go to church, because some old stiff comes round Sunday morning with a sore toe or a touch of the pip and keeps them away.
>
> Gee, Lord, but I'm tired!
>
> And then, there's a lot of lawyers down here. Oh, Jesus, there's a bunch that needs your help! And there are men from the railroads and the lace factory and—and—and there's that delegation from —— Wait a minute, Lord. Where are they from, Peacock? Oh, yes, from Pittston, the hose company from Pittston—and—and the coal-miners, and the car-shop-men — and, oh, Lord, I never shook with so many horny-handed men in my life as there are here! Now you know what they all need, Lord, and you're ready to give 'em the best there is.
>
> Come along now, Rodeheaver, let's have a song.

The prayer has ended and the hitting of the sawdust trail begins.

Yet, extravagant as the man's utterances and actions sound when recorded in cold print, they appear less so in the spell of his presence. His severest critics will be always those who have heard him least or not at all.

In person Sunday is sincere and likable and brave. Mixed with all his antics is a kind of unction. Back of all his abandon is a kind of dignity. Underneath his coarseness is a fine manliness. In every caper that he cuts, in every bit of slang, in every headlong dash across the platform, is one plain purpose—to enforce his convictions upon his hearers. He compromises nothing; softens nothing; palliates nothing.

"Cards," he declares in his famous sermon on amusements, "are society's contribution to the forces that are pushing the world to hell. Sow a card party and you'll reap gamblers."

One wholesale firm in Wilkesbarre ceased to deal in playing-cards after this sermon was delivered.

Sunday tackles the tango with equal fierceness. "Sow dances and you'll reap prostitutes," he screams. "Oh, I tell you, before I get through to-night I'll rip that rotten thing, the dance, from hell to breakfast. When I used to see them dance out in Iowa you could get a stick of cordwood between the dancers. Now you can't get a piece of tissue-paper between."

BILLY SUNDAY AND "MA"—HIS BALANCE-WHEEL

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But it is in his attack upon Barleycorn, in a sermon entitled "Booze," that Sunday reaches the height of his denunciatory power. Here is a sample of its quality:

I tell you it strikes in the night. It fights under cover of darkness and assassinates the characters that it can not damn. It attacks defenseless womanhood and childhood. The saloon is a coward. It is a thief. It robs you of manhood and takes away your friends and leaves you in rags, and it robs your family. It impoverishes your children and it brings insanity and suicide. It will take the shirt off your back and steal the coffin from a dead child and yank the last crust of bread out of the hand of the starving child; it will take the last bucket of coal out of your cellar, and the last cent out of your pocket, and will send you home bleary-eyed and staggering to your wife and children.

It will steal the milk from the breast of the mother and leave her with nothing with which to feed her infant. It will take the virtue from your daughter. It is the dirtiest, most low-down, damnable business that ever crawled out of the pit of hell. It is a sneak and a thief and a coward. It is an infidel. It respects the thief and the blasphemer, it fills the prisons and the penitentiaries.

The saloon is a liar. It promises good cheer, and sends sorrow. It promises health and causes disease. It promises prosperity and sends adversity. It promises happiness and sends misery. It is God's worst enemy and the devil's best friend. It spares neither youth nor age. It lies in wait for the unborn. It cocks the highwayman's pistol. It puts the rope in the hands of the mob. It is the anarchist of the world, and its dirty red flag is dyed with the blood of women and children.

Forceful as this printed language is, it gives no slightest hint of the passion of these same phrases as Sunday utters them. Small wonder that a prohibition wave follows hard in his wake. In some parts of the Middle West you can almost track the Sunday meetings by the dry towns that blossom in the way. When the prohibition campaign was on in West Virginia the committee gave Sunday a special train and he delivered his sermon on Booze ten times in five days. In Pennsylvania they told me that Sunday's various meetings had made local option in the state and prohibition in the nation a political issue that overshadowed tariff and the trusts. After Sunday's meeting in Pittsburgh, the Chamber of Commerce of that city declared unequivocally against the license of the liquor traffic and in favor of national prohibition. Did you ever hear before of a big Chamber of Commerce that wouldn't turn and run from the liquor question at least as fast as Congress?

Spontaneous as they sound, Sunday's sermons are not haphazard efforts. He has drilled upon them for years, sandpapering his phrases, sharpening his epigrams, bolstering his logic. Sunday has had no homiletic training. He was born in Iowa. He thought he would be an actor. High t-r-r-r-ragedy was the thing that appealed to his ebullient youth. Young Billy could recite "Spartacus to the Gladiators" in a way to make the ears of corn twist in their shucks.

Part of his fun was playing ball. The mighty Anson saw him cavorting one day on a prairie diamond and immediately signed him for the famous White Stockings in their most famous days. Sunday's work in right field got him glory of the bleachers. He was one of the idols of Chicago. And then one Lord's Day afternoon, Harry Monroe of the Pacific Garden Mission, preaching on State Street in Chicago, saw one of a group of young roisterers suddenly grow sober and sit down upon the curb as if to think. That young man was Sunday. Next day all Chicago heard that the brilliant right-fielder was a mission convert. Sunday played religion as he played everything else—with all his might; and the new Gospel did not injure his batting average in the least.

For four years he continued to play baseball in summer, and in the winter he went to school, part of the time at Northwestern University. Then he abandoned baseball and became a Y. M. C. A. Secretary. Soon it appeared that Sunday was strong in revival work. J. Wilbur Chapman was going out into the general evangelistic field about this time, and he took Sunday along with him as an assistant. For two years Sunday assisted, and then struck out for himself.

THE MOST POPULAR PREACHER IN THE WORLD

His equipment was a tent and "Ma." "Ma" is Mrs. William A. Sunday, who goes everywhere that William goes, plays a part in his successes so great that it can hardly be overestimated, and is generally referred to as Billy's balance-wheel.

At first Sunday's evangelistic combination played only the little one-week stands in the smaller country towns. He worked as hard then as now, did the same things as now, and was regarded as a strange combination, half evangelist and half mountebank. From year to year the size of the towns that called him increased, and the bigger the crowd the better the grip of

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Sunday, worker. Sunday nized fac- ism of the last never went It was said in towns of less than one hundred thousand people.

Pittsburgh was his first engagement in a city of the first rank. What Sunday did to Pittsburgh proved his class. He turned that six-cylinder engine over as easily as he turned over Muscatine. Since then he has had calls from ten of the larger cities of America. The reason he did not tackle the large cities sooner was that he did not get the calls. He has been working his way up the ladder. To-day Sunday is the most popular preacher in the world.

The man is fifty-two years old, but in action looks less than thirty. He is lean and lithe and tireless. He has enormous physical resources, and he knowshow to take care of them. He does not wear himself out socially. Sunday is of the crowd; he loves the crowd; he saves himself for the crowd; he dines not much at the home

for he is a crowd For ten years, now, has been a recog- tor in the evangel- America; but until two or three he to the large cities. that he did best

of Simon the Pharisee. When a meeting is on, he often speaks four times a day and shuts himself away from individuals.

He has read omnivorously. He searches the columns of the newspapers and the magazines; he rakes the garrets of history, the laboratories of science, and the libraries of professional men for his illustrations and analogies.

He dramatizes and vernacularizes the Bible narratives.

He recounts how David "soaked Goliath on the coco between the lamps, and he went down for the count, after which the kid chopped off the big stiff's block and the whole bunch skidooed," making the story as real to his auditors as the life in the streets outside.

He puts Jacob in store clothes and walks him down the aisle, alive and chaffering.

He shows us Belshazzar in the midst of his vision. "Here, Daniel, old man," pleads the broken monarch in hoarse, tremulous whispers that float like ghosts through the huge tabernacle, "these other ginks don't tumble. Lamp them words up there and put me wise. By hunky, they've got my goat!"

And when the audience is gasping and breathless with interest, laughter, and surprise, Sunday suddenly drives in with tremendous force his climax, the lesson of the hour —weighed in the balance and found wanting—with an awesomeness that leaves many a soul a-tremble as was Belshazzar's. The man is a master of dramatic power and of the dramatic moment.

In one of his best scenes

ALL HIS PRANKS HAVE ONE OBJECT— TO FORCE HOME HIS POINT.

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Sunday takes Christ into the home of a trail-hitter, *i. e.*, a convert, and they go through the man's house together. A ball dress is discovered.

"What's this?" exclaims Sunday, holding up his handkerchief, stretching it out and looking at it with a critical grimace. "A ball dress?" It is consigned to the flames. "And this? A pack of cards?" To the fire with it. "And this? A neurotic novel?" To the fire also.

And so Sunday takes the convert and his Master clear through the house, from the parlor to the ice-box, where are found vintages and lagers, cooling against the dinner hour.

People listen amazed, tickled, convulsed, and in the dénouement of it Sunday rises to the very height of oratorical power in a demand for renunciation on the part of the converts.

There is small coaxing and pleading. Sunday preaches judgment and the wrath to come. Yet he declares that the Christian life is the better life in this world, even with the whole future wiped out of consideration. "If you are wrong—if you are asleep and serving the devil, for God's sake wake up!" he shouts. "If I am wrong, if I am dreaming and serving Christ, for God's sake don't wake me!" The effect is electrical.

BASEBALL IN THE PULPIT

His sermons abound in narratives that crop up out of his personal experience. Perhaps the most dramatic and powerful of these is one which goes back to his experience as a professional baseball-player. It is the story of one of his companions who plays fast and loose with youth until health and character are gone and life itself is going. Then, in the vernacular of the game, the dissipated player tries to "steal home" and win the decision from the Great Umpire. With telling effect Sunday sets the stage for this piece of realism. He piles incident upon incident, situation upon situation, and then when the pitcher begins to wind up, the dying soul on third starts his steal for home.

The whole audience senses the movement—the quick start, the sudden rush of footsteps, the headlong dive for the plate; but while it is in progress Sunday, who has been enacting the runner, becomes the Umpire. He hurls himself across the stage, his glittering eye fixed on the plate for which the lost soul is reaching, and with an uptoss of his thumb and a tone which begins in a low roar and rises suddenly to an explosion like vocal dynamite, thunders:

"YOU ARE OUT!"

For a moment Sunday holds the pose, and then he backs away, his whole body trembling, his face flushed, his quivering features expressing the tense emotion he has felt, and still feels.

I watched nine thousand men on Sunday afternoon in Huntington, as they sat under his spell. They were of every class. They listened, sometimes in tears and sometimes in laughter. Sunday starts a good many tears, although he does not appear to value them highly, and in the midst of a sob story will break out in some incongruous phrase or action that sends his hearers off in guffaws of laughter; but in an instant he has the reins tightened again, and every mind is on his point.

Suddenly he finishes. (It was his last meeting for men, his last but one of the series.) "I have asked you but four questions," he bites out tersely. "Are you saved or are you lost? Are you going to heaven or are you going to hell?"

Abruptly he tosses off a prayer as he might have scooped up a slow-hit ball, and the singing begins. That is a characteristic of the Sunday meetings. There is no special exhortation—no pleading to come—no coaxing between the verses of the song. Sunday stands there and waits. Sometimes they do not come, but this afternoon they are coming. This vast audience of males has been deeply moved. They come and come and come, white men, black men, yellow men, rich men, poor men, strong men, sick men, young men, old men, a cripple leaning heavily upon his crutches, an invalid leaning upon the shoulders of his friends. There is no mourners' bench; no groaning; no crying to God to convert. In this respect Sunday is thoroughly modern. "God is ready. You come along," is Sunday's dictum. "The minute you break down the barrier of your stubborn self-will God is there."

The ushers work the crowd with practised skill. The front benches are cleared and the trail-hitters take them. Secretaries pass through, getting signatures to cards, with addresses and church preferences stated. Soon there are five hundred men in these front pews.

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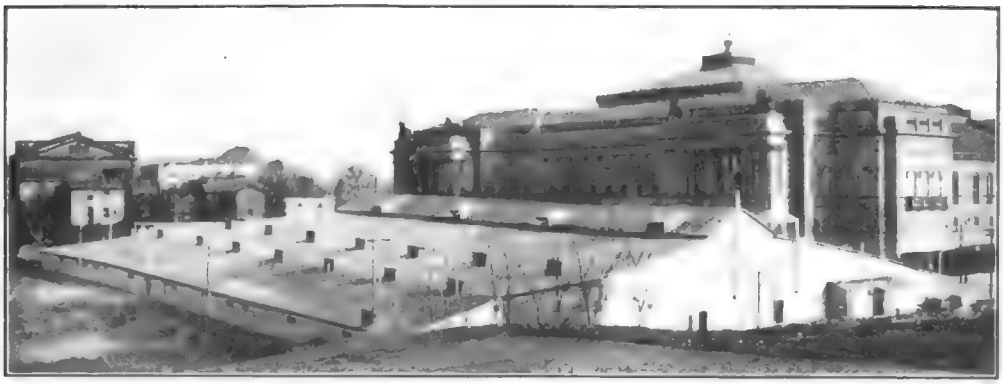

THE PITTSBURGH TABERNACLE. IT ACCOMMODATED EIGHTEEN THOUSAND PEOPLE.

"Stand up," calls Sunday. The five hundred rise and together repeat a confession of their faith in Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour; each is given a little slip with some advice and injunctions; there is a benediction, and the meeting is over.

The free-will offering to Sunday as his compensation for his services is the basis of the most bitter criticism of the Sunday methods. These offerings begin to be enormous. Pittsburgh gave Sunday $44,000, Scranton $22,000, Wilkesbarre about the same. The offerings for the past evangelistic year will approximate one hundred thousand dollars. Out of his offerings Sunday pays part of the expenses of his organization, and he pays scrupulously one-tenth of all his income to religious work. The rest he considers belongs to him.

Sunday's critics complain that the exceedingly skilful manipulation in which these offerings are secured savors very much of the world, and that the evangelist's eager acceptance of them stamps him with a money-love that puts him in the same category with the rich young man about whom Sunday preaches so effectively.

Sunday's own position is very simple. He works hard. He holds that his meeting is worth what it costs the community. He has given people all sorts of new and good impulses. Their mood is extremely grateful. They don't care how much he has. They want to give him some token of their affection. Converts give; Bible classes give; churches give; trade-unions give; various groups of working men.

Of course, Sunday is keenly conscious of the criticism leveled upon him at this point.

"Do what you want to do with your own money," he calls out. "Give it to me if you want to. It is none of my business what you do with your money; and it's none of your business what I do with mine."

All the same, the truth of this epigram is not exactly self-evident. The Christian conscience of to-day undoubtedly holds that it is very much the true preacher's business what the people do with their money; and that it is very much the people's business what a preacher does with his money when he gets as much as Sunday gets.

Said a minister of Huntington to me: "I can not point to any quality which accounts for the enormous results the man achieves."

Just as well ascribe it to genius, I think. Sunday has got it, plus sincerity, plus enormous efficiency, plus clear-headed application of the resources he possesses to the ends he desires to achieve. Viewing Sunday's work as a whole, it is admitted by his intelligent friends that he does both harm and good, while equally intelligent critics declare that the harmful effects are lasting while the good effects fade swiftly.

HOW ABOUT RESULTS?

A university-trained layman of Springfield, Illinois, made a careful analysis of the religious and moral conditions of that town two and a half years after the Sunday meeting there, and summed up as follows:

"The Sunday meeting has left our community disillusioned with respect to religion. Springfield is to-day, and will be for some time, like a burned-out district. Religious emotion has been burned out. The

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sacred power of the souls of men to respond naturally to the gentle knocking of Christ at the door has been coerced and strained by the high-pressure organization of the Sunday meeting, and the effect of it all is to leave the community wary and sophisticated with respect to any normal measures that may be undertaken to win it to Christ."

This, of course, is a generalization, but the writer preceded it by a long array of facts.

In Wilkesbarre the pastor of one of the largest churches reported four or five hundred additions from the Sunday meeting, and ninety per cent. of them holding fast one year later. The pastor of another participating church declared with solemn conviction that he could never again enter a meeting with Sunday. However, the majority of participating ministers and the majority sentiment of the religious element of the town, as I observed it, was distinctly favorable to the meetings, while recognizing that there were certain inevitable adverse effects.

But there were many good effects still visible. Adjacent to Wilkesbarre was a summer colony to which many of the élite of Wilkesbarre belonged, and the most strenuous occupation of which had been whist. When Sunday left Wilkesbarre its most strenuous occupation was a Bible-study course, and one year later this course still continued.

Another example was what is called the Garage Bible-class. This was at first an unorganized club of citizens who met to play poker—not cheap gamblers, you understand, but well-to-do citizens. Before Sunday came, a favorite sport of the Garage Club habitués was to bet one dollar or five or twenty that this or that one would not go to hear Sunday at all. Most of them lost their wagers. And Sunday's going left the Garage Club no longer devoted to the great American game. Instead, it was a Bible-class of two or three hundred members, and thus it existed more than a year later when I visited the town.

Out at Pittston, half a dozen miles away, was a crack volunteer hose-company. It went to fires on winged feet. It went to tournaments and contests about the country, daring all comers, and was in all respects a lively bunch of young fellows, whose combined aims, ideals, amusements, and morals were just about what might have been expected of such an association. But to-day the Pittston Company has turned its hose upon eternal fires. Its most conspicuous social activity is a Bible-class of several hundred men.

As a matter of fact, there is no possibility of tracing work like this to determine whether it lasts. Good impulses are not monuments in concrete. They pass out into the community life and may go on and on for generations unrecognized, or they may die unnoticed in a year. Recruiting agencies must be maintained, but recruiting agencies are not expected to make trained soldiers. No evangelist can save a town or save a people forever.

Something depends on the town. Something on the churches. Obviously a Sunday meeting creates an enormous problem for the local church and minister. To the scholarly mind, the religion of Jesus Christ will have been in some respects utterly misrepresented. Many a minister who is wise and sane feels that he has to make perfectly clear that the religion his church stands for is not the kind William A. Sunday has been describing. At the same time the minister is doing this, he has his church half full of Sunday converts whom he earnestly desires to build into his congregation, and whom he does not wish to offend.

Staid old church members, jogging along at the steady old Dobbin pace which makes the backbone of all moral and religious life, find themselves crowded out of their pews by a flood of earnest, enthusiastic, and often equally intelligent people, who know nothing of church work as it is wrought in the modern ecclesiastical organization, whose enthusiasms are keyed to a Sunday pitch, and whose impatience with the slow-going service and the slow-going preacher is often difficult to disguise.

It is a hard job for any preacher to hold his auditors and stand comparison with Sunday. It is a hard test for the converts, who desire to quicken the pace of the church in order that it may serve their own religious needs as well as those of its original membership. So it is hardly strange if some ministerial resignations follow a Sunday meeting, if many converts lapse, and if some later balance-sheet proves that a Sunday meeting has its liabilities as well as its assets. But neither is it strange, in view of the undeniable visibility of the first results, that the calls for a Sunday meeting grow larger and louder and more numerous with the years.

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GREY CLOUD.

A One-Man Dog

By
Jack Hines

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN

IT WOULD have been as easy for me to change the four sentinel birches in my yard clearing to four funereal cypresses as to part with Grey Cloud for any money consideration. He had been promised to me before his birth; I had reared him from puppyhood, and for years he had been my comrade, the leader of my team, and the pride of my heart—the finest wolf-dog of the North. He was very truly a part of my life in this hard land of the eternal snows.

Even now, telling the story years after, I feel the same shudder of misgiving and dread that I felt on that day when Champ Galen and Kingdon Beach asked to borrow

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my leader. To neither of them could I deny anything that it was possible for me to bestow, but no sense of obligation could have made me *willing* to part with Grey Cloud. They came at me point-blank, with no preamble.

"Till"—it was Beach who did the rapid firing—"Champ and I have got to beat it over the trail. We've *got* to get to Washington on the water-rights row. And we want The Cloud to lead the team out! We'll ship him back on the first boat from Seattle, and you know us for taking care of him."

He kept talking faster and faster, probably because I showed signs of swooning and he thought the quick restorative dope would be to tell me as much as he could, in as short a time as he could, about how devoted he and Champ both were to me and Grey Cloud, and how necessary it was for them to have him. They needed a leader to take their dogs over the thousand miles to the first place on the southeastern Alaska coast where they could board a coaster and beat the crack team of Paul Haakstadt—that flying Norwegian who was to be the dog puncher to carry out their enemy, the Blue Goose man.

My sympathies were always with Galen and Beach, who were the owners of the Golden Goose outfit—the original stakers of the Sweetcake water and mineral rights; and the other bunch, the Blue Goose outfit, were just plain, every-day jumpers.

As for Paul Haakstadt, his duty was to convey passengers by means of his crack malamutes from one point of the far North to another. Haakstadt operated his dog-stage for money. Big money. And when the lean Norwegian said he'd take a man to the far distant Kobuck—or the remote Colville—whether in dead of winter or when the rivers were in a riot of spring fresheting—he'd get there; often more dead than alive—but get there he would!

So the Blue Goose outfit had nailed Haakstadt to transport Hunter Jameson from Council to Skagway, a jaunt of some two thousand miles, so that he could embark on one of the regular outside packets and proceed to the footstools of the mighty at Washington—there to manipulate the leverage on justice with his ready bribe money.

To checkmate this move of the Blue Goose, Galen and Beach required a *king*. A leader they must have that could take the going in a no-trail country. A dog who would run at the head of the team straight as the flight of a rifle-ball, and whose heart was of spring steel.

The Illiamna cut-off was to be their route—the most hazardous and dreaded of all the dangerous trails in Alaska. A run of a thousand miles across the treacherous ice of Norton Sound; taking the Kaltag portage at Unalakleet; making the mail station in the valley of the Yukon; cutting across the Kuskokwim and, after crossing the Alaskans, making the interminable ascent to the ridge of the Aleutian crests, in whose cairns and glaciers lie scores of men, dogs, and outfits that have been picked up by terrific hurricanes and hurled bodily from their course into the abyss. There were nameless rivers of ice to cross; uncharted chains of mountains, snow-covered plains, lakes, and glaciers.

And it was across this country that they wanted my hero wolf-dog to lead them.

It was indeed a tribute to Grey Cloud, for the Golden Goose dogs were of the thoroughbred strain of Siberia and the Selawick, champion trail-dogs—yet they needed my leader! Galen and Beach had dropped upon the bond of my friendship an acid which, thank God, retained its normal clarity. They did not see the opaque cloudiness which would have proclaimed me of base metal. I let Grey Cloud go; but it was not ungrudgingly.

The gray king took my farewell caress like the grown fighting son of a veteran departing on his first campaign. Understanding and intelligence showed in his attitude as he stood majestically holding the swing-team taut, while they in turn strained the lead line until the breasters and wheel-team all stood on their toes awaiting the shout from Champ to release them.

"He'll be on the *Sawtooth* her first trip up the river. We'll ship the old boy in on the first boat out of Seattle," Kingdon Beach called back to me—I could just make him out through the mist which had formed between the departing expedition and my eyes. Then, with Champ swinging to the handle-bars and Beach's hundred and ninety as bow ballast, they dropped to the glare of the Neukluk trail.

I "yip-yip yahoo'ed" a good-by to them all, and the beloved trail cry of the wilderness came back to me from Grey Cloud's uplifted muzzle—thrown on the air—with

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THE GREY KING TOOK MY FAREWELL CARESS LIKE THE GROWN FIGHTING SON OF A VETERAN DEPARTING ON HIS FIRST CAMPAIGN.

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never a break in his perfect gait. He knew I would get it.

For me the following days seemed weeks, and the weeks in turn seemed months. True, I had Whiner to guide my team about, and Bob, the old outrunner, was not so far gone but that he could serve as a pinch leader. But all the time my heart was heavy with anxiety and apprehensions that seemed to me like presentiment. Champ or Kingdon might not guard The Cloud from the jealous rage of the team dogs, as I had been forced to do since his puppydom. The route was too difficult—it was near break-up time—disaster was so easy. I found myself reproaching my friends for demanding such a sacrifice.

As I found out later, my restless fears were at their height on the day when the party had been out just a month; when only sixty miles remained between them and their goal—the trapper's camp on Kamishak Bay.

II

That night Champ Galen had already curled up in his lynx-lined sleeping-bag and almost immediately slept the dead sleep of the exhausted. Beach sat knees up in the glow of the spruce bonfire and made notations in his diary, which he had faithfully kept since leaving the Neukluk.

"Looks like we missed her," he said, thinking of the steamboat. The words were not intentionally addressed to any one, but the gray dog at his side was alert in an instant to be the recipient of any confidences the big fur-clad man had to offer. He was much like Grey Cloud's master, this man—very kind and thoughtful of the comfort of the dogs, even placing their needs before his own. Grey Cloud slipped his muzzle under the wolverine wrist fur of Beach's parka and kept nosing out until the fingers of the man closed involuntarily upon it. He had a message for Beach: hadn't he noticed *the signs* as the camp stretch was being covered in the fast-falling twilight?

Beach had finished his writing and sat moodily gazing at the efflorescence of the snow crust at his feet. The myriad colors pranced about in his tired brain. He was past noticing the restlessness of the team dogs. Almost unconsciously he stroked the cold nose of the wonderful animal at his side. His head drooped, and, as if in a trance, instinctively he pulled the covering flap of his sleeping-bag over his head as he wearily sank into sleep.

As soon as the team dogs sensed that their human protection was for the time denied them, they broke the mystic stillness of the night with cries of fright, and their chains clanked as they snapped them taut in the effort to break and run to the shelter of the burning logs.

Grey Cloud went to them, wagging his great tail and by other dog signals urging them to keep their heads. He knew very well that the enemy they feared never quit if once the dogs show fright. He knew—because he had the enemy's blood in his own veins—he was half wolf himself.

As he argued with his team-mates, a weird streak of gray shambled across the shaft of light which struck into an aisle of the spruce. It stopped and turned, and the Golden Goose dogs cowered before the green-yellow of the burning eyes. But Grey Cloud stood at defiance and growled a challenge at the ghostlike scout, then uttered a call of the pack which set the timber to vibrating with the return laugh-like howls of the duped timber-wolves. They thought their reconnoitering scout had reported. Grey Cloud had sent the message which told the waiting pack that the quarry was alert and unafraid.

The howls died suddenly, as if a conductor had struck a stop attitude with his baton.

Dead fagged as they were, Galen and Beach slept with their senses on a hair trigger, and at the first frightened yells of their team dogs they had wakened and clutched the pistol grips of their rifles, listening.

"Do you get old Grey Cloud?" said Galen. "He's having the time of his life."

"Tell 'em to go to hell, Cloud!"

"King, roll over and get a two-hour shift. I'll keep the blaze up and then I'll give you a watch at it."

There were no tenderfoot hysterics for these old arctic travelers. Beach simply reached over and, patting his partner affectionately, dropped into the folds of his bag and was soon asleep.

Galen threw a log on the glowing embers and, taking an ax, went the rounds of the dog stakes and gave each a blow to imbed it more firmly in the hard-packed snow, patting the dogs and stroking them for reassurance. Then he sat out his watch.

Beach, at the end of his turn, fried the

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bacon and toasted the hardtack, and when the cover of the coffee-pot was lifted on a seething brown foam, he shook Galen awake.

It was still hardly daylight. Of the sixty miles yet before them, forty were of the fastest spring going they had encountered; the remaining twenty were practically steep up-grade all the way: a zigzag, criss-crossing trail up and over the Aleutian Mountains, which flank the southeast boundary of Alaska and stretch out along a thousand miles of archipelago, reaching for the Asiatic coast-line.

The day before, the dogs had hung back, as if reluctant to leave the delicious odors of bacon that hung about the breakfasting place. Grey Cloud had had to pull them along. To-day they crowded, panicky, wild with fear. The leader alone seemed self-possessed, racing out in front with all the steady energy of a first day out. He knew it was his business to hold the team in check, to keep them from showing the white feather.

When the timber receded and the flats stretched out before them, Beach and Galen boarded the sleigh and with their feet attempted to hold it in brake.

"They're running free," shouted Galen.

"The devil's behind them," said Beach.

"Price's leader doesn't give a damn."

The wind came out of the north, at their backs, and not only to the dogs but even to the trail men, with their sensitive nostrils, it carried the scent of wild beasts.

"See where that shaft of sunlight hits a crest that looks like a bronze conning-tower?" Beach pointed dead ahead where a copper-red peak gleamed in the distance. "That's the gateway to the pass that takes us over to the camp of Baranoff, the trapper. It's twenty miles beyond there!"

Galen looked at the shining object and then, turning, peered at the timber a thousand yards behind. "Look, King—they're coming out four abreast, so's we can't figure them out."

"From the tracks we crossed a while ago I should say there's a million of them," Beach said; "although one wolf can make a million tracks if he's got the time."

"Well, I'm going to put a mushroom among 'em."

Galen, hunched into a sitting posture on top of the sleigh, drew a steady bead from an unsteady perch, and a gray wolf, leaping clear of the pack, told how deadly that aim was. "We might as well feed 'em wolf, King. And if they get tired eating themselves, there's wolf meat for the 'tu-lu-kark,' and that ought to fix us with the Indian gods. If we've got old Ano-cluck-tuck to help us by day and that beautiful Dark-i-ock-tuck to guide us by night, why should we hesitate to—bang! there's another—spread a little wolf-meat on their altars!"

Grey Cloud caught the spirit of the masters riding behind him. He sensed their confidence and their fighting courage. They knew, these three, the utter futility of trying to tire those beasts out. The dogs at top speed can't make them break their tireless shamble—a cross between a lope and a canter—a gait that no man can define. They quit only when they realize there's positively no chance to catch their prey off guard.

They were out of sight now. To-night they would be on hand. To-night would be their last chance to strike.

"How far did you say that red top is, King?"

"Not more than twenty miles from here, and if we can hike along all day the way we've covered the last ten, we can make it in good shape before time to camp."

Two hours later they drew up in the valley of the pass that leads to the Baranoff camp on Kamishak Bay. The rugged crag that at the outset of their trip that day had shone red and lustrous in the distance now rose sheer and dark on their right.

The day was not yet done. The May-time sun was still shining. The dogs had demonstrated their breeding. They had covered forty tough miles in record time.

"Well, King, they're pretty fit—feet all seem to be O. K., and if you say so we may as well keep on and wind her up on this day's run. It's twenty miles. We ought to get to the bluff above Baranoff's, if we don't get chawed up by the crow-feed, in about three minutes before the sun goes black."

The dogs set to the task of extra going as if it were but the beginning of the last mile of home-stretch instead of twenty miles of the hardest, most heart-breaking uphill in Alaska. In places Grey Cloud ran plump against a snow-barrier, but, nothing daunted, he'd jump it and lift the swing-team clear of the ground in an effort to hoist them up also. Then Beach and Galen

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would go ahead and lift the dogs up to the trail again and after them the loaded sleigh —a task at which men of less physical strength and endurance would have balked. They held to the sleigh as the team started off, and so were pulled up from the lower level.

Before an hour had passed in the timber of the Kamishak trail, Grey Cloud caught the scent of the wolves in their wake. He tossed his great head in the air and called out an exultant challenge.

"They're back again," said Champ. "Came from nowhere."

"What foxes to wait till we struck the dark of the spruce!" exclaimed Beach. "Well, if The Cloud can keep the team jollied so that they don't stampede us over one of these gulch banks, we'll make it all right. How do you feel, Champ?"

"I'd feel better if we were coasting down the last half-mile to Baranoff's shack. It looks like the gray devils were going to come close this time. They know they've got to strike soon or never."

The two men had each rigged a breast-plate and tug-line to the sleigh and were now pulling along with the dogs. The sun had already begun to drop behind the northern range, and the creepy shadiness of the spruce enveloped them like a pall.

Before Grey Cloud there was no trail. The marvelous instinct which made him the leader he was, led him in a direct line up the steep going, always working for the nearest point ahead by the shortest of straight routes. At times he skirted precipices and frightful chasms, and the man who happened to be on the down side would vault the sleigh and pull with all his might and heart to keep it from skidding over.

Once they came upon a rude cross stuck up in a base of piled rocks.

"That's where Ramse Jorgunsen and his team were blown over," said Galen.

"Champ, we're all right. We'll make everything fine. There's no wind a-blowin' here, and this is where the old boy cooks up all the wind and lets it out of the bag. . . . Poor old Ramse!"

On they toiled. The team dogs whimpered apprehensively, sensing the blood-thirsty pack shambling so swiftly behind them. Grey Cloud worked as never before. If he could only make the plateau in time! Here, where they were climbing, there was only a thousand feet of nothing between their narrow path and the bed of the gorge. The Cloud's foot cushions were cut and the blood spurted from between his toes. The ice crust of the spring snows was doing its nasty worst to hold him back. The team dogs, too, were badly lacerated about feet and hocks. But the superb control of the great beast at their head kept them going on—half desperate, half adoring and trusting. They still whimpered, shuddering at the silent, mistlike foe flitting back there in the woods.

Presently the strain on Grey Cloud's collar slackened a little: the worst of the uphill going was over.

"Through this brake of birch and spruce for a hundred yards and we're in the clear" —Kingdon fairly sang the words.

They struck the dark of the brake, Grey Cloud running true to a point ahead and yip-yahooing a fearless ode of conquest. The crisis was dead ahead of him, he knew.

The mistlike foe with the green-yellow firelight in their eyes!

They began to flit by, going ahead, around and alongside the outfit.

Grey Cloud never faltered. On he plunged, giving the battle-cry of the old Shaktolik, where he was whelped with a litter of Norton Sound timber grays—tribe alien to these marauding, man-attacking pirates of the southern coast.

His nerve was infectious. The entire team threw their shoulders into their collar-pads with frenzied energy, backing him up with splendid courage.

Galen and Beach were blazing away into the gray mist, one-handed shots, at random, to confuse the impending attack.

"King, what makes them so persistent to

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get us?" Galen shouted hoarsely.

"They've feasted on man flesh hereabouts many a time. They've got the taste of it. Hell's spawn, that's what they are!" The fire of fight was ablaze in Beach. His rifle was spitting spreaders as fast as he could pump them into the barrel-chamber.

"The old gray leader is giving them their own Choctaw," yelled Galen excitedly. "I think he's got 'em buffaloed. The rest of the team is beginning to show fight too."

Grey Cloud was now bounding ahead on a swift, level trail. The timber belt was left behind! Yet on he whipped at racing swiftness. He was on a well-packed groove, and far in the distance he could see a flashing light.

"Hurrah!" yelled Beach. "That's the Augustine Island beacon, five miles out in the inlet. We're on top of Baranoff's now! Champ, *we've got 'em beat!*"

True, too, it was. The gray blur of the hungry pack merged into the receding timber. . . . Their wolf howls died out to a mocking, high-pitched call. . . . They were beaten.

And the two men of the Northland knew perfectly well that it was not they who had done it. It was nothing but the indomitable fighting spirit of the big gray lead dog, who had shown six panicky trailers how to behave under fire, and turned them into six stanch workers, steady, brave, controlled. Oh, yes, Grey Cloud had won!

A bend in the trail, which here shot almost sheer downward, showed the cabin light of the trapper Baranoff. Lantern in hand, he came out of the shack to welcome the Neukluk outfit. A powerfully built, square-jawed man he was, shaggy-browed and friendly eyed. He flew to the task of unhooking the dogs, who dropped where they stood, fagged, quite done.

"They look pretty tough, partners. She's an awful pull up from the flat." His voice was deep and musical.

The dogs set to licking their foot cushions, to which the ice hung in globular crystals. These they bit off. Grey Cloud alone stood wagging his great brush, waiting for the friends of his owner to come to him and offer congratulations.

His wait was not long. Beach and Galen wrapped their arms about the old fellow's neck in a grateful embrace. All that ordinarily would have been of the first importance upon their arrival, got no attention whatever. The great lead dog and the team absorbed all the interest.

Baranoff held his light on Grey Cloud. "Boys, what a dog!" he gasped. "He's the dog of my dreams! I've got a January silver fox I'll give you for him. Yes, and a pack of prime otter, too!" His eyes gleamed covetously.

Beach and Galen told him the dog was not theirs, and quickly turned the subject. They asked of the Seattle packet. Had it arrived yet; or when was it due?

"The *Kadiak* is due on the first of June," Baranoff replied. "What is it now? Let me see—the fourteenth of May. You boys have got a nice little visit coming to you." And he bade them make themselves at home.

Crying at Fate is not one of the practises of good Northmen, and for the ensuing two weeks Galen and Beach made the best of their enforced visit at the trapper's camp.

Meantime, the trapper did everything within his power for the men and dogs. Repeatedly he made offers of trade for Grey Cloud. Here was a dog the like of which he had tried to raise for years. He wanted him. Even in face of the men's renewed assertion that The Cloud was only loaned them by his owner in the Neukluk country, Baranoff persisted. His jaws were not square for nothing. He was determined that Grey Cloud should be lord of his kennels.

He began an insidious playing of his trumps. He heaped attentions on Galen and Beach, made the delay at which they had chafed a time of positive pleasure.

But finally the black wave line of the *Kadiak's* smoke appeared on the horizon and the partners prepared to embark. The time came for the settlement of their score with Baranoff, and Galen approached him, wallet in hand, as the *Kadiak's* longboat was pulling ashore.

"Baranoff, you've certainly shown us a good stay. What do we owe?"

The wily gleam of generations of Baranoffs shone in the trapper's eyes. "I suppose you boys wouldn't refuse me anything I might consider reasonable, would you?"

"Why, no, of course not. How much do you want?"

"*Nothing or that dog!*"

The Russian had played his ace.

Beach looked at Galen, and, as their eyes

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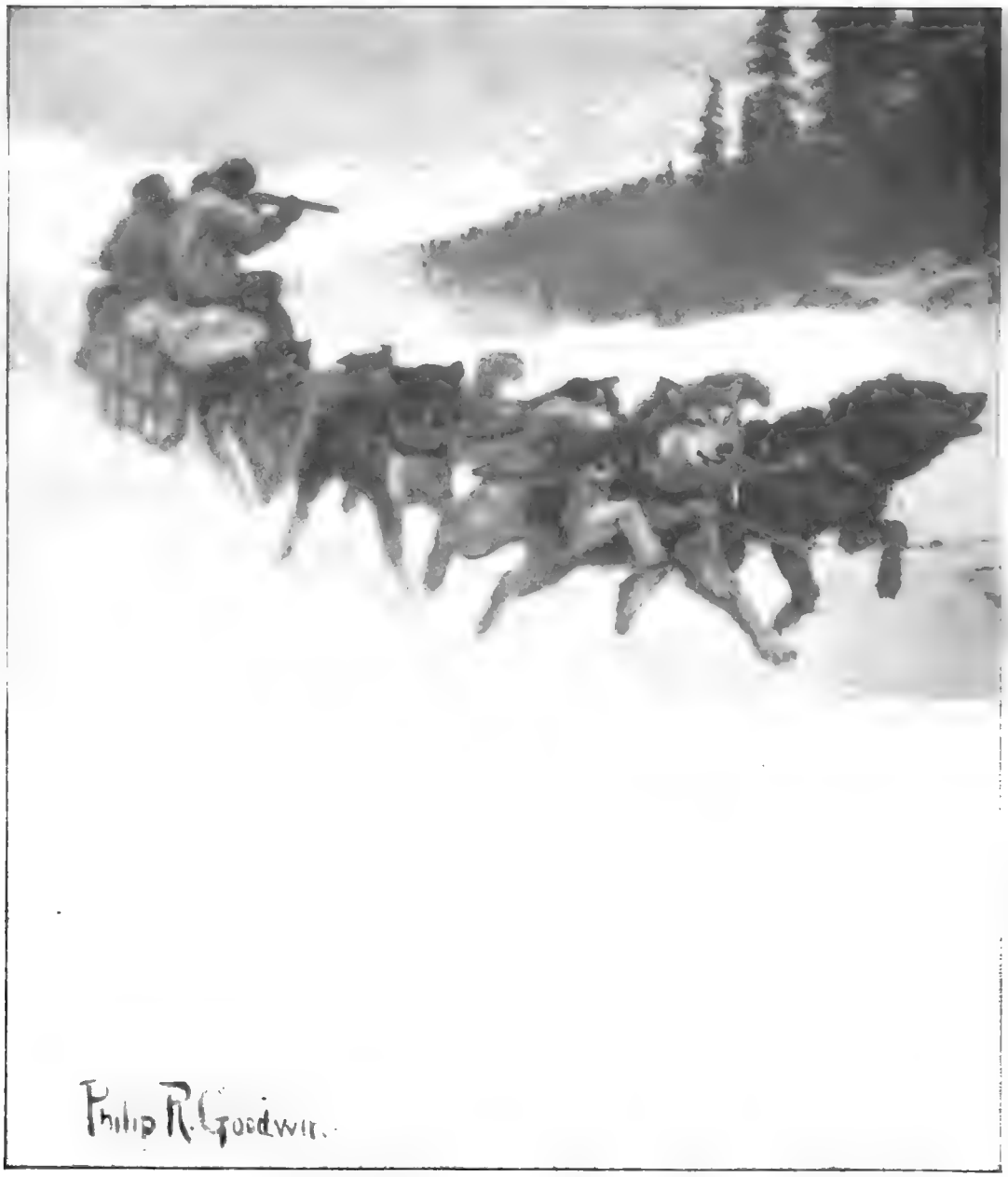

met, the look of each confessed to the other that they were securely trapped.

"Lord, what will Till do?"

"What'll he do? He'll understand!"

"Baranoff's got us."

"Well, one thing's a cinch, The Cloud will sure have a crack home with him."

And so Grey Cloud passed into the ownership of the Kamishak trapper. . . .

Galen and Beach were very unhappy when the other dogs and the sleigh had been placed in the longboat, together with a shipment of pelts of Baranoff's. They dared not look back where the trapper stood, holding their friend's champion . . . Grey Cloud, straining to break from the Russian and plunge into the surf after them.

Baranoff, watching, shrugged his massive

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GREY CLOUD NEVER FALTERED. ON HE PLUNGED, GIVING THE BATTLE-CRY OF THE OLD SHAKTOLIK.

shoulders with a gloating grimace which meant that to him the end justified the means. The fact that he had got this wonderful dog by a rotten plot, that he had sacrificed three men to do it—mattered nothing: he wanted the dog; he'd got him!

He began at once trying to accustom Grey Cloud to his voice and his command, eager for a response—for, at least, despite his crookedness, he craved the dog's affection as well as his services. But Grey Cloud's affection was not to be coerced. The food that was abundantly provided for him he devoured, but simply to aid his quick recovery to normal condition. No sneaking Muscovite could buy his fidelity, or hope to obliterate the face and voice of his own—his very own—master. The Cloud knew that this man did not ring true. He scorned his mongrel-infested kennels. He withheld the friendly dropping of his ears and the wigwagging of a cordial tail. Instead, he showed displeasure and disgust by a backward curling of his lip, baring his lance tusks at almost every approach of the Russian to his chain-post, where he was kept a secure prisoner.

Baranoff tried every means to propitiate his unwilling captive. But his insinuating attempts at sympathy, his advances with outstretched hands, were all faithfully repulsed by the dog whose heart was true to but one. And he watched cease-

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lessly for the first laxity in his jailer's vigil.

Then suddenly the great dog changed his bearing. He began to submit to Baranoff's advances. He no longer showed his teeth at him, and he even let the trapper stroke his muzzle. Baranoff thought he had won, and at the end of two weeks Grey Cloud again had his freedom.

When the evening meal of that first day of liberty was over, when Grey Cloud had crammed himself with enough rich salmon and rice to fortify him against a foodless week . . . he left Baranoff's camp forever.

The last that the trapper saw of him was a magnificent gray form silhouetted against the crimson heavens above the ridge which banks the southern seacoast.

The Russian's rage was infinite. He plunged into the cabin and returned with a long-barreled rifle—but there was nothing upon which to hold it! The spoils of duplicity had slipped from his clutch, unenjoyed: the great wolf-dog had never for a moment been his. Grey Cloud was *a one-man dog*.

III

It was two weeks since the *Sawtooth* had been skidded off her ways and had begun her trip down Fish River bound for Dexter's in Golovin Bay. There she was to take the cargo of the *St. Paul* consigned to the Golden Goose, Ophir, and Sweetcake outfits, and in that cargo was the treasure that had been out of my keeping so long.

I had impatiently haunted the landing on Fish River for two long days. Feverishly I had trekked up to the promontory above the boat-landing for a glimpse of the *Sawtooth* as she rounded into view down-stream. It seemed as if she would never come.

Then suddenly the dogs began a wailing, miles down-stream, which was taken up by every malamute as it came within their hearing, and at this dog sign, which each spring is as absolute as sight of the boat herself, the town broke into the cry of "Steamboat! Steamboat!" Axes poised to hew or cross-cut were dropped without the finishing down thrust. The whir of the ivory ball in the gambling-houses stopped short. Waiters, bartenders, miners, and girls all rushed down to the landing to greet the first boatload of outsiders.

Finally the puff of the *Sawtooth's* exhaust was audible, and then she blew a long howdy-do on her shrill whistle and slowly chug-chugged up to the landing. I stood at the edge of the little dock, in momentary danger of being jostled into the river.

Then I saw him! And he saw me!

Drawn and gaunt he looked. But his eyes blazed with love as he made me out standing there, and I knew that the leanness was but the result of the terrible strain he had endured since parting from me.

As the packet was made fast, George Greenwood, who captained her, held Grey Cloud up to the rail and handed him to me. "You're in luck, Till," he said. "Ed Dexter had drawn a bead sight on him and was about to plug him when old John saw he was dog and not wolf!"

"What?" I stammered.

"Sure," continued George. "He came down from the McKinley Creek portage headed straight for Dexter. Ed thought he was a wolf and grabbed a gun."

"From the McKinley Creek portage!" I gasped. There was no boat route from there. Where had Beach and Galen left Grey Cloud? "Is the *St. Paul* in, George?" I asked. The *St. Paul* was the only boat from which he could have been transferred to the *Sawtooth*.

"She's at Nome," he said. "The ice wouldn't let her come in here from St. Michael. The *Discovery* made it down from Nome, and Captain Tremper told me he had mail for you from the outside. It's in the purser's sack."

When I eventually secured the letter, I trembled like a leaf as I opened it.

It explained incoherently what had occurred when Galen and Beach made the trapper's camp. It was full of distress and pleas for forgiveness.

"Till," Champ wrote in closing, "I knew that something was coming off wrong for us when I started getting into that heavy medicine-man stuff on the trail. I invoked the names of Ano-cluck-tuck and then cut in with Dark-i-ock-tuck. I must have got them mixed."

"No," I said as I circled the great neck of my dog, "the god of the winds and the moon goddess did us no wrong, did they, acushla! They did not part us for long. Well, there shall be but one more parting for us, old boy, and I'm hoping that when the time comes for that—well—we'll just make the 'big divide' journey together."

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Decorations by Carl Hirschberg

"WAR? NEVER AGAIN"

Would Socialism do it?

AN INTERVIEW WITH MORRIS HILLQUIT by WILLIAM HARD

"YOUR question is this:

"'If England were socialist, if Germany were socialist, if all of the big nations of the world were organized on the socialist model, what then? Wouldn't each of them still want to sell its goods in Brazil and in Zanzibar and in Mongolia? And wouldn't this lead to quarrels, just as it does now, and to wars? In other words, is there any reason to think that Socialism, any more than Capitalism, would put an end to international trade rivalry and bloodshed?' That's your question.

"I will answer it first by showing that it is Capitalism that makes international trade rivalry so keen and so aggressive to-day, and then I will answer it by showing that Socialism would largely destroy that rivalry or make it over into something entirely different.

"The trouble now is that we don't produce goods primarily for the purpose of satisfying the daily needs of our fellow-citizens. Many of those citizens, for instance, are in need of food. In our large cities there are numbers of children who come to school without breakfast. And there are breadlines of adults in our streets. Yet we are exporting foodstuffs. Why is this?

"It is because we are producing goods for the primary purpose of making profits for individuals, for capitalists. *The workers do not get, in money, the full value of what they produce.* If they did, there would be no profits for the capitalists. The workers get in money, in wages, only a *part* of the value of what they produce. *Therefore they can not buy all they need. They can not buy back all the goods they have produced.* There is thus an artificial surplus. Even when the non-workers have consumed as much as they can, there is still a surplus. And there you are. What is to be done with that surplus? It must be *exported*.

"The capitalist countries can not exchange their surplus product with each other. That would relieve none of them. They must unload their surplus on the industrially less developed countries, all of them on the same countries.

"Accordingly, even when many Englishmen and many Germans may be without proper clothing, the manufacturers of England and of Germany are driven into fierce rivalries in their efforts to sell cloth to Turks and Persians. They must dispose of their surplus.

"That's the first reason for an aggressive

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and finally bloody export-trade policy. The second reason is even more important.

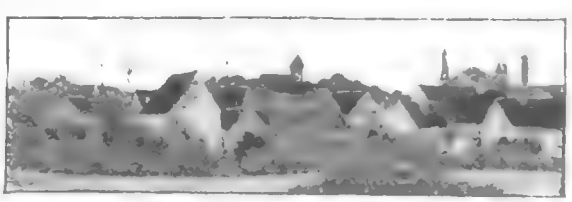
"In every highly developed country there comes to be a surplus of *capital* in the hands of the owners of industries. For a time they can reinvest this surplus in their own country. But soon all the principal industries of that country are fully capitalized. And the surplus of capital still continues to grow. What shall be done with it? Again, *export* it.

"So each highly developed nation becomes the bitter rival of every other highly developed nation in making investments of capital in the 'new' countries of the world, and in the effort to acquire and maintain control of such countries. And this rivalry is reckless and implacable, because it is urged on by the private self-interest of individuals.

"In a socialist state this whole necessity for aggressive trade and aggressive investment in the 'new' countries tends to disappear. It becomes virtually impossible. And the wars which grow out of international commercial and financial rivalry, *as most wars do*, become almost unthinkable. Let me show why.

"In a socialist state the prime industries are organized under the ownership and management of the people. They produce no dividends, no profits, for individuals. A nationally operated shoe industry, for instance, like a nationally operated post-office, would 'pay' in services to the people and not in fortunes for stockholders and bondholders. What would be the result?

"The result would be that no large accumulations of capital in private hands could possibly come into existence. Not being in existence, they could not demand an outlet in 'concessions' and 'colonies' in the 'unexploited' districts of the world. One of the two great reasons for international quarrels in those lands would have been wiped out. There would be no great surplus of private capital fighting its way to investment in South America and Africa and Asia.



"So much for the *exportation of capital*. It would be eliminated, and its wars with it. The 'backward' nations would develop at their own gait, as they should, and in their own manner.

"Now for the *exportation of commodities* —shoes, for instance.

"I am assuming, according to your question, that the 'advanced' nations of the world are all socialist and that only the 'backward' nations are still left with non-socialist governments.

"In every 'advanced' nation, then, we would see commodities being produced not, as now, for the immediate purpose of profits for individuals, but for the purpose, actually, of meeting the requirements of the people.

A nationally operated shoe industry in a socialist England would be organized to supply England with shoes. When it had made enough shoes to protect the feet of the inhabitants of England, its prime purpose would have been accomplished. There would be no *necessary* surplus of any commodity.

"At present, in all 'advanced' countries, as I have shown, there *is* a surplus of commodities and there *must be*. In a socialist state there is no 'must' about it.

"Therefore, under Socialism, there is no necessary surplus of commodities demanding territories to conquer, and demanding those territories even at the cost of international conflicts.

"The export of goods from a socialist country will be stripped both of economic necessity and of personal private profit. It will become a really voluntary peaceful occupation.

"If England wants coffee from Brazil, it will deliberately produce a surplus of its own commodities to exchange for that coffee. Its purpose will be the coffee. If it can't get the coffee, it won't produce the surplus of commodities for it. Whereas now it has the surplus anyway and *must* go out to sell it. That's the difference; and it's the difference between aggressive exportation for personal private profit and peaceful exportation for the daily use and benefit of the whole people.

"There's my answer to your question. Socialism, by removing the two chief causes for wars in the field of international trade, would remove those wars themselves."

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The STORY of JEFFRO

By

ZONA GALE

AUTHOR OF "FRIENDSHIP VILLAGE," "WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. C. WALL

WHEN I have told this story of Jeffro, the alien, some one has always been sure to say: "Yes, but there's another side to that. They aren't all Jeffros."

When stories are told of American loyalty, childlike faith, sensitiveness to duty, love of democracy, I do not remember ever to have heard any one rejoin: "Yes, but Americans are not all like that."

So I wonder why this comment should be made about Jeffro.—Z. G.

"WHEN Jeffro first come knocking at my door that spring morning, what he said surprised me more than anything that had been said to me in years. What he said was:

"'Madam, if you have a house for rent—a house for rent. Have you?'

"For years nobody had said that to me, or anything like it; and the little house that I own on the Red Barns Road, not far from the schoolhouse, was all falling to pieces because I never could get enough ahead to mend it up. There was a big hole in the road in front of it that had never been

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filled in. And the house only had two rooms anyway—and a piece of ground about as big as a rug; and the house was pretty near as old as the ground was.

" 'Land,' I says, 'man, you don't want to rent that house?'

"He smiled, nice and wrinkled and gentle, and said yes, he did; and nothing that I, as my own real-estate agent, could say discouraged him. Even when I'd whipped off my kitchen apron and found the key to the little house in my button-box, and had gone down the road with him to look the house over, and let him see what it was like, he insisted that he wanted to rent it. And so in the end he done: at four dollars a month, which wasn't much more than, by rights, the sale price should have been.

" 'I do little things to this house,' said Jeffro. 'I make little change for good. I have some handy with a hammer.'

"I remember turning back a ways from the house, and seeing him standing there, with his hands behind him, looking at the house as if it *was* something, and something of his.

"When I got home and was up in the garret hunting up the three green paper shades for his windows, it come to me that I hadn't asked him for any references, and that for all I knew he might be going to counterfeit money or whisky or something there on the premises. But anybody'd known better than that just to look at Jeffro's face. A wonderful surprised face he had; surprised, but believing it all too, and trusting the good. A brown face, with big, brown eyes, and that wrinkled smile of his. I like to think about him.

"After a few days I went over with the shades, and he'd got a few pieces of furniture there, setting round, loose and unattached. And on a big basket of stuff was sitting a little boy, about eight years old.

" 'That's Joseph,' says Jeffro, simple. 'We are the two that came.'

"Then he told me. In 'the old country' his wife and two little ones were waiting till he could earn money to send back for them.

" 'I thought when I had thes' little fellow here,' he said, 'I could work then more easy. He don't eat but little,' he added.

" 'But how,' says I, 'are you expecting to earn all that money out of Friendship Village—where folks saves for years to put on a new stoop?'

"At this he smiled, sort of knowing. And he pointed to a poster over his wood-box. It was printed in Yiddish, all but the words 'United States'; but the picture—that was plain enough. It showed a mill on one side of the street, and a bank on the other. And from the mill a stream of workingmen, with bags of money on their backs, were streaming over toward the bank.

" 'That was put up on my cow-shed at home,' said Jeffro. 'I have brought it. But I have no trade—I can not earn money fast like those. I make the toys.'

"He threw open the door into the only other room of the house. In it was piled dozens of boxes, and some broad shelves to be put up, and a table was covered with colored stuff. 'Then I go up to the city and sell,' said he. 'It is only five miles. But I can not live there—not with thes' boy. I say, "I vill find some little cheap place out in the country for us two." So then I come here. I am now in America five veeks,' he added, proud.

" 'Five weeks!' says I. 'Then where'd you learn to talk American?'

" 'I have study and save' for six-seven years, to be ready,' said Jeffro, simple. 'Now I come. Next year I think I send for them.'

"All day long them words of his kept coming and ringing in my ears. And it kind of seemed to me that in 'em was a great chorus—a chorus of thousands going up that minute, and this minute, and all the time, all over America:

" 'Now I come. Next year I think I send for them.'

"And I says to myself: 'What's America going to do for him? What's America going to do to him? What are we going to do for him? And what is he going to do for us?'

"Well, the story of them first few weeks of Jeffro's in Friendship Village is for me a kind of a window set in the side-wall of the way things are.

"One morning, a little before nine o'clock, I had to go to the schoolhouse to see Miss Mayhew. When I went by Jeffro's I didn't see anything of him, but when I got along by the schoolhouse grounds, there I saw him, leaning on the fence under the locust-tree.

" 'Good morning, Mr. Jeffro,' I says. 'Do the children bother you down to your house with their noise? That's one reason my house use' to be so hard to rent, it was so close by the schoolhouse.'

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"His face, when he turned it to me, kind of startled me. 'Bother me!' he said, slow. 'Every day I come across to look at them near. To see them—it is a vonder. Thes' big building, thes' big yard—thes' children that do no vork, only learn, learn. And see—Joseph is there. Over by the swing—you see him? He learns too—my Joseph. I do not even buy his books. It is free—all free. I am always vatching them in thes' place. It is a vonder.'

"Then one night, when he'd been there about two weeks, Jeffro's house caught fire. A candle that he used for melting his wax tipped over on his toy shavings and blazed up. Timothy Toplady, driving by, heard him shout, and galloped into town for the Department, and they went tearing out Red Barns way as quick as fifteen minutes after. Jeffro had the fire put out and had gone on making toys, when the fire-engine pulled up at his gate, and the men come trampling on to his porch, wanting the blaze pointed out to 'em. Bud Miles, that's in the Department, told me how Jeffro stood in the door bowing to 'em, and regretting the trouble he'd made, and apologizing to 'em for not having any fire ready for 'em to put out.

"And the next day Jeffro walked into the engine-house and asked the men sitting round with their heels up how much he owed 'em.

" 'For what?' says they.

" 'For putting down my fire,' Jeffro says. 'That is, for coming to put it down if I had one.'

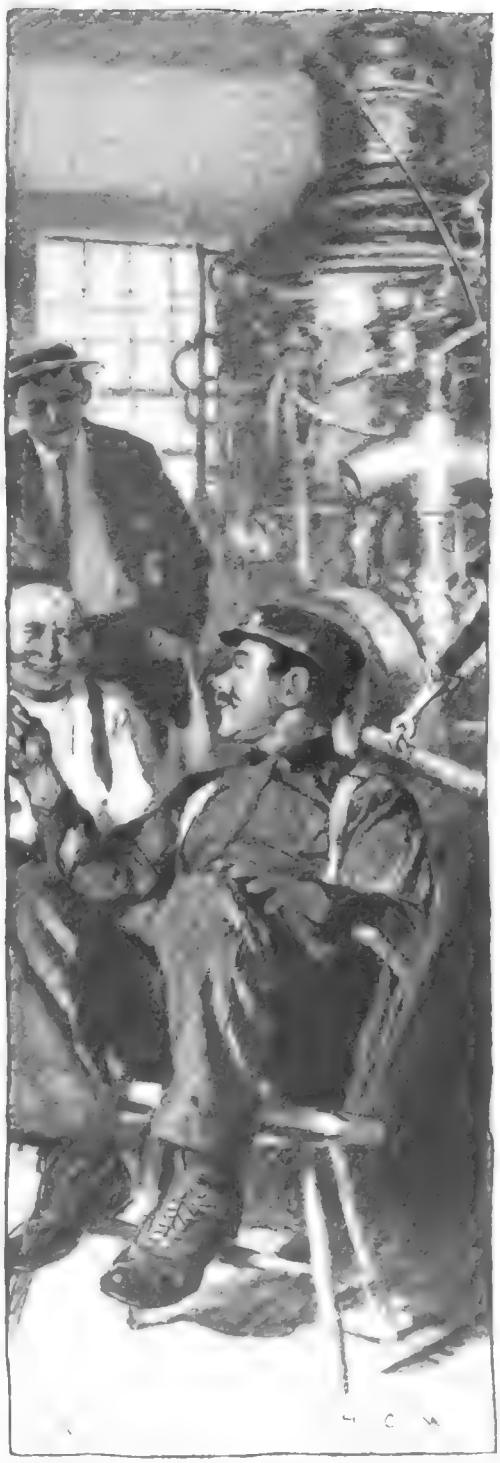
"The men stared at him, and burst out laughing. 'Why, nothing,' they said. 'That don't cost anything. That's free.'

"Jeffro just stood and looked at 'em. 'Free?' he said. 'But the big engine and the wagons and the men and the horses—does nobody pay them to come to put down fires?'

" 'Why, the town does,' they told him. 'The town pays them.'

"They could hardly make him understand. All these big things put to his service, even the town fire-bell rung, and nothing to pay for it. He had never heard of such a thing. They said he went off looking all dazed up, and left the men shouting. It seemed such a joke to the men that it shouldn't all be free. It seemed so wonderful to Jeffro that it should.

"He hadn't gone half a block from the



"THINK OF STOPPING TO FIND OUT WHETHER A MAN WAS A CITIZEN BEFORE THEY PUT HIS FIRE OUT!"

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engine-house when he turned round and went back.

" 'The gentlemen have not understood,' he said. 'I am not yet a citizen. I have apply for my first papers, but I am not yet a citizen. Whoever is not citizen must pay for this fire attention. Is it not so?'

"Then they shouted again. Think of stopping to find out whether a man was a citizen before they put his fire out! Everybody in Friendship Village was telling that to each other for weeks, and splitting their sides over it.

"Less than a couple of weeks afterward Jeffro got a letter from home, from his wife. Postmaster Silas Sykes handed it out to him when Jeffro come in the post-office store for some groceries, and when he started to pay for the groceries Jeffro says:

" 'How much on the letter?'

" 'Why, they's nothing due on that,' says Silas, squinting at it over the sugar-barrel.

" 'But thes' is only old country stamp on here,' said Jeffro. 'It is not enough for all this way in America too?'

"Silas waved his hand at him like the representative of the gover'ment he was. 'Your Uncle Sam pays for all that,' says he.

"Jeffro looks at him a minute, then he says: 'Uncle Sam—is that, then, a person? I see the pictures——'

" 'Sure, sure,' says Silas, winking to Timothy Toplady that stood by. 'Uncle Sam takes grand care of us, you bet.'

" 'I am not yet a citizen,' Jeffro insisted. 'I have apply for my first papers——'

" 'Go 'long,' says Silas, magnificent. 'Do you s'pose Uncle Sam bothers himself about that? You belong to his family as soon as you strike shore.'

"Timothy Toplady told me about it. 'And,' says he, 'do you know that the man went out of the store looking perfectly queer! And kind of solemn.'

"All these things begun to open my eyes. Here, all my life, I'd been taking things for granted. My school-days, the fire-engine, postage-stamps, and all the rest, I'd took for granted, just like this generation is taking for granted aeroplanes. And all of a sudden now, I see how they was: not gifts to me, but powers of the big land. I'd always thought of a village as a person. But a Big Land—that had got powers! And was developing more as fast as its folks would let it!

"And it was wonderful consoling. It helped me over more than I can tell. When Silas Sykes give light measure on my sugar and oatmeal, thinks I:

" 'Well, you're just a little piece of the Big Land's power of business—and it ain't grown yet. It's only just growing.'

"And when the Friendship Village Married Ladies' Cemetery Improvement Sodality—that's just the name of it and it works at more things than just cemetery—when it had spent five years studying our gover'ment, and then turned around and created an executive board whose reports to the Society of Forty had to be made unanimous—I says to myself:

" 'Well, the club's just a little piece of the Big Land's power of democracy, and it ain't grown yet. It's only just growing.'

"And when the Friendship Village chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution refused to leave us ladies borrow their copy of the American flag because they reverenced it so hard they was afraid it would get tore, I says to myself:

" 'But it's just a little scrap of the Big Land's power of patriotism to the universe, and it ain't grown yet only just to one country—and not entirely to that.'

"And it made me see things intimate and tender. And it was Jeffro that done that for me.

"That summer he come to kind of belong to the town, the way a hill or a tree does, only lots more so. At first, folks use' to call him 'that Jew peddler,' and circus day I heard Mis' Sykes saying we better lock up our doors during the parade, because we didn't know what 'that foreigner' might take it in his head to do.

" 'Mis' Sykes,' says I, 'where was your mother and father born?'

" 'New York state,' says she, like the right answer.

" 'And their folks?' I went on.

" 'Massachusetts,' says she, like she was going to the head now sure.

" 'And *their* folks?' I continued, smooth. 'Where'd *they* come from?'

"Mis' Sykes begun to wabble. 'Well,' says she, 'there was three brothers come over together——'

" 'Yes,' I says, 'I know. There always is. Well, where'd they come from? And where'd their folks come from? Was they immigrants to America, too? Or did they just stay foreigners in England or Germany

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" 'THAT'S JOSEPH,' SAYS JEFFRO, SIMPLE. 'WE ARE THE TWO THAT CAME.' "

or Scandinavia or Russia, maybe?' says I. 'Which was it?'

"Mis' Sykes put on her most ancestral look. 'You can ask the most personal questions, Calliope—' she begun.

" 'Personal—' says I. 'Why, I dunno. I thought that question was real universal. For all we know, it takes in a dozen nations, with their blood flowing, sociable, in with yours. It's awful hard for any of us,' I says, 'to find a real race to be foreign *to*. I wouldn't bet I was foreign to no one,' says I, 'nor that no one was foreign, for certain, to me.'

" 'I shall lock my door circus day just the same,' says Mis' Sykes.

" 'Do,' says I. 'Circuses is likely to be followed up by American hoodlums.'

"But after a while, in spite of his being a foreigner, 'most everybody got to like Jeffro. You couldn't help it—he was so patient and willing and ready to believe. And the children—the children that likes your heart—they all loved him. They'd follow him along the curb, and he'd set down and show them his pack—time and again I've come on him on a shady side street doing that for them. And sometimes when he'd got a new toy made, he'd walk up to the schoolhouse a-purpose just to show it to 'em, and they'd all crowd around him at recess.

"On account of that, the children's folks took to noticing him and speaking to him. And folks done little things for him and for Joseph. Abigail Arnold, that keeps the home bakery, she had him make a wooden bridal pair for the top of the wedding-cake she keeps in her show window. Mis' Timothy Toplady had him do little odd jobs around their place, and she'd pay him with a cooked chicken. He'd showed 'most all of us the picture of his little young wife and the two children——

" 'I declare,' says Mis' Toplady, kind of wondering, 'since I've seen the picture of his wife and babies he don't seem to me much more foreign than anybody else.'

"I happened over to Jeffro's one morning, with a loaf of my brown bread and a half a johnny-cake. He seemed to know how to

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cook pretty well, but still I felt more or less sorry for him and the little boy, and I used to take 'em in a thing or two less than half occasionally. When I stepped up to the door that night I heard him singing—he used to sing low, funny songs while he worked. And when he opened the door for me, all of a sudden he blushed to the top of his face. And he bowed his funny, stiff way, and says:

" 'Vell, I see I blush like boys. It is because I was singing a little—vat-you-call, lull'by. Ven I make the toys I am always thinking how little children vill go to sleep holding vat I make, and sometimes I put in lull'bies, in case there is no mother to sing them.'

"That was like Jeffro. I mention it because Jeffro was just like that.

"I'd set down the bread and the johnny-cake, and he'd thanked me—Jeffro always thanked folks like he'd just been give a piece of new life with every kindness—and I dunno but he had—I dunno but we all have; and I'd started to go, when he says hesitating:

" 'I have vanted to ask you thes': If I vork at that bad place in the road in front—if I bring sand from the hill behind, what I can, and fill in that hole, slow, you know—but some every day—you would not mind?'

" 'Mind?' says I. 'Why, my, no. But it's part the village's business to do that. You're in the village limits, you know. It'd ought to been done long ago.'

" 'The village?' said he. 'But it is your place. Why should the village fix that hole?'

" 'It's the village's business,' I told him, 'to keep the streets good. Most of 'em do it pretty lackadaisical, but it's their business to do it.'

"His face lit up like turning up the wick. '*Vul*' he cried. 'So I vill do. I thought it vould be you I am doing it for, and I vas glad. But if it is the village, then I am many times more glad of that.'

"It wasn't much of a compliment to a lady, but I thought I see what he meant.

" 'Why are you glad, Mr. Jeffro,' I says, to make sure, 'that it's the village?'

" 'It does all the things for me,' he says, simple. 'The fire-engine, the post-office—even the telephone is free to me in the village. So it is America doing this for me; for thes' village, it belongs to America. There is no army that I go in or pay to keep out of—there are no soldiers that are jostling me in the streets—they do not even make me buy and put up any flag. And my little Joseph, all day long he is learning. And the people—here they call me "Mr." All is free—free. For all thes' I pay nothing. And now you tell me here is a hole that it is the village business to fill up. It is the business of America to fill up that hole! Vell, I can make that my business, for a little—what-you-say—*pay-back*.'

"It was awful hard to know what to say. I wonder what you'd have said? I just stood still and kept still. Because, if I'd known what to say, it would have been pretty hard, just then, to say it anyway.

" 'It is a luck for the folks,' he said, 'that their own vork lets them make some paying back. My toys, they don't pay back, not very much. I must find another vay.'

"He followed me out on the stoop.

" 'There is von thing they vill let me do after a vile, though,' he said, with a smile. 'In America, I hear everybody make von long, strong groaning about their taxes. Those taxes, ven vill they come? And are they so very big, then? They must be very big to pay for all the free things.'

" 'Why, Mr. Jeffro,' I said, 'but you won't have any taxes.'

" 'But I am to be a citizen!' he cried. 'Every citizen pays his taxes.'

" 'No,' I told him. 'No, they don't. And unless you own property or—or something,' says I, stumbling as delicate as I could, 'you don't pay any taxes at all, Mr. Jeffro.'

"When I made him know that sure, he lifted his arms up and let 'em drop; and he come on down the path with me, and he stood there by the syringa bush at the gate, looking off down the little swelling hill to where the village nestled at the foot. School was just out, and the children was flooding down the road, and the whole time was peaceful and spacious and close-up-to, like a friend. We stood still for a minute, while I was thinking that; and when I turned to Jeffro, he stood with the tears running down his cheeks.

" 'To think there is such a place,' he said reverently. 'And me in it. And them going to be here.' Then he looked at me like he was seeing more than his words were saying. 'I keep thinking,' he said, 'how hard God is vorking, all over the earth—and how good He's succeeded here.'

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"Up to the gate run little Joseph, his school-books in his arms. Jeffro put both hands on the boy's head.

" 'Little citizen, little citizen,' his father said. And it was like one way of being baptized.

II

"When I was a little girl, a cardinal bird came one summer and nested in our yard. They almost never come so far north, and I loved him like a friend. When autumn came, the other birds all went, and he didn't go. And one day, in the first snow and high wind, he was storm-beaten into our little porch, and we caught him. We dare not let him go, in the cold. We kept him there till he died. I shall never forget the change that the days made. I can not bear to tell about or to think about the change in him that the days made. That is why I will never have about me a caged thing, bird or beast or spirit. The cardinal helped me to understand. I wonder if the death of any beauty is as much Nature's will as—yet—we think it is?

"This is why I shrink from telling what next happened to Jeffro—what I knew must happen to him if he came here and lived the life of his kind, of my kind. Lived it, I mean, with his eyes open. There are plenty who live it and never know anything about it, after all. But Jeffro would know. He had seeing eyes, and his heart was the heart of a child, and his face was always surprised—surprised, but believing it all too, and trusting the good. He trusted the good just as you and I did, in the beginning. Just as you and I do, in the end. But in between the two trusts there comes a black time; and if it hasn't come to you, then you don't know the Big Land; and you don't see what's going on in it; and you haven't questioned where it's all going to lead. As, after a while, Jeffro questioned it.

"All summer he worked at his toys, and all the autumn. But when winter began to come, the little house was hard to heat. The roof was decayed, the windows were shrunken, the floor was one draft from all four directions; and I didn't have the money to make the house over—which was just about what it needed. I offered to rent him and the little boy a room in my house, and let him work there; but it was far for the little fellow to go to school. And just then came the Offer.

"HE'D SHOWED MOST OF US THE PICTURE OF HIS YOUNG WIFE AND THE TWO CHILDREN."

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A man from a mining town in the next state gave Jeffro a chance to go there with him, and he'd give him work in the mines all winter. Jeffro listened, and heard about the good pay, and the plain, hearty food, and the chance to get ahead; and Miss Mayhew said she'd keep the little boy; and Jeffro thought about the cold little house, and feeding himself all winter, and about standing on street corners with his pack; and there was Miss Mayhew's nice, warm house and woman-care for the little boy. And in the end Jeffro went. I told him to leave his things in the little house and I wouldn't charge him rent, which it wasn't worth it.

"The night before he started he come round to my house to say good-by. He thanked me, so nice, for what I'd done, off and on. And then he pulled something out of his pocket.

" 'Look!' he said. 'It is from the National Bank. It is my bank-book—the proofs that I have money there. Here is my checker book,' said he. 'You know how these things go. See that!' His eyes got big and deep. 'They give me credit—and thes' two books,' he said. 'And they vill give me interest on thes' little money. It vill make money for me vile I am gone. It is a vonder. I ask' them vat there is to pay for this chance, and the man laughed. And see—all the vile I am gone, Joseph vill be learning free. I pay no more than his little board. It is a vonder!'

"He showed me the entry, thirty-seven dollars, his summer's savings. He had had to keep back the amount of his fare.

" 'The ticket is much,' he said, 'but thes' vay I can save enough by spring so they can come. They can live in your little house—oh, it is a plenty room. Ve shall have a little garden—as big as Joseph's plate! She vill keep a little coop of chickens——'

"So he ran on with his happy planning. I remember how he looked when he left my house that night—his two books tightly clasped, his shoulders back, his head full of dreams, his face sort of held up to the stars. I never saw him that way again.

"It was a long winter. It's strange how the calendar sets down winter as just being three months when everybody that's lived through one knows how it's either long or short and never, never clipped right off at the three months, same as the almanac would have you believe. This one was long, and it was white, and it was deep. It kept me shoveling coal and splitting kindling and paying for stove-wood and warming my feet, and it seemed to me that was pretty near all I did do those months. It's surprising and it's discouraging how much of our lives goes along just doing the little fussy things necessary to keep a-going, that you can't count in on just pure, sheer living.

" 'Eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep, and eight hours for exercise,' they used to tell me; and I used to think: 'Yes, but what about just messing-round?' That don't get itself counted in at all, and that just eats up time by the dialful. And I think, if you look close, that one of the things we've got to learn is how to do less of the little hectoring, wearing messing-round, and to do more of the big, plain, real, true, unvarnished living—like real work, and real play, and real talk, and real thinking. And fewer little jobs—fewer little jobs.

"But after a while the winter got done, and early April come—a little faint green down below, a little fine gold up above, and a great wide wash of pale blue at the top: spring in three layers.

"I'd been often to see Joseph, and he was well, and in the reader ahead of the reader a boy of his age would naturally have been in. He had had several short letters from his father, and I was looking to have one of them say when we might expect him, but none of them did.

"Then in April no letter came. We thought it meant that he'd be home. I'd been over and cleaned the little house. And then when April was almost to a close, and he hadn't come yet, I saw it would be too late for his garden, so I planted that—a few vegetables, and a few flowers, and a morning-glory or two over the stoop. And I laid in a few canned things in his cupboard, so's he would have something to start in on.

"May came, and we wondered. Then one day there was a letter in a strange writing. Jeffro was in the hospital, it said, and he wanted to send word that he was all right and would send a letter himself in a little while. That was all that it told us.

"Everybody in Friendship Village remembers that spring, because it was the year the bank closed down. Nobody knew the reason. Some day, when the world gets really to going, one of the things they'll read about in musty books and marvel over will be the things we call panics. They'll

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know then that, put simple, it's just another name for somebody's greed, dressed up becoming in 'Conditions.' We're beginning now to look at the quality of the clothes 'Conditions' dress in, and we're finding them pretty poor quality and cut awful old-fashioned, and the dye rubs off. But in those days, all we knew was that the bank had 'suspended payment.'

"'But what's that mean—suspended payment?' I says to Silas Sykes that told me. 'You can't suspend your debts, can you? I never could.'

"'It means,' says Silas, 'that they'll never pay a cent on the dollar. That's what it means.'

"'But,' I says, 'I don't understand. If I owe you ten dollars I can't pull down my curtains and suspend *that* payment, can I?'

"'Well, you ain't banks,' says Silas. 'And banks is.'

"I was walking away from him, thinking it over, when I stopped stock-still in the street. The National Bank—it was the National Bank that Jeffro had his thirty-seven dollars in.

"I felt as if I had to do something for him, then and there. And that afternoon I took my trowel and went up to his little place, and thought I'd dig round some in the

"'IT'S THE PRESENT-MAN! HE'S BACK A'READY!'"

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garden that was coming up, gay as a button.

"When I stepped inside the gate, I looked up at the house, and I saw the front door was open. 'Land,' I thought, 'I hope they haven't stole what little he had in there, too.' And I stepped up to the door.

"In the wooden chair in the middle of the floor set Jeffro. His hat was pulled down over his eyes, his legs were thrust out in front of him, one of his arms was hanging down, and the other one was in a white sling.

" 'Mr. Jeffro—Mr. Jeffro!' I says. 'Oh—what's the matter?'

"He looked up, and his face never changed at sight of me, nor he never got up or moved. And his look—well, it wasn't the look of Jeffro any more than feathers have the look of a bird. But one thing I knew about that look—he was hungry. I could tell that look anywhere, because I've been hungry myself, with no food coming from anywheres.

"I flew to the cupboard where I'd put in the few things, and in a jiffy I had some soup heating and a box of crackers opened. I brought the bowl to the table, all steaming and good-smelling, and he drew up there without a word and ate with his hat on—ate like I never saw a man eat before.

"When he got through: 'Tell me about it, Mr. Jeffro,' I says. And he told me.

"It wasn't anything very new. Jeffro had been in the mines since the first of November, and the first of January the strike had begun—the strike against a situation that Jeffro drew for me that afternoon, telling it without any particular heat, but just plain and quiet. He told me how he had gone with some of the men to the house of one of the owners when he came there to talk of settlement.

" 'I spoke out to him once,' said Jeffro. 'I said: "Will *you* tell me how this is? They can not make me understand. America gives me free all the things that I did not expect: The fire-engine, it takes no pay. My little boy's school costs me not anything. When I come to this state I have no passport to get, and they did not search me at the frontier. All this is very free. But when we want more bread, and we are willing to work for it all day long with our hands, you will not let us have more, even then. Even when we pay with work. Will you tell me how this is?" '

"Of all that the man had said to him, kindly enough, Jeffro understood nothing. And he could speak the language, while many of the men in the mines could not say one word of English.

" 'But they could strike in Russian and Polish and Lithuanian,' Jeffro said, 'and they did.'

"Then came the soldiers. Jeffro told me about that.

" 'Ve vere standing there outside the Angel mine,' he said, 'to see that nobody vent to vork and spoiled our hopes, ven somebody cried out: "The soldiers!" Many of the men ran—I did not know vy. Here was some of the United States army. I had never seen any of the army before. I hurried toward them, my cap in my hand. I saw their fine uniforms, their fine horses, this army that was kept to protect me, a citizen, and vich I did not have to pay. I stood bowing. My heart felt good. They had come to help us then—free! And then somebody cried: "He's one of the damned picketers. Arrest him!" And they did; and nothing I could say vould make them understand. I vas in jail four days, but all those days I thought it vas a mistake. I smiled to think how sorry they vould be ven they found out they had arrested von they vere paid to protect—free.'

"He told me how there went on the days, the weeks, of the strike; hunger, cold; the militia everywhere. The little that Jeffro had earned was spent, dime by dime. He stayed on, hoping for the settlement, certain that it would all be right as soon as everybody 'understood.'

" 'It vas this vay,' he said laboriously. 'Mine-owners and money and militia vere here. Over here vere the men. Vrong vas done on both sides — different kinds of vrong. The sides could not speak together clear. No von understood no von.'

"Then a miner had resisted an officer who tried to arrest him, the officer fired, and Jeffro had the bullet in his shoulder, and had been locked up for being 'implicated'—'I don't know yet vat they mean by that long vord,' Jeffro said—and had been taken to the courthouse and later to the hospital. On his discharge, eight days ago, he had started to walk home to Friendship Village.

" 'To-morrow,' Jeffro said, 'I vill get out from the bank my money—I have not touched that—and send to her vat I have. It may be she has saved a little bit.

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Somehow she vill come. To-morrow I vill get it, as soon as the bank is open.'

"I knew I had to tell him—I knew I had to tell him right then. 'Mr. Jeffro—Mr. Jeffro,' I said. 'You can't. You can't get your money. The bank's failed.'

"He looked at me, not understanding.

" 'Vat is that?' he said. ' "Failed"—for a bank?'

" 'I don't know what it is,' I told him. 'It's something banks can do. You never can tell when. And this one has done it.'

" 'But,' he cried, 'vat do you mean? It vas the *National* Bank! This nation can not fail!'

" 'This much of it has,' I says. 'The bank's shut up tight. Everybody that had money in it has lost it—unless maybe they pay back to each one just a little bit.'

"He stood up then and looked at me as if I were strange. 'Then this too,' he says, 'can happen in America. And the things I see all winter—the soldiers to shoot you down?'

" 'No, no,' I says. 'You mustn't think——'

" 'I do not think,' says Jeffro. 'I know. I have seen. I am there ven it happens. And more that I did not tell. In March a man came to me ven I was hungry, and tried to buy my vote. Ven I understood, I struck him in his face, just the same as if I have von. But I saw men sell their vote, and laugh at it. And now I understand. You throw dust in our eyes, free fire-engines, free letter-carriers, free this and free that, and all the time somebody must be laughing somewhere at how it makes us fools. I hate America. Being free here, it is a lie!'

"And me, I set still, trying to think. I set looking at the bright-colored poster that Jeffro had found on his cow-shed in the old country, and I was trying to think. I knew that a great deal of what he'd said was true. I knew that folks all over the country were waking up and getting to know that it was true. And yet I knew that it wasn't all the truth. That there was more, and that something had got to make him know. But what was going to do that?

"Faint and high and quite a ways off, I heard a little call. It wasn't much of a call, but when another came and then another, it set my heart to beating and the blood to rushing through me as though it was trying to tell me something.

"I stood up and looked. And up the street I saw them—running and jumping, shouting little songs and laughing all the way — the children, coming out of the Friendship Village schoolhouse, there to the top of the hill. And in a minute it come over me that even if I couldn't help him, there was something to do that mebbe might comfort him some, just now, when he was needing it.

"I stepped to the door, and up by the locust-tree I see Joseph coming. I could pick out his little black head and his bobbed hair and his red cheeks. And I called to him.

" 'Joseph, Joseph!' I says. 'You come over here—and have the rest come too!'

"He come running, his eyes beginning to shine. And the others come running and following him, eager to know what was what. And up the road a piece I see some more coming, and they all begun to run too.

"Joseph run in the gate ahead of everybody, and past me, and in at the door that was close to the road. And he threw away his book, and ran to his father, and flung both arms around his neck. And the rest all come pressing up around the door, and when they see inside, they set up a shout:

" 'It's the Present-man! It's the Present-man! He's back a'ready!'

"Because I guess 'most every one of 'em there had had something or other of Jeffro's making for Christmas. But I'd never known till that minute, and neither had he, that they'd ever called him that. And when he heard it, he looked up from Joseph, where he stood holding him in his arms almost fierce, and he come over to the door. And the children pressed up close to the door, shouting like children will, and the nearest ones shook his hand over Joseph's shoulder.

"And me, all of a sudden I shouted louder'n they did: 'Who you glad to see come home?'

"And they all shouted together, loud as their lungs: *'The Present-man! The Present-man!'*

"And then they caught sight of Miss Mayhew, coming from the school, and they all ran for her, to tell her the news. And she came in the gate to shake hands with him. And then in a minute they all trooped off down the road together, around Miss Mayhew, one or two of 'em waving their hands.

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"Then I turned round and looked at Jeffro.

" 'Why, they acted—kind o' glad to see me,' he says, sort o' breathless. And back in his face come creeping some of the old Jeffro look.

" 'Why, they *was* glad,' says I. 'We all are. We've missed you—trudging along with your toys.'

"Joseph wasn't saying nothing. He was just snuggled up, nosing his father's elbow like a young puppy. Jeffro stood patting him with his cracked, chapped hand that wasn't in the sling. And Jeffro was looking down the road, far as he could watch, after the children.

" 'I've got a little canned stuff there in the cupboard for your suppers,' I says, not knowing what else to say. 'And I stuck a few things in the ground for you out there that are coming up real nice—potatoes and onions and a beet or two. And they's a little patch o' corn that'll be along by and by.'

"All of a sudden, Jeffro turned his back on me and walked a few steps away. 'A garden?' he says, not looking round. 'A little garden?'

" 'Kind of a one,' I told him. 'Such as it is, it's all right—what there is of it. And Abigail Arnold,' I says, 'wants you should make her another wooden bridal pair for the wedding-cake in her bakery window. I heard her say you could set some of your toys there in her front case, too. Oh, yes, and Mis' Timothy Toplady's got a clucking hen she's been trying to hold back for you, and she says you can pay her in eggs——'

"I stopped, because Jeffro kind of frightened me. He wheeled around and stood looking out the door across the pasture lot opposite, and his lips was moving. I thought mebbe he was figuring something with 'em, and I kep' still. But he wasn't. He was thinking with 'em. And all of a sudden he straightened up. And his face—it wasn't brave and confident the way it had been once, but it was saying a thing for him, a nice thing, even before he spoke.

"He come and put out his hand to me, round Joseph. 'My friend,' he says, slow, 'I will tell you what it is. Thes' is what I thought America is like.'

"Wasn't that queer, when I understood all that he had hoped from America, and all that he hadn't found? I didn't know why, but a lump come in my throat—not a sad one, though! But a glad one. And oh, the difference in them lumps!

"He went back to work at his toys again, and he began at the bottom, a whole year after his first coming, to save up money to bring over his wife and the little ones. And it wasn't two weeks later that I went there one night and saw him out working on the hole in the road again.

" 'I work for *you* this time, though,' he said, when he see I noticed. 'Thes' I do not for America—no! I do it for you and for thes' village. No one else.'

"And I thought, while I watched him pounding away at the dirt: 'Anybody'd think that the village and me know things America ain't found out yet—but of course that can't be so.' "

THE TALISMAN

by

SARAH N. CLEGHORN

WHAT is the word most eloquent
To speak of home to me?
Not cradle, and not pinafore,
Not Sunday fireside tea;

'Tis not thy name, thou pleasant town,
Nor thine, thou happy street,
Nor even of the darling house
The title quaint and sweet:

But the most homelike words I hear
That bid my memory haunt
The golden days of long ago
Are—what but "maiden aunt"!

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

The skipper of a tramp steamer had lost his bearings on a dark, stormy night, and was trying to get his position on an old chart. "Well," he said, "if that's Cardiff, Bill, we're orl right; but if it's a fly-spot, 'eaven 'elp us!"

An American traveling in France was delayed at a small country station and, wandering about, lost his way. Fearing to miss the train, he made a desperate effort at his almost forgotten college French and addressed a passer-by.

"*Pardonnez-moi,*" he mispronounced. "*J'ai quittê le train et maintenant je ne sais pas où le trouver encore. Est-ce que vous pouvez me montrer le route à la train?*"

"Let's look for it together," said the stranger. "I don't speak French either."

Having had considerable trouble with chauffeurs who were inclined to be rude and short in their speech, Mr. Howard at last included in his advertisement for the position the item that he desired a man "polite under all circumstances."

A driver named Jones, claiming to be the Chesterfield desired, presented himself and was hired. During his first ride, with Mr. Howard at the wheel, some trouble developed with the engine. Jones descended and crawled under the car, Howard meanwhile attempting to do what he could with the starting gear.

After a few minutes Jones from his position underneath said softly: "Will you please back up slightly, sir?"

Mr. Howard ran the car back a few feet and asked what was the matter.

"If you please, sir," replied Jones, "my face was caught in the works."

Two sisters playing in a second-class stock company held the following conversation, which began in the wings before their entrance, was interrupted by the play, and continued in the wings:

First Sister: Tell it to Sweeney. I should worry about his fambly. If he's got the goods he ain't never showed none.

Second Sister: Aw, you give me a swift pain. Alec's a good kid. You're green-eyed.

First Sister: Not a chance. An' let me tell you— (Their cue; they enter.)

Both: Ah, Baron, are we interrupting your siesta?

The Baron: My dear children! Interrupt indeed! (etc., etc.) Ah—sisters! How fortunate to be sisters—and *such* sisters!

First Sister: Yes, Baron, we are indeed fortunate. If ever sisterly love was perfectly exemplified, it is so in our case. And now, good-by, and sweet dreams! (Exit together.) An' I wanna say, if he comes aroun' to-night I'll give him an earful. My opinion, he's a boob, an' you're another!

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Shortly after the war began a woman received a letter addressed to her by her husband. She opened the envelope, which had already been opened once by the censor, and instead of the expected letter she found a slip of paper bearing these words:

"Your husband is well, but too communicative."

During the last G. A. R. encampment there was one woman amid the crowd of spectators on the day of the parade who made herself conspicuous by her noisy hurrahs and excited waving of a flag as the old veterans marched past. One of the bystanders told her sharply to shut up.

"Shut up yourself!" she retorted. "If you had buried two husbands who had served in the war, you would be hurrahing too."

There is a cheerful Irishwoman on the East Side whose husband is a confirmed hypochondriac.

"Good morning, Mrs. Clancy," said a friend, as they met at market. "An' how's the family?"

"They's all doin' well," said Mrs. Clancy, "with the exciption of me ould man. He's been enjoyin' poor health now for some time; but this mornin' he complained of feelin' better."

In setting forth an incident of local heroism a country-paper reporter finished up neatly:

"As he flung the blazing oil-stove out the window, Mr. Perkins stumbled over a chair and sat down amidst some ignited shavings on the floor, the flame from which caught his clothes. By quick action and a ready wit he escaped with his life, but his trousers were burned almost beyond recognition."

English men-of-war have no ice-making machines on board, as do our ships, and everybody knows how the English fail to understand us on the subject of the use of ice, especially in our drinks.

An English officer was aboard one of our ships of the Asiatic fleet and, on being served with an iced drink, commented on the delights of having cool water aboard. The American officer responded with an offer of a small cake of ice, which was sent the following morning. Meeting the Englishman ashore a week later, the American asked him if he had enjoyed the ice.

"Enjoy it, old top? Why, do you know, that was the first cold bawth I've had since I left England!"

Schmidt sued Jones for slander, alleging that Jones had called him a hippopotamus some six months before. Of this time item Jones's attorney made capital, saying scornfully:

"Why, you haven't got any case, Mr. Schmidt. If your feelings were so badly hurt, why didn't you take action six months ago?"

"Yeh, I know," answered Schmidt easily, "but I neffer saw a hippopotamus until two veeks pasdt already."

A "cub" reporter on a New York newspaper was sent to Paterson to write the story of the murder of a rich manufacturer by thieves. He spread himself on the details and naively concluded his account with this sentence:

"Fortunately for the deceased, he had deposited all of his money in the bank the day before, so he lost practically nothing but his life."

Aunt Lindy had brought around her three grandchildren for her mistress to see. The three little darkies, in calico smocks, stood squirming in line while Lindy proudly surveyed them.

"What are their names, Lindy?" her mistress asked.

"Dey's name' after flowers, ma'am. De bigges' one's name' Gladiola. De nex' one, she name' Heliotrope."

"Those are very pretty," her mistress said. "What is the littlest one named?"

"She name' Artuhficial, ma'am."

"Is dem you-all's chickens?"

"Cohse dey's my-all's chickens. Whose chickens did you s'pose dey was?"

"I wasn't s'posin' nuffin about 'em; but I will say dat it's mighty lucky dat a chicken won't come a-runnin' an' a-waggin' its tail when its regular owner whistles, same as a dog."

Down on the lower East Side of New York, where sweat-shops abound, a teacher was talking to her class about the four seasons. At the end of the talk she began to question.

"Rebecca, how many seasons have we?"

"Two," replied Rebecca. "Slack and busy."

"What is your name?" a Kentuckian asked a negro boy.

"Well, boss," he answered, "everywhere I goes they give me a new name, but my maiden name was Moses."

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OWEN JOHNSON

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY THE RIDGWAY COMPANY - ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* - RAY BROWN, *Secretary and Treasurer*
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STRAIGHT TALK WITH EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

IF YOU like serial stories, you have a treat in store in the Owen Johnson serial beginning in this number. If you have not been in the habit of reading serials, we wish you would make an exception in this case, and at least begin this story. Especially if you are a man. The story takes four men, just out of college, starting them in business in New York City, each bent upon making a success of his life, each having his own clear-cut idea of what success is.

If you have been reading Owen Johnson's books, you will know what an expert he is in man-psychology. In "Stover at Yale" his boys were real boys; any man who has ever been at college recognizes the types and the author's accuracy in developing them. In "The Salamander," again, his men are all real men, every one different, but every one true to the man-psychology. They are not story-book men. They live. They talk.

This present story of Johnson's is about men, and you may look for a very entertaining and a very remarkable story. The women? Yes, of course, the women. Who ever heard of a man working through to his success or failure in life without the women? And, judging by the number of women readers of Johnson, his woman-psychology is no less accurate than his man-psychology. Women readers seem to take to his women characters just as men readers take to his men characters.

Do not fail to begin this story; it is going to be very much worth your while.

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INTERNATIONAL POLICE

Our friends who are suggesting that wars be avoided in future by establishing an International Police force, each nation contributing a certain number of men and a certain number of ships, have so far not informed us as to the effect upon America in two important particulars in case we should enter upon such an arrangement.

What guarantee would we have that three-fourths of the police, when it suited the interests of their respective nations, would not combine and whip one-fourth of the police? When you find England and France and Russia and Japan all fighting on the same side, any impossible combination seems possible. That is the first important particular.

The second hinges upon it. What would become of our Monroe Doctrine? Oh yes, we know the Monroe Doctrine is said to be dead; but we have our suspicions that if anybody presumed upon that theory, they would find the liveliest corpse that ever sat up at a wake. The Monroe Doctrine is a long way from being dead. It has been one of our biggest assets, and it would be extremely unwise for us to trade it off without knowing exactly what we were getting for it. That sounds like bargaining, and it is. The world is going to be run on give and take, buy and sell, for a great many years to come.

If we should join an International Police force, would we thereby pass over the determining of our destiny to a majority vote of the other nations? Would we pass over the right to say who our neighbors shall be, and how they shall behave themselves? And would we be expected to have our finger in every fracas, big and little, in Europe, Asia, Africa, and the isles of the seas?

We are not taking a position against the International Police idea; we are simply pointing out some of the complications and asking for enlightenment.

WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN?

At the end of the article "When Christians fight, are they Christians?" in the December number, we ran an inconspicuous offer of five prizes for the five best letters in answer to the question "What is a Christian?" That was the only announcement we made of the offer, and we were very much interested to learn how many of our readers would find the announcement and answer the question. There must have been a great many who saw it, because we have had 5,203 answers. That is a tremendous response, and it is a most encouraging assurance of the liveliness of Christianity in America.

We shall print the winning letters and our analysis of all the letters in the April number of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. Mr. Winston Churchill has studied our analysis, read some of the letters, and in the same number of EVERYBODY'S we will give you in interview form what the author of "The Inside of the Cup" thinks about them and the questions they raise.

We know that we are giving you in this feature of the April EVERYBODY'S something that is big and worth while.

CIGARETTES AND CHARACTER

We were visiting a school not long ago in one of New York's suburban cities, and noticed especially one likely-looking boy about ten years old, pointing him out to the teacher.

"Yes," she said, "he is an exceptionally bright boy, but there is a very sad story about him. His mother is dead. He has a younger brother. The father drinks heavily. About two years ago this little fellow in my class contracted the cigarette habit. For a year afterward he continued to look after the house, and kept well up to the head of his classes; but a few months ago his school-work began to drag, and on looking into the matter we discovered the cigarette habit. We talked with him about it, showed him where he was heading, and he set himself to break the habit with a grim determination quite beyond his years. But the habit had got a terrible hold on him, and only last week he came to me with tears in his eyes, to tell me that he could not let the cigarettes alone; that he had tried every way he could think of, but the wish to smoke cigarettes proved stronger than the will not to."

And the teacher added: "We will find some way yet to help this boy win his fight, although he is well-nigh hopeless for himself. But isn't it a shame that so many of these bright little fellows get this terrible habit before they know what they are doing?"

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